

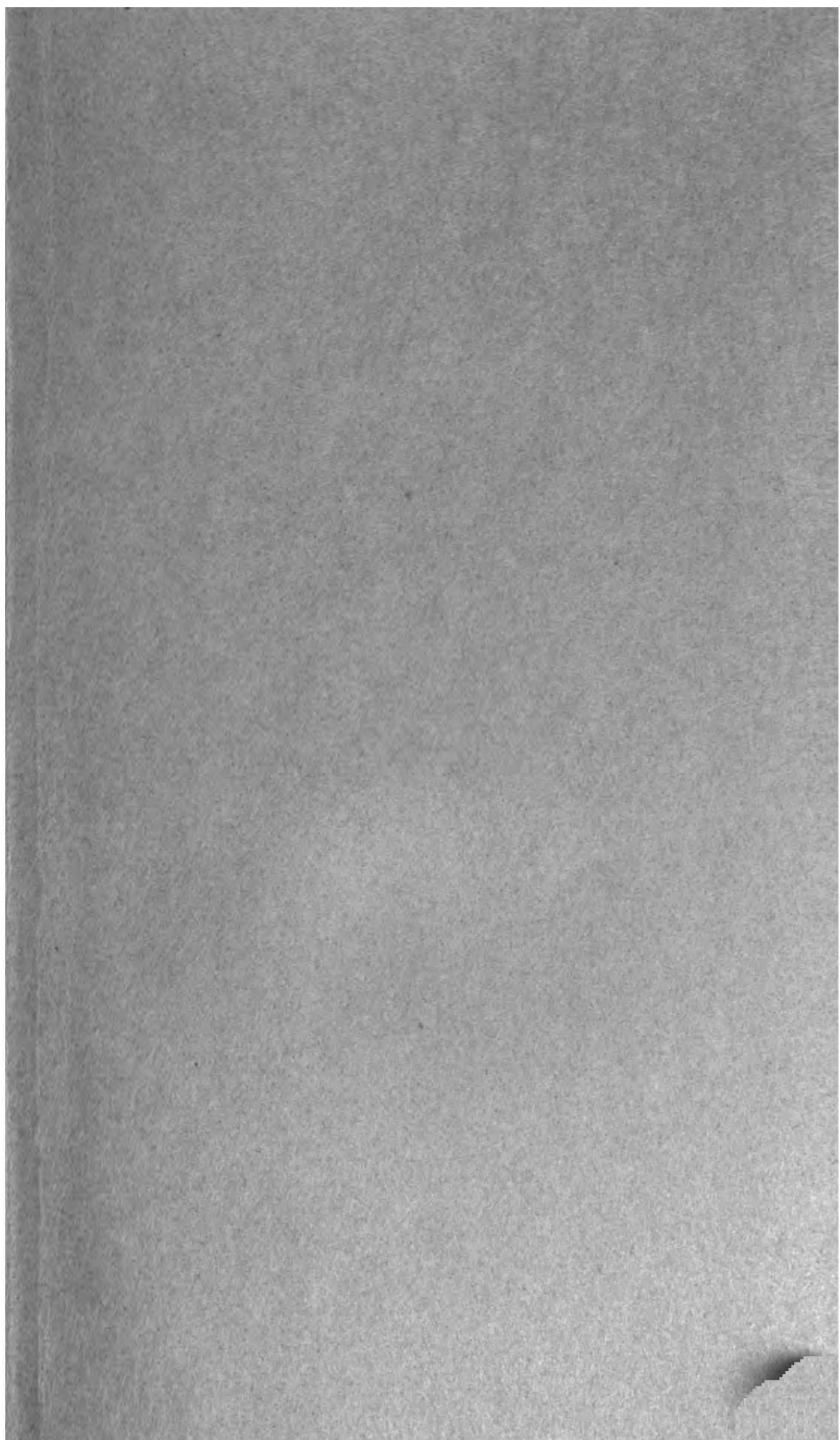
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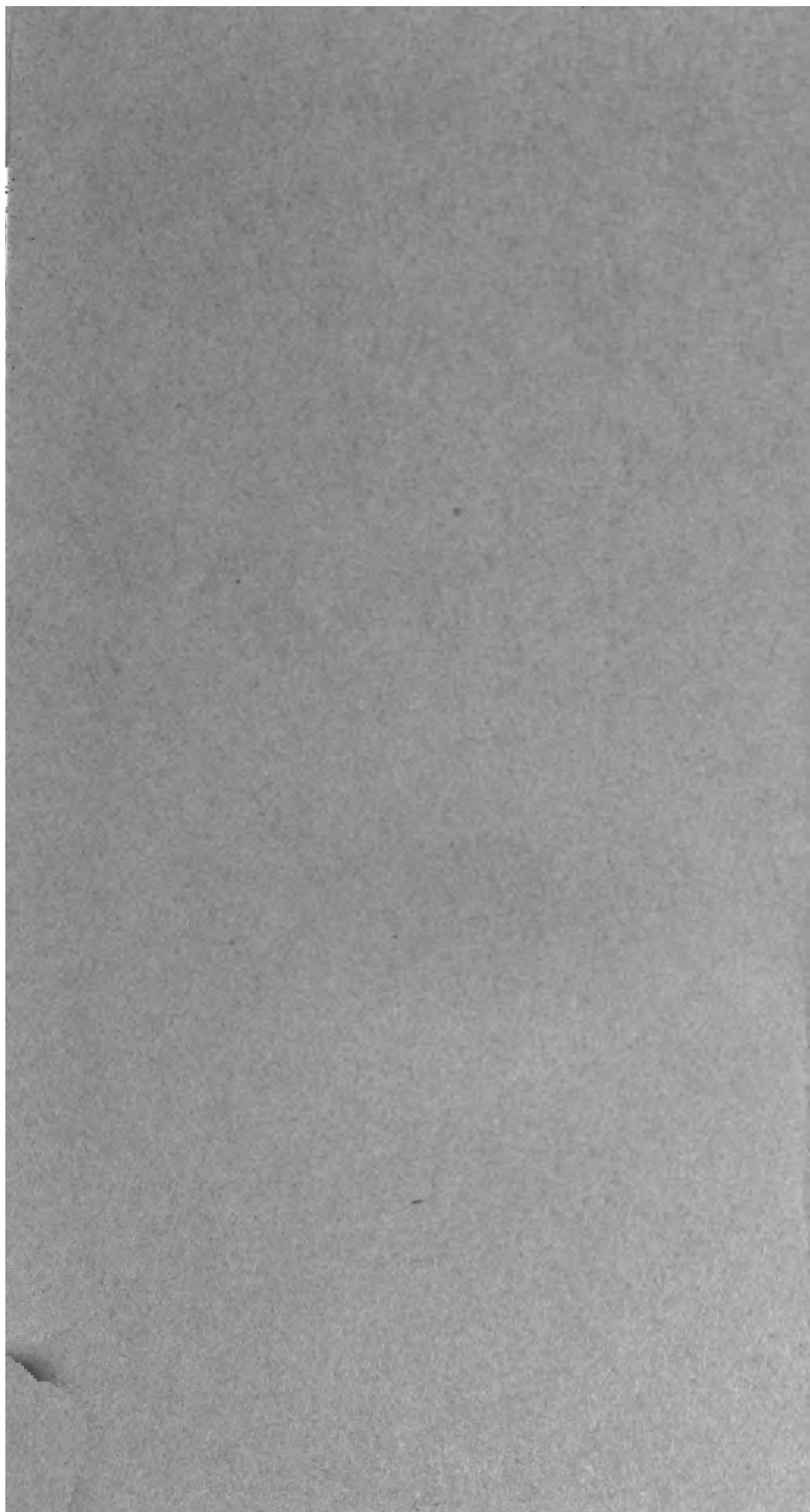


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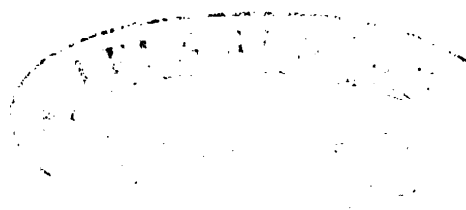
GIFT OF
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ARAGO WATCHING FOR THE SIGNALS.

ENTERPRISE AND ADVENTURE.

A COLLECTION

OF

INTERESTING ANECDOTES.

BY

RALPH AND CHANDOS, TEMPLE.



Illustrated.

LONDON:

GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS,
PATERNOSTER ROW.



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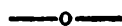
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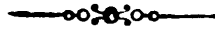
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THE CALIFORNIA

ENTERPRISE AND ADVENTURE.



HUGH CLAPPERTON, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.

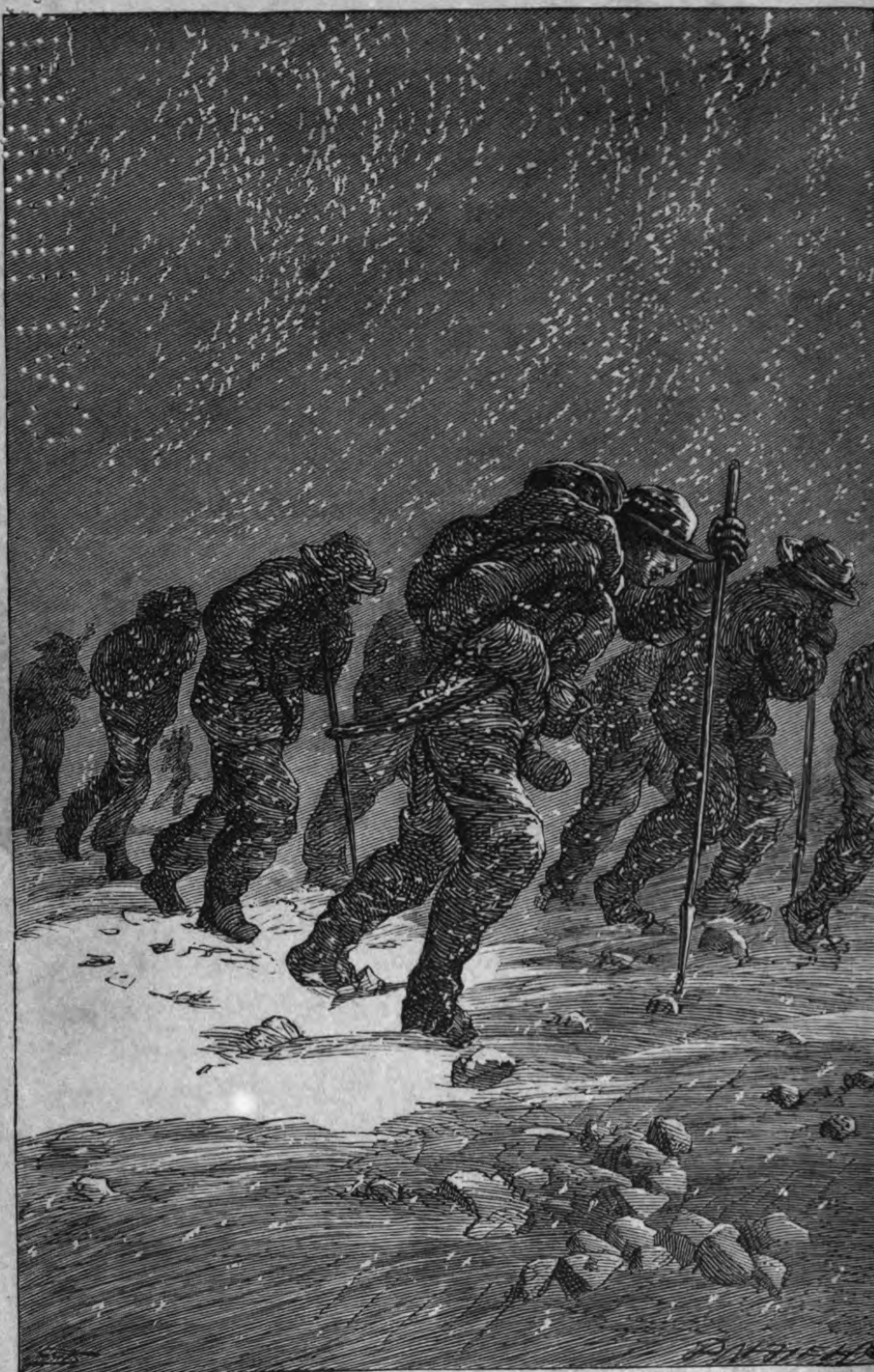


CAPTAIN HUGH CLAPPERTON, the first discoverer who traversed the vast continent of Africa, from the Gulf of Guinea to Tripoli in the Mediterranean, was placed, in 1815, during the war with America, in command of a blockhouse on Lake Huron in Canada, with a party of sailors. An anecdote is related of him here which strongly illustrates that goodness of heart which is attributed to him by his faithful servant, and companion of his African travels, Richard Lander. Vigorously attacked by an United States schooner on the lake, the blockhouse had but one small gun for its defence, and was soon demolished by the superiority of the enemy's fire. In this situation, Clapperton perceived that himself and his party had no alternative but to become prisoners of war, or to take the resolution of immediately crossing on foot the frozen waters of Lake Michigan, a distance of nearly sixty miles, on to York, the capital of Upper Canada, the nearest British depôt. The difficulty

and danger of such a journey was felt by all; but the unfortunate garrison had faith in their young leader, and finally, taking with them what little relics of property had been spared by the fire, they set out to cross the lake. Cold fogs hovered over the dismal scene, the sky was heavy, and, to add to their misery, a blinding snow-storm overtook them, making it very difficult to maintain their way, though guided by the compass which they had fortunately got with them. For food on this wearisome journey they had nothing but a solitary bag of meal, which was served out in handfuls and eaten raw. They had scarcely proceeded more than ten or twelve miles, when a boy who was one of the party was found to be too much exhausted to walk further. Every one of the sailors declared that they were unable to carry him, as they were so benumbed by the cold, that they had scarcely strength sufficient to support themselves. It was at this time that the first snow began to fall, and Clapperton's generous nature could not bear the idea of the boy being left to perish under these circumstances. He therefore, though himself exceedingly weak and faint, took the boy upon his back, holding him with his left hand, while supporting himself from slipping on the rugged surface of the frozen waters with a staff in his right. Thus the mournful and silent procession moved on, getting no rest, for they feared to lie down. Meanwhile, the good Clapperton, sheltering his young companion from the cold as well as he could, manfully supported him, till, to his great grief, he felt the lad's hold relax, and found that he was dying from the cold, from which he afterwards expired. The sufferings of the whole

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CLAPPERTON CARRYING THE DYING BOY.

party, before reaching their destination, were terrible in the extreme. Their shoes were worn from their feet; their bodies woefully emaciated from their want of nourishment; while Clapperton, from the effects of the frost, and the long inaction of his left hand while carrying the boy on his back, lost the first joint of his thumb.

The extraordinary energy and love of enterprise of Clapperton fitted him admirably for encountering those perils of African discovery which had consumed the lives of so many illustrious discoverers. The history of his entry into the navy is interesting. The youngest son of a Dumfries apothecary with a large family, Clapperton went to sea in a merchant ship when a boy, and was one day seized by a press-gang, and conveyed aboard a king's ship. Here he made the best of his position, and being remarkable for his great strength and agility, he was one of those who were selected to learn the new sword exercise, then taught by the famous Angelo, with a view to their afterwards teaching it to the sailors of the fleet. The boldness and decision displayed by him in his retreat from the Canadian blockhouse brought him into notice, and interesting the Admiralty in his favour, led to his promotion from the grade of midshipman to that of acting lieutenant, and finally to that of captain. Placed on half-pay by the termination of the war in 1817, his great delight was in shooting, fishing, and other out-door exercises; till, becoming acquainted in Edinburgh with Dr. Oudney, the African explorer, his mind became captivated with the idea of travel in that little-explored continent; and in 1823 he became employed by Lord Bathurst, in con-

junction with Oudney and Major Denham, to make a journey to Timbuctoo. Dr. Oudney soon fell a victim to the climate; but Clapperton and his surviving companion kept on their way, and, in spite of incredible hardships, penetrated from Tripoli on the Mediterranean to Lake Tchad, and finally to Saccatoo. But he failed to discover the termination of the Niger, which was the chief object of the expedition.

In his next journey, Clapperton started from the Bight of Benin, on the Atlantic coast, and proceeding northward, again reached Saccatoo, thus completing the journey across the heart of Africa. It is said that some of his Scottish friends, with the superstitious regard for family tradition which distinguishes their countrymen, remembered as an ominous fact that the traveller belonged to the Campbell family, a family on whom rested, in popular language, the curse of Glencoe, his grandmother having been a daughter of Colonel Campbell, of Glenlyon, the officer by whom the soldiers who committed the massacre of Glencoe were commanded. But assuredly if there was one man who ought to have been exempted from the ill fortune which the superstitious believed to wait upon the Campbells, it was the good, the heroic, and the kind-hearted Clapperton. Nor was there anything in his end, though untimely, to justify the warnings of the old legend. His fate was the common one of African explorers. His friend and leader, Dr. Oudney, had died in his first expedition; and in his second expedition he had the misfortune to see his companions, Captain Pearce, Mr. Dickson, and Dr. Morrison, a naturalist, one by one succumb to the unwholesome climate. Left now with only the servants

which accompanied the expedition, the indomitable Clapperton pursued his way, and had the happiness to reach the spot at which his previous journey, commenced from the other side of the continent, had ended. Here, as if the work allotted to him in this world was ended, this brave man gave way under the effects of toil and privation. Nothing can convey a more touching testimony to the character of Clapperton than the narrative of his end, given by his faithful servant, Richard Lander. Sleeping on the reedy banks of a stagnant stream had brought on dysentery. "Twenty days," says Lander, "my poor master remained in a low and distressed state. His body, from being robust and vigorous, became weak and emaciated, and indeed was little better than a skeleton."

Lander himself was in a fever and almost unable to stir, but he was assisted by an old black slave. Meanwhile his patient's sleep was always short and disturbed, and troubled with frightful dreams. Lander read to him daily from the New Testament, till, one day calling him to his bedside, Clapperton told him that he should shortly be no more, and that he felt himself dying. "God forbid, my dear master!" exclaimed Lander; but the dying man only answered by bidding him not be so much affected, as it was the will of the Almighty. He then gave some minute directions for the return of the survivors, for the care of his journals and other things, and soon afterwards breathed his last. Lander obtained permission to bury the body, and himself performed the mournful task of reading over it the funeral service.

"Then," continues Lander, in his beautiful narrative of this event, "I returned, disconsolate and oppressed,

to my solitary habitation ; and leaning my head on my hand, could not help being deeply affected with my lonesome and dangerous situation—a hundred and fifteen days' journey from the sea coast, surrounded by a selfish and cruel race of strangers, my only friend and protector mouldering in his grave, and myself suffering dreadfully from fever. I felt, indeed, as though I stood alone in the world, and earnestly wished I had been laid by the side of my dear master." Having, with the assistance of two slaves, erected a small house over the grave as a memorial of the spot, Lander was soon afterwards sufficiently recovered to take the command of what remained of the expedition. After a tedious journey, and numerous privations, he arrived at Cape Coast, where he embarked in a sloop-of-war, from which he landed in England in April, 1828.

ADMIRAL BYRON'S RETURN.

IN these days of telegraph and railway, it is difficult to imagine the time in which such a history could be possible as that of the Honourable John Byron's return to England, as told by himself in his account of his voyage and shipwreck. Byron's narrative is one of terrible hardships suffered by himself and his companions on the coast of Patagonia, from the year 1740, the time of the loss of the "Wager" man-of-war, one of Admiral Anson's squadron, until his arrival in this country in 1746.

Of one hundred and forty of the crew who escaped from the unfortunate vessel, scarcely a dozen survived the privations which they endured upon that inhospitable coast. It was in the year following their shipwreck that a miserable remnant of the wreck, consisting of Byron himself, Captain Cheap, and Mr. Hamilton, the surgeon, arrived, after many months of wanderings, at the town of Castro, a Spanish settlement on the eastern coast of South America. Hence in January, 1743, they were sent to Valparaiso, from which city they embarked in a French ship, and finally anchored in Brest roads on the 27th of October, 1745. England being then still at war with Spain, as well as with France, the three Englishmen were detained near Brest, on parole, for some months, when an order arrived from the court of Spain to permit them to return home by the first ship that offered. This proved to be a Dutch vessel at Morlaix, the commander of which agreed to land them at Dover. Having been paid beforehand, however, the brutal skipper refused to keep his promise, and actually carried them to the coast of France, where, fortunately, a British man-of-war having overhauled him, he gave up his passengers. The captain of the man-of-war then ordered them to be landed at Dover in one of his cutters.

Arrived safely at Dover, with a little money with which a kind-hearted Frenchman had provided them, they found no one to give them further help. During all the six years they had been absent, no news had reached England of these remnants of the unfortunate "Wager," and the recollection of her voyage had long passed away. The wanderers had nothing to do but to go on to London, and there make themselves known.

Accordingly they started for Canterbury on post horses, but having arrived here, Captain Cheap, the commander of the "Wager," whose health had been grievously impaired by his sufferings, was unable to proceed, and they were compelled to find a lodging. The next day the captain proved too ill to ride further, and it was therefore agreed that he and the surgeon, Mr. Hamilton, should take a post chaise, while Byron continued to ride; but here an unfortunate difficulty was started, for upon sharing the little money which they had, it was found to be insufficient to defray the charges of the journey, while Byron's proportion fell so much short that it was barely enough to pay for the horses, without refreshment, on the road, or even for the turnpikes. The latter difficulty was got over by the device of riding, as Byron says, "as hard as I could through them all," not paying the least regard to the men who called out to stop him, and who probably took him for a highwayman, and were thankful that he did not, besides defrauding them, insist on carrying off their little treasury of tolls. The want of refreshment was a minor evil. Having arrived in the Borough, Byron continues, "I took a coach and drove to Marlborough Street, where my friends had lived, but when I came there I found the house shut up. Having been absent so many years, and in all that time never having heard a word from home, I knew not who was dead or who was living, or where to go next, or even how to pay the coachman;" but, fortunately, he remembered a linendraper, not far distant, with whom his family had dealt, and who kindly relieved him from this difficulty.

He then inquired of some persons after his family,

and there learnt that his sister, Lady Isabella Byron, had married, three years before, the Earl of Carlisle, and he was directed to their house—a fine old red brick mansion, which still stands in the neighbourhood of Soho Square. He immediately walked to this house and knocked at the door; but the footman refused to take in his name or believe in his pretended relationship to the family. In fact, there was not much in his appearance which denoted aristocratic connections. His dress was a strange medley of worn-out clothing, half French and half Spanish, and he wore a huge pair of boots, picked up in his travels, which were now covered with dirt. Altogether, Robinson Crusoe himself could scarcely have been a more unlikely person to present himself at the door of an English nobleman's mansion, or announce himself as the brother of my lady the Countess. The man was about to shut the door in his face, when the earnestness of the intruder's manner finally induced him to admit him. "I need not acquaint my readers," adds Byron, "with what surprise and joy my sister received me. She immediately furnished me with money sufficient to appear like the rest of my countrymen, till which time I could not be properly said to have finished all the extraordinary scenes which a series of unfortunate adventures had kept me in for the space of five years and upwards." In fact, although the wanderers included the captain of the lost man-of-war and the brother of an English nobleman, and although their story had been for several years known in various cities of South America, and also for some time in Brest, they were themselves the first to bring to the Admiralty tidings of their marvellous escape. Byron

became afterwards distinguished in his profession, in which he rose to the rank of vice-admiral ; but his evil fortune at sea pursued him, until the superstitious sailors gave him the nickname of "Foulweather Jack;" by which the poet Byron, who was a grandson of the vice-admiral, alludes to him in a note to one of his poems.

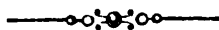
A TIMELY RESCUE.



ONE of the most singular escapes from drowning at sea perhaps ever recorded, is related in the letter of an officer of the eighty-third regiment, addressed to friends in Canada some years ago. While the division to which the writer belonged was on its way to Orient, being at that time a short distance eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, one of the men was ordered, for some trifling offence, to be severely flogged. Irritated to madness by the disgrace of the punishment, and by the cruelty with which it was administered, the poor fellow was no sooner released from the cords which had bound him than he ran to the bulwarks of the vessel, and, before the ship's crew and his soldier comrades, sprang overboard. The vessel was at the time making rapid way, with a high sea running, so that, as the man swept astern, all hope of saving him appeared to be at an end. Assistance, however, came from a quarter which the spectators could hardly have anticipated. While the crew were vainly endeavouring to lower the boat, which,

as generally happens, was found to be no easy matter, a huge bird was seen in the distance to swoop down upon the struggling man. As the form of the man grew more indistinct in the distance, it seemed fluttering over him, as if puzzled by the unusual object. By the time the vessel had put about, and the boat, which had at length been lowered, was approaching, the bird was seen to be a huge albatross, which had descended upon the struggling soldier, doubtless to prey upon the body ; but the man, in the agonies of his struggle, had instinctively seized the bird firmly, and retained his grasp in spite of the embarrassment of the creature, and its strenuous efforts to release itself. In this position his comrades found him, and finally restored him safely to the vessel. "Incredible as this story seems," says the original narrator, "the name and position of the writer of the letter, who was an eye-witness of the scene, sufficiently attests its truth."

THE ADVENTURES OF LINNÆUS IN LAPLAND.



THE celebrated naturalist, Linnæus, was appointed by the Swedish Royal Academy of Sciences to travel through Lapland, for the purpose of investigating the natural history of that country ; and in his journal of this mission he has left us a curious and interesting record of the hardships which he willingly encountered in a journey alone through what was then an almost unknown country. It was on a morning in May,

that he set out from the town of Upsal, attired, as he tells us, in a light coat of linsey-wolsey cloth, without folds, lined with red shalloon, leather breeches, a green leather cap, and a pair of half-boots. "I carried," he adds, "a small leather bag, half an ell in length, but somewhat less in breadth, furnished on one side with hooks and eyes, so that it could be opened and shut at pleasure. This bag contained one shirt, two pair of false sleeves, two half-shirts, an inkstand and pencase, microscope and telescope, a gauze cap to protect me occasionally from the gnats, a comb, my journal, and a parcel of paper stitched together for drying plants, both in folio, my manuscript ornithology, etc. I wore a hanger at my side, and carried a small fowling-piece, as well as an octangular stick, graduated for the purpose of measurement." Such was the simple equipment of the enthusiastic naturalist for a solitary journey, which amounted to three thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight English miles, through the wildest and most inhospitable region of Europe.

The facts which Linnæus records in his journey chiefly relate to the plants, the animals, and the physical characteristics of the country he passed through; but it contains also numerous pictures of his own sufferings in pursuit of his favourite science. At Geflo he visited the last apothecary's shop and the last physician's in the country, no other being to be met with in any place farther north. Sometimes he passed through a desolate region, where all signs of vegetation were wanting; at others along a forlorn and wild sea-coast, where some remains of wrecked vessels added to the dismal character of the scene. On one occasion, he came to the hut of a

Laplander and his wife, whom he describes as "of very diminutive stature, her eyes dark and sparkling, her eyebrows black, her pitchy-coloured hair hanging loose about her head, on which she wore a flat cap." She had a grey petticoat, her neck and bust, which resembled the skin of a frog, were adorned with brass rings; round her waist she wore a girdle, and on her feet a pair of half-boots. This woman, who spoke with the energy of a fury, nevertheless showed some compassion for the stranger's miserable plight, and addressed him with the words, "O wretched man, what hard fate can have brought you here, to a place never visited by any one before? Miserable creature, how did you come, and whither will you go? Do you not see what habitations we have, and with what difficulty we go to church?"

"My health and strength," he adds, "being by this time materially impaired by wading through such an extent of marshes, laden with my apparel and luggage, for the Laplander had enough to do to carry the boat; by walking for whole nights together; by not having for a long time tasted any boiled meat; by drinking a great quantity of water, as nothing else was to be had; and by eating nothing but fish, unsalted, and crawling with vermin, I must have perished but for a piece of dried and salted reindeer's flesh, given me by my kind hostess the clergyman's wife at Lycksele. This food, however, without bread, proved unwholesome and indigestible. How I longed once more to meet with people who feed on spoon-meat! I inquired of this woman whether she could give me anything to eat. She replied, 'Nothing but fish.' I looked at the fresh fish, as it was called; but perceiving its mouth to be full of maggots, I had

no appetite to touch it. But though it thus abated my hunger, it did not recruit my strength. I asked if I could have any reindeer tongues, which are commonly dried for sale, and served up even at the tables of the great; but was answered in the negative. 'Have you no cheese made of reindeer's milk?' said I. 'Yes,' replied she, 'but it is a mile off.' 'If it were here, would you allow me to buy some?' 'I have no desire,' answered the good woman, 'that you should die in my country for want of food.' " On arriving at her hut Linnæus perceived three cheeses lying under a shed without walls, and took the smallest of them, which she after some consultation, allowed him to purchase.

This was the turning point in his journey, the difficulties of penetrating further in a country of morass and wilderness being insurmountable. He records in his journal that he felt that he had, with the thoughtlessness of youth, undertaken more than he could perform, and pathetically adds that the screams of some wild birds overhead as he passed along seemed to his imagination like the sound of derisive laughter, for he was faint and weak with hunger, having eaten scarcely anything for four days. In this plight, however, he fortunately reached the house of a good clergyman, who gave him hospitable shelter and some fresh meat.

Among other strange sights which he records was that of a forest on fire, of which he gives a vivid description. The dry season had rendered the boughs so inflammable, that a flash of lightning striking one of the trees set it in a blaze, which rapidly spread. In many places the fire extended over several miles; in one place he walked for more than three-quarters of a

mile through a part of the forest which had been completely destroyed, and where charred timbers, and blackened shrubs and grass, were the only things which met the eye. A guide accompanied him through this region, and he adds :—

“The fire was nearly extinguished in most of the spots we visited, except in anthills and dry trunks of trees. After we had travelled about half a quarter of a mile across one of these scenes of desolation, the wind began to blow with rather more force than it had done, upon which a sudden noise arose in the half-burnt forest, such as I can only compare to what may be imagined among a large army attacked by an enemy. We knew not whither to turn our steps; the smoke would not suffer us to remain where we were, nor durst we turn back. It seemed best to hasten forward, in hopes of speedily reaching the outskirts of the wood; but in this we were disappointed. We ran as fast as we could, in order to avoid being crushed by the falling trees, some of which threatened us every minute. Sometimes the fall of a huge trunk was so sudden that we stood aghast, not knowing whither to turn to escape destruction, and throwing ourselves entirely on the protection of Providence. In one instance a large tree fell exactly between me and my guide, who walked not more than a fathom from me, but, thanks to God! we both escaped in safety. We were not a little rejoiced when this perilous adventure terminated, for we had felt all the while like a couple of outlaws, in momentary fear of surprise.”

Throughout all these perils and hardships the enthusiastic Linnæus calmly pursued his observations of

nature, recording them daily where possible in his journal, which he concludes with the simple words, "To the Maker and Preserver of all things be praise, honour, and glory for ever." This interesting manuscript was not published, or even known to exist, until many years after his death. His papers, herbarium, etc., having been purchased by Sir J. E. Smith, this journal was found among them; but, owing to its being in the Swedish language, intermixed with Latin, and with many ciphers and abbreviations, its curious contents long remained unknown. At length a young English merchant, Mr. Charles Troilus, undertook the task of translating it, by whom it was published some years ago.

ARTHUR YOUNG'S GREAT ENTERPRISE.

It is a singular circumstance that the only authentic or complete survey of agriculture in France, and of the condition of the French peasantry on the eve of the great Revolution, should have been made by an Englishman, whose work, although it received no help or recognition from any government, English or foreign, is still regarded as the chief source of information on that subject, even by the French themselves. This Englishman was Arthur Young, a Suffolk farmer, and a man of very enlightened views, not only on agricultural questions, but on politics and statistical science.

Young was a man of limited means ; but his enterprise and determination made up for all defects. He set out completely alone, furnished with a trusty English mare and a moderate purse of money ; and in this way traversed the whole of France three times, besides extending his journey by a long tour in Spain and Italy. In all parts of these journeys he made the minutest observations on the state of the country and the manners and condition of the people ; but if this had been all, his work would scarcely have been accounted extraordinary. Its chief value lay in the immense amount of facts which he collected almost entirely from personal inquiry on the nature of crops, rent, course of husbandry, wages of labour, population, commerce, size of farms, profits of farming, and an almost infinite variety of kindred subjects. Traversing the kingdom on the western side, then through the centre, and finally along the eastern frontier, scarcely a province was left by him unexplored ; and the result was the publication, in two quarto volumes, of such a body of original information on these points as had probably never before been collected by one person in any country, and which even royal commissions and liberal aid from the state have in other countries failed to obtain.

Young's narrative was by no means a dry and technical one. It abounded in shrewd observations of life, and graphic pictures of manners and scenery, with here and there some interesting adventures. His travels were undertaken in the years 1787, 1788, and 1789, when the political ferment which resulted in the great tempest of the French Revolution was commencing, and he was present in Paris during the stormy meeting of

the Tiers État, saw the king and queen in the midst of scenes which have since become historical ; and in the latter part of his survey ran no small risk of falling a victim to the popular suspicion of the object of his laborious investigations. The people thought him a spy ; and at that time to be suspected of being a spy was highly dangerous. On one occasion, in a little town, a furious mob assailed him for venturing to appear without wearing the cockade of the Tiers État. They said it was the command of the assembly, and if he was not an aristocrat he must not dare to appear without it. Having asked them, good humouredly, what would be the case, supposing he was an aristocrat, the mob answered, menacingly, " Why, then, you will be hanged." Young perceived that it was no time for joking. A cry arose that he was a noble in disguise. Finally, he thought of the device of haranguing them from the steps of his inn, which he did in such French as he could command, informing them that he was from England, where men enjoyed liberty ; and having fastened on another cockade more securely than the last, the people ended in cheering him, and he was allowed to depart.

Signs of danger became more numerous ; but the indomitable Young pursued his way, unfriended and alone, noting daily as he went all things which seemed worthy of a record. Around Besançon he found châteaux burnt and plundered, the nobles hunted down like wild beasts, their wives and daughters insulted, and their property destroyed. Robbers, galley slaves, and villains of every kind, were prowling about the country to take advantage of the confusion and to instigate the ignorant peasants to further outrages. The suspicion

of officials was sometimes still more annoying. The peaceful and polite people whom he had met in the early part of his travels appeared transformed into a savage race. On one occasion a poor woman who had guided him for a few sous over the mountains, was arrested before his eyes and dragged to a dilapidated château which had been turned into a prison, and Young learnt that her crime was merely that of having aided him, a stranger and a suspicious person in those parts. The good-hearted Englishman determined at once to follow the woman and her persecutors, in the hope of procuring her release by attesting her innocence. They were followed by a mob of the country people, and by the woman's children crying bitterly. At the château a solemn committee of the authorities sagely remarked, that "in such dangerous times, when all the world knew that so great and powerful a person as the queen was conspiring against France, for a woman to become the conductor of a stranger who appeared to be making so many suspicious inquiries, was a high offence. In vain Young assured them that she was but a poor woman who had offered, in the hope of gaining a few sous for herself and family, to direct him to see the springs and volcanic craters famous in those parts; but her judges asked him, sternly, what he had to do with springs and volcanoes, and refused to release her. Determined not to abandon the poor woman who had been thus involved in trouble on his account, Young declared that if they imprisoned her they should do the same by him, and answer for their conduct to higher authorities. This lofty language seems to have impressed the rural magistrates, who were finally prevailed on to release her.

On another occasion he had a still more narrow escape of what threatened to terminate in a tedious imprisonment. A friendly nobleman whom he met in Languedoc had given him some much-valued information on the cultivation of mulberries, and mentioned a very small piece of which the produce appeared marvellous. Determined, after his own fashion of testing everything where possible, to see this piece of land, Young turned from his road to find it, and having paced it across and across, and observed its condition, he carefully noted the facts in his pocket-book. All this had, unknown to him, been closely observed by spies set to watch his actions. In the midst of the night, after he had been some time asleep at his inn, the commander of a file of twenty men of the rural militia entered his chamber with muskets, swords, sabres, and pikes, and, rudely awakening him, demanded his passport. This document, however, did not satisfy them. They told him that he was undoubtedly a conspirator with the queen and the king's brother, who had property in the neighbourhood, and that they had employed him to measure their fields and double their taxes. Fortunately Young's papers being in English, helped to save him. These and a bundle of letters of recommendation to various persons on his route, mostly describing him as an English farmer seeking for information in agriculture, finally satisfied them, and the intruders grumblingly withdrew. When we consider the political excitement and the excesses of those times, it appears marvellous that Young escaped from more serious evils; and, finally, after three distinct journeys, found his way safely back to his happy farmhouse home at Bradfield,

in Suffolk, where, says the honest farmer, "I have more pleasure in giving my little girl a French doll than in viewing Versailles." Young's two quarto volumes of his travels were published in 1792—a marvellous monument of individual enterprise.

A DISMAL TOUR.



AN eminent missionary has given an account of a visit to the volcano of Kilauea in Hawaii, Sandwich Islands, which forcibly depicts the terrors of that wonder of the world, to which Etna and Vesuvius are but trifles. The party of travellers started on horseback from a native village, by a path which gradually ascended to the volcano, distant about fifty-five miles. On the following day they emerged upon an immense field of smooth, flat, unbroken lava, which appeared to have been at one time a great upland lake of mineral fire. Crossing this, they came upon a high ridge, burst up and broken, but with jagged edges so sharp, that it was impossible to pass over it. Here, being ahead of their guides, they missed their way, and wandered about some time; but at length, by retracing their steps, they got again into the track, and now began to ascend the great volcano. They could see its huge clouds of sulphureous smoke driven along by the trade wind; and as they proceeded, the ground beneath their feet became filled with fissures, from which issued steam and vapour,

as if they had been in a region of smelting furnaces. A mile or two further, they descended two or three hundred feet on to a sunken plain, rent here and there by earthquakes, and strewn with great boulders of lava, sounding hollow and unsafe under the tramp of their horses, who began to show signs of a consciousness of danger. They then obtained for the first time an idea of the great Hawaiian volcano—not like other volcanoes, the top of a mountain with broad base and furrowed sides, but a hideous fire-eaten pit, variously estimated from nine to fifteen hundred feet deep, and from nine to fifteen miles in circumference. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when they arrived near the brink of the mighty crater, at a place to windward of the smoke, where their screen was to be erected for the night. It being too late to explore the abyss that day, and the natives not having come up with food and baggage, they went to visit a sulphur bank, at a few hundred yards from the crater, out of which sulphureous vapour was issuing by various crevices, so hot in some places as instantly to scald the hand. By the time of their return to the crater's brink, some of the party of natives, and other stragglers of the party, had arrived singly, and with their bags, at the common encamping ground. The lurid fires of the caldron in the crater began to be visible, looking like masses of molten metal tossed to and fro in waves as by a wind. Night, and the drizzling vapour, having overtaken them before the natives could make anything better, they had to nestle altogether under a screen of cane and brakes thrown up against the wind, but open in front, and looking towards the caldron, being only a few feet from the precipice.

A restless night passed in this way was succeeded by a day of laborious toil in making part of the circuit of the crater. Sometimes along narrow pathways, crossing unsightly seams by a natural bridge of only a foot in breadth, where a sudden stumble might have precipitated them into some horrible gulf of fire, or into some deep sunken cavern ; sometimes along a tract like a wide, desolate sea-beach ; sometimes by a lake of fire, so furiously boiling, and splashing, and casting up jets of liquid lava, that the travellers were compelled to fly for their lives ; and again by larger and wider lakes, where sometimes the fiery waves were, in their noise, like the heavy beating of surf, the adventurers held on their way, until most of them suffered with excessive heat, and became feverish, with throbbing headaches. Their fingers were burnt and bleeding with climbing and holding on to ledges and rocks ; but they nevertheless continued for three days to pursue their perilous journey, when, worn out with fatigue, they were compelled to give the word to descend. At most times even this hasty survey would have been impossible. Sudden eruptions of a more violent character frequently overwhelm without warning all objects within a wide range.

In Dibble's History of the Sandwich Islands, the incident is related, of the destruction by this cause, near the end of the last century, of Keoua, a native chief, and his band of followers, a story which is still remembered by the natives with superstitious horror. According to this account, the army of Keoua had set out on their way in three different companies along the sides of the mountain. The company in advance had not proceeded far, before the ground began to rock beneath their feet,

and it became impossible to stand. Soon afterwards, a dense cloud was seen to arise out of the crater, and almost at the same moment the electrical effect upon the air was so great, that the lightning began to flash and the thunder to roar in the heavens. Meanwhile, the cloud continued to rise and spread abroad, until the whole region was enveloped, and the light of day was entirely excluded. The darkness was the more terrific, being made visible by an awful glare from streams of red and blue light, that issued from the pit. Soon followed an immense volume of sand and cinders, which came down in a destructive shower for many miles around. Some persons of the forward company were burned to death by the sand and the cinders, and others were seriously injured. All experienced a suffocating sensation upon the lungs, and hastened on with all possible speed. The rear body, which was nearest the volcano at the time of the eruption, seemed to suffer the least injury, and after the earthquake and shower of sand had passed over, hastened forward to escape the dangers which threatened them, and rejoicing in mutual congratulations that they had been preserved in the midst of such imminent peril. But what was their surprise and consternation when, on coming up with their friends of the centre party, they discovered them all to have become corpses. Some were lying down, and others were sitting upright, clasping with dying grasp their wives and children, and joining noses (their form of expressing affection), as in the act of taking leave. So much like life they looked, that they first supposed them merely at rest, and it was not until they had come up to them and handled them, that they

could detect their mistake. Of the whole party, including women and children, not one of them survived to relate the catastrophe that had befallen their comrades. The only living thing they found was a hog, in company with one of the families which had been so suddenly bereft of life. In those perilous circumstances, the surviving party did not even stay to bewail their fate; but leaving their deceased companions as they found them, hurried on and overtook the company in advance at the place of their encampment.

OVER THE RAPIDS.

ON the 29th of April, 1810, a party of Englishmen embarked at Pointe du Lac, on Lake St. Frances, in Canada, in an American barge, or broad flat-bottomed boat, deeply laden] with wood ashes, passengers, and baggage, with the intention of proceeding down the River St. Lawrence. The adventures of this little river vessel and its passengers have been related by one of the party in a narrative which, for exciting interest, may be compared with any of the most thrilling stories of disaster by wreck.

Above Montreal, for nearly a hundred miles, the River St. Lawrence, as is well known, is interrupted in its course by rapids, which are occasioned by the river being confined within comparatively narrow, shallow, rocky channels. Through these it rushes with great force and noise, and is agitated like the ocean in a storm. By some, these rapids have been admired for

grandeur and appearance more than the Falls of Niagara. They are from half a mile to nine miles long each, and require regular pilots. On the 30th of April, the party arrived at the village of the Cedars, immediately below which are three sets of very dangerous rapids—the Cedars, the Split Rock, and the Cascades—distant from each other about eight miles. On the morning of the 1st of May, they set out from here. Their barge was very deep and very leaky ; and the captain, a daring, rash man, refused to take a pilot. After they had passed the Cedar Rapid, not without danger, the captain called for some rum, declaring, at the same time, that all the powers could not steer the barge better than he did. Soon after this, the boat entered the Split Rock Rapids by a wrong channel, and, to their horror, the passengers found themselves advancing rapidly towards a dreadful watery precipice, down which they went. The barge slightly grazed her bottom against the rock, and the fall was so great as nearly to take away their breath. They here took in a great deal of water, which was mostly baled out again before they hurried on to what the Canadians call the “grand bouillie,” or great boiling. In approaching this place, the captain let go the helm, saying, “Now for it ; here we fill.” The barge was almost immediately overwhelmed in the midst of immense foaming breakers, which rushed over the bows, carrying away planks, oars, and other articles. “About half a minute elapsed between the filling and going down of the barge,” says the narrator of this story, “during which I had sufficient presence of mind to strip off my three coats, and was loosening my braces when the barge sunk, and I found myself floating in the midst of people and baggage.

Each man caught hold of something : one of the crew seized me, and kept me down under the water, but, contrary to my expectation, let me go again. On rising to the surface, I got hold of a trunk, on which two other men were then holding. Just at this spot, where the Split Rock Rapids terminated, the bank of the river is well inhabited, and we could see women on shore running about much agitated. A canoe put off, and picked up three of our number, who had gained the bottom of the barge, which had upset and got rid of its cargo ; these they landed on an island. The canoe put off again, and was approaching near to where I was, with two others, holding on the trunk ; when, terrified with the vicinity of the cascades, to which we were approaching, it put back, notwithstanding my exhortations in French and English to induce the two men on board to advance. The bad hold which one man had of the trunk to which we were adhering subjected him to constant immersion, and in order to escape his seizing hold of me, I let go the trunk, and, in conjunction with another man, got hold of the boom, which, with the gaff and sails, had been detached from the mast to make room for the cargo, and floated off. I had just time to grasp this boom, when we were hurried into the cascades ; in these I was instantly buried, and nearly suffocated. On rising to the surface, I found one of my hands still on the boom, and my companion also adhering closely to the gaff. Shortly after descending the cascades, I perceived the barge, bottom upwards, floating near me. I succeeded in getting to it, and held by a crack in one end of it ; the violence of the water, and the falling out of the casks of ashes, had quite wrecked

it. For a long time I contented myself with this hold, not daring to endeavour to get upon the bottom, which I at length effected, and from this my new situation I called out to my companion, who still preserved his hold of the gaff; he shook his head, and when the waves suffered me to look again he was gone. He made no attempt to come near me, being unable or unwilling to let go his hold, and trust himself to the waters, which were then rolling over his head."

The Cascades are a kind of fall, or rapid descent, in the river, over a rocky channel below; going down is called by the French, "sauter," to leap the Cascades. For two miles below the channel continues in an uproar, just like a storm at sea; and he was frequently nearly washed off the barge by the waves which rolled over it. "I now," continued the writer, "entertained no hope whatever of escaping; and although I continued to exert myself to hold on, such was the state to which I was reduced by cold, that I wished only for a speedy death, and frequently thought of giving up the contest as useless. My hands felt as if diminished in size one-half, and I certainly should (after I became very cold and much exhausted) have fallen asleep, but for the waves that were passing over me, which obliged me to attend to my situation. I had never descended the St. Lawrence before; but I knew there were more rapids ahead, perhaps another set of cascades, but at all events La Chine Rapids whose situation I did not exactly know. I was hourly in expectation of these putting an end to me, and often fancied some points of ice extending from the shore to the head of foaming rapids. At one of the moments in which the succession of waves

permitted me to look up, I saw, at a distance, a canoe, with four men, coming towards me, and waited in confidence to hear the sound of their paddles ; but in this I was disappointed. The men, as I afterwards learned, were Indians, who, happening to fall in with one of the passenger's trunks, picked it up, and returned to the shore for the purpose of pillaging it, leaving, as they since acknowledged, the man on the boat to his fate. Indeed, I am certain I should have had more to fear from their avarice, than to hope from their humanity ; and it is more than probable that my life would have been taken, to secure them in the possession of my watch and several coins which I had about me."

The accident happened at eight o'clock in the morning ; in the course of some hours, as the day advanced, the sun grew warmer, the wind blew from the south, and the water became calmer. The shipwrecked man then got upon his knees, and found himself in the small lake of St. Louis, which is about three to five miles wide, and with which he happened to be familiar. With some difficulty he got upon his feet, but was soon convinced, by cramps and spasms in all his sinews, that he was incapable of swimming any great distance, and he was then two miles from the shore. He was now going, he thought, with wind and current, to destruction ; and though cold, hungry, and fatigued, was obliged again to sit down to rest, when an extraordinary circumstance greatly relieved him.

On examining the wreck, to see if it were possible to detach any part of it by which to steer, he perceived something loose entangled in a fork of the wreck, and so carried along. This he found to be a

small trunk, bottom upwards, which, with some difficulty, he dragged up upon the barge. After near an hour's work, in which he broke his penknife whilst trying to cut out the lock, he made a hole in the top, and, to his great satisfaction, drew out a bottle of rum, a cold tongue, some cheese, and a bagful of bread and cakes, all wet. Of these he made a seasonable, though very moderate use; and the trunk answered the purpose of a chair to sit upon, elevated above the surface of the water. After in vain endeavouring to steer the wreck, or direct its course to the shore, and having made every signal in his power, with his waistcoat and other things, to the several headlands which he had passed, he fancied he was driving into a bay, which, however, soon proved to be the termination of the lake and the opening of the river, the current of which was carrying him rapidly along. He passed several small uninhabited islands, but the banks of the river appearing to be covered with houses, he again renewed his signals with his waistcoat and a shirt which he took out of the trunk, hoping, as the river narrowed, they might be perceived; but the distance was too great. The velocity with which he was going now convinced him of his near approach to the dreadful rapids of La Chine. Night was drawing on; his destruction appeared certain, but it did not, he said, disturb him very much; the idea of death had lost its novelty, and had become quite familiar. He even felt more provoked at having escaped so long to be finally sacrificed, than alarmed at the prospect. "Finding signals in vain," he continues, "I now set up a cry or howl, such as I thought best calculated to carry a distance, and, being favoured by the wind, it did, although

at above a mile distant, reach the ears of some people on shore. At last I perceived a boat rowing towards me, which, being very small and white-bottomed, I had for some time taken for a fowl with a white breast, and finally I was taken off the barge by Captain Johnstone, after being ten hours on the water. I found myself at the village of La Chine, twenty-one miles below where the accident happened, having been driven by the winding of the current a much greater distance. I received no other injury than bruised knees and breast, with a slight cold. The accident took some hold of my imagination, and for seven or eight succeeding nights, in my dreams, I was engaged in the dangers of the Cascades, and surrounded by drowning men. My escape was owing to a concurrence of fortunate circumstances. I happened to catch hold of various articles of support, and to exchange each article for another just at the right time. Nothing but the boom could have carried me down the Cascades without injury, and nothing but the barge could have saved me below them. I was also fortunate in having the whole day; had the accident happened one hour later, I should have arrived opposite the village of La Chine after dark, and, of course, would have been destroyed in the rapids below, to which I was swiftly advancing. The trunk, which furnished me with provisions and a resting-place above the water, I have every reason to think was necessary to save my life. Without it, I must have passed the whole time in the water, and have been exhausted with cold and hunger. When the people on shore saw our boat take the wrong channel, they predicted our destruction; the floating luggage, by supporting us for a time, enabled them to make an ex-

ertion to save us ; but as it was not supposed possible to survive the passage of the Cascades, no further exertions were thought of, nor indeed could they well have been made." Of the eight men who passed down the Cascades, none escaped or were seen again but the writer, who some time afterwards published his singular narrative in a Liverpool newspaper, by the editor of which it was vouched for as true in every particular.

It was at this place that General Amherst's brigade, coming to attack Canada, were lost in September, 1760, the French at Montreal receiving the first intelligence of the invasion by the dead bodies floating past the town. It was said that the pilot who conducted their boats, being secretly favourable to the French, had committed the same error as the captain of the barge in the above narrative. He had intentionally taken the wrong channel, and the other boats, following mechanically and close upon him, were all involved in the same destruction. No less than forty-six barges, seventeen whale-boats, one row-galley with eighty men, besides artillery, stores, and ammunition, were then swept down these terrible rapids, and entirely lost.

CAPTAIN COCHRANE, THE PEDESTRIAN TRAVELLER.



THE passion for adventure in foreign lands appears to be natural to human beings ; but probably no one ever possessed this passion more strongly than the late



CAPTAIN COCHRANE AND THE ROBBERS.



Captain Dundas Cochrane, whose narrative of a pedestrian journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary, from the frontiers of Tartary to the Frozen Sea and Kamtschatka, was published about forty years since. In the introduction to this extraordinary book, Captain Cochrane tells us that, in the month of January, 1820, he addressed a letter to the Lords of the Admiralty, offering to undertake a journey on foot into the interior of Africa, or to any other place to which they pleased to send him. He was entirely without funds for the purpose, his whole fortune consisting of his half-pay as a commander in the Navy; but his intention was to proceed alone, and he asked only to be furnished with the countenance of the Government. "With this protection," he says, "and such recommendations as it might procure me, I would have accompanied the caravans in some servile capacity, nor hesitated even to sell myself as a slave if that miserable alternative were necessary to accomplish the object I had in view." His opinion upon the advantages of this mode of exploring were peculiar, but were not without some plausibility. "In going alone," he said, "I relied upon my own individual exertions and knowledge of man, unfettered by the frailties and misconduct of others. I was then, as now, convinced that many people travelling together for the purpose of exploring a barbarous country, have the less chance of succeeding; more especially when they go armed, and take with them presents of value. The appearance of numbers must naturally excite the natives to resistance, from motives of jealousy or fear; and the danger would be greatly increased by the hope of plunder. The death of the whole party, and conse-

quently the failure of the expedition, will be the probable result of such a plan. The difficulty of finding men, otherwise suitable, whose constitutions admit an equal degree of suffering and fatigue, is also great; and that of collecting a number of people gifted with the due portion of those virtues without which no expedition of discovery could succeed, is certainly a greater."

It is not, perhaps, surprising that the Admiralty shrank from the responsibility of advising a young officer without fortune to start upon a pedestrian expedition of such magnitude; but Cochrane was not easily discouraged. Despairing of obtaining employment afloat, he determined to start on his explorations without any assistance. Having procured two years' leave of absence, he accordingly sketched out a magnificent scheme, which was no other than to travel on foot round the globe as nearly as could be done by land, crossing from Northern Asia to America at Behring's Straits. He had but little qualification for a scientific traveller; he was ignorant of natural history, nor could he travelling on foot have brought away with him any specimens of animals, plants, or minerals. Moreover, he had no means of carrying with him the instruments necessary for making geographical observations of places, of the state of the air, or such other matters as are generally expected to be noted by travellers; but his inextinguishable thirst for travel overcame all these objections. His first and leading object was to trace the shores of the Polar Sea along America by land, as Captain Parry was then attempting to do by sea, and at the same time to note his observations on men and manners. Having, therefore, procured such documents

as were necessary, and filled his knapsack with the few articles which he considered requisite to enable him to wander alone through the wild deserts and forests of three quarters of the globe, he quitted England, and landed, in February, 1820, at Dieppe, in France, from which point his long pedestrian journey commenced. Having traversed in this way the whole of France by way of Paris, sleeping chiefly in humble lodging-houses, where bed and breakfast were furnished for a franc, he entered Rhenish Prussia by way of Metz and Sarrebruck. The country people, and particularly the roadside innkeepers, eyed him with suspicion. The landlord of one house at which he had stopped at Alzey turned him out, because he was only a foot-traveller; but the indomitable pedestrian, thinking it better to pocket the affront, purchased a loaf of bread, and pushed on, fatigued, cold, and mortified, but not downcast, until he reached a farm, whose adjoining barn furnished him with a night's shelter. Here he reposed with perfect content upon clean hay. On another occasion, at Naumberg, he could gain no reception into any house but that of a poor shoemaker, which he did at the price of a glass of schnaps; who besides, for a second glass, mended his shoes and gaiters, and provided him with a truss of straw, on which he slept soundly. At Potsdam he obtained admittance to a house with infinite difficulty, content to purchase black bread for his supper, and the use of a hard bench for his bed. In Berlin he perambulated the streets nearly the whole night in search of a lodging, and was at last compelled to sleep on a seat in the Promenade under the open sky. Here, however, he fared better for awhile. By the kind

assistance of Mr. Rose, the British minister, he obtained a comfortable lodging, and his benefactor invited him to a dinner at his house, at which Captain Cochrane made the acquaintance of Prince Labanoff and other powerful persons, by whose interest he was enabled greatly to facilitate his journey to St. Petersburg. We find a curious contrast to the rapid transmission of intelligence in the present day, when we learn that Cochrane, though a pedestrian, was the first bearer of the information of the Duke de Berri's assassination in Paris, a full month's post being due at Berlin, owing to the great quantity of snow which had fallen.

Continuing his journey towards Stettin, the traveller suffered cruelly from the cold and the bad roads. An old soldier of Napoleon whom he had met on the road, to whom he had complained of blistered feet, had imparted to him a remedy which he found to be invaluable. It was simply to rub the feet at going to rest with spirits mixed with tallow dropped from a lighted candle into the palm of the hand; and this remedy the wayworn traveller was continually called upon to renew. Occasionally he met with a reception from poor people very different from that harshness which he experienced so often. "A post-house," he says, "called Romini, with a good, civil landlord, better wife, and seven well-behaved children, made me welcome, dried my clothes, and gave me a glass of schnaps to keep me warm, while a good supper of beef and potatoes was preparing for me. Cold, wet, weary, and half-famished, I had entered the benevolent post-house; but one short hour restored me to life and good humour, and ultimately to the enjoyment of a clean bed made on the spot for my accom-

modation, by filling a tick with hay and sewing it up again. The whole property of this family," he adds, "could not have been worth ten pounds. I had arrived in a most miserable plight, the heavy and frequent rains having dilapidated my apparel, which, even in good weather, was not calculated to last long. My cap I had lost in the icy swamp, and in default my head was bound up with a piece of red flannel. My trousers were literally torn to tatters; my shoes tied to my feet to prevent their falling off; my shirt, except a flannel one and waistcoat, both superseded by my outer jacket. All I had retained was sound health and a contented mind, and I wanted no more, for this generous family had, during the night, put my entire wardrobe to rights; and I departed the following morning with sound clothing, and reflections of heartfelt gratitude to have met with the beneficial exercise of such qualities in a quarter of the world where I had so little reason to expect them."

After passing in this manner through Memel and Riga, at which towns he called upon the British Consuls, he reached St. Petersburg, having been eighty-three days from London in performing a distance of sixteen hundred miles. Here, he was kindly entertained by Sir Robert Kerr Porter, and, through Sir Daniel Bailey, the British Consul General, then the only representative of the British Court at St. Petersburg, he was enabled to transmit a memorial to Count Nesselrode, the Foreign Minister, for the approbation of His Imperial Majesty, who readily assented to furnish him with the necessary passports, and even offered the traveller, through Colonel Cathcart, money to aid him in the journey,

which however was declined. Furnished with the necessary documents, after three weeks' stay in St. Petersburg, the traveller set out again upon a journey on foot of eight or ten thousand miles, through a country still more cold and inhospitable than that through which he had just passed. The principal of these documents was addressed "to all Civil Governors," and bore the words, "The bearer hereof, Captain John Cochrane, of the British Royal Navy, purposing to travel through Russia on foot, is now on his departure for Kamtschatka, with the intention of penetrating from thence to America. Having, by the command of His Imperial Majesty, provided this traveller with open instructions to the police of all the towns and provinces lying in his track from St. Petersburg to Kamtschatka, this is also to desire all the chiefs of the different governments through which he may travel, to aid Captain Cochrane, as far as possible, to proceed on his journey without interruption, as well as to afford him lawful defence and protection, in case it should be desired." Armed with these documents, and his simple knapsack, he set out from St. Petersburg on the 24th of May. He had not proceeded, however, many days upon the road, when an accident befell him, more serious than any of his previous mishaps. Having left the town of Tosna, on the road to Luibane, he sat down at about the ninth milestone, to rest and smoke a cigar, when he felt himself suddenly seized from behind, and, looking round, found himself in the power of two ruffians, whose faces were as much concealed as the oddness of their dress would permit. One of them, who held an iron bar in his hand, dragged him by the collar towards a forest, whilst the other, with a

bayoneted musket, pushed him in such a manner as to compel him to hasten, while a boy of their party was stationed on the roadside to keep a look-out.

Having penetrated some sixty or eighty paces into the thickest part of the forest, the unfortunate traveller was desired to undress, and having stripped off his trousers, jacket, and shirt, and finally his shoes and stockings, the robbers proceeded to tie him to a tree. From this ceremony, and from the manner of it, their victim naturally concluded that they intended to kill him by firing at him as they would at a mark. The villains, however, with much coolness, merely seated themselves at his feet, and commenced rifling his pockets, even cutting out the lining of the clothes in search of bank bills, or some other valuable articles. They then compelled him to take a pound of black bread, and a glass of rum poured from a small flask which had been suspended from his neck. Having next appropriated his trousers, shirts, stockings, and English shooting shoes—a present from his kind friends in St. Petersburg—as also his spectacles, watch, compass, thermometer, and small pocket sextant, with one hundred and sixty roubles—about seven pounds sterling—they released him from the tree for a while. Then after flourishing a knife in his face, indicating a threat of vengeance if he informed against them, they again bound him to the tree, and finally left him. Here he was at last discovered by a boy, whom his cries attracted to the spot, and who helped to release him. The unlucky pedestrian was compelled to make the best of the blue jacket, flannel waistcoat, and the few other articles which the robbers had left him, in making up some kind

of attire; and in this miserable, half-naked state he resumed his route, until he fortunately fell in with a number of soldiers, who were employed in making a new road under General Woronzoff. The General kindly provided him with a vehicle to Novgorod, where a benevolent Russian merchant, to whom he had had a letter of recommendation, provided him with a complete refit; while the Governor, Gerebzoﬀ, kindly furnished him with a little money.

These anecdotes give a good idea of the kind of mishaps to which the adventurous traveller was subjected in the course of his long wanderings. Lofty mountains of half-frozen snow, large overflowed marshes, crowded and decayed forests, and half-frozen lakes, were among the obstacles which sometimes diverted his path, but were never sufficient to turn him from his purpose. Suffering from cold, rain, hunger, and fatigue—on one occasion, with forty-five nights' exposure to the snow; at times without fire in a frost of thirty degrees, being once actually five days without food—the traveller still pushed on. In Kamtschatka he walked four hundred miles without seeing one individual, and for one thousand miles of the worst part of his journey he met with but one habitation. Where he did find people or habitations, however, in these regions he was almost invariably treated with kindness and hospitality; and the governors of towns, or other Russian officials, to whom he presented his papers, were ever ready to help him forward. In this way he finally accomplished his purpose of penetrating to the remotest eastern corner of the continent of Asia, the bay of St. Peter and St. Paul, which the reader may find on the map at the extremity of the

peninsula of Kamtschatka. Here, unfortunately, he met with an insurmountable obstacle to further progress. No vessel of any description could be found to convey him thence to the north-western coast of America, from which he had intended to continue his wanderings. Having, therefore, addressed a letter from Okotsk, on the sea of that name, to the Governor-General of Siberia, stating the reasons which compelled him to return, Cochrane finally set out again on foot, and traversing Siberia once more, he arrived safely at St. Petersburg, exactly three years and three weeks after quitting that city. Here he received a kindly welcome from the Emperor, and the English Minister, and finally took ship for England, where he arrived in safety.

THE PERILS OF WHALE-FISHING.



MR. CHEEVER, the American missionary, tells the following exciting stories of adventures of whalers' boats. On the 28th of May, 1817, the "Royal Bounty," an English ship, fell in with a great number of whales in lat. $70^{\circ} 25'$ N., and long. 5° E. There was neither ice nor land in sight. The boats were manned and sent in pursuit, and after a chase of five hours, one of them, which had rowed out of sight of the ship, struck one of the whales. This was about four o'clock in the morning. The captain directed the course of the ship to the point where he had last seen the boats, and about eight o'clock got

sight of one which displayed the signal of being fast. Soon after, another boat approached the first, and struck a second harpoon; and by mid-day, two more harpoons were made fast.

But such was the astonishing vigour of this whale, that although it constantly dragged through the water from four to six boats, together with sixteen hundred fathoms of line, yet it pursued its flight nearly as fast as a boat could row, and whenever one passed beyond its tail it would dive. All endeavours to lance it were therefore vain, and the crews of the loose boats moored to those that were fast, the whale all the time steadily towing them on.

At eight o'clock in the evening a line was taken to the ship, with a view of retarding its flight, and topsails were lowered, but the harpoon drew. In three hours another line was taken on board, which immediately snapped. At four in the afternoon of the next day, thirty-six hours after the whale was first struck, two of the fast lines were taken on board the ship.

The most dreadful display of the whale's strength and prowess yet authentically recorded, was that made upon the American whale-ship "Essex," Captain Pollard, which sailed from Nantucket for the Pacific Ocean, in August, 1819. Late in the fall of the same year, when in lat. 40° of the South Pacific, a number of sperm whales was discovered, and three boats were manned and sent in pursuit. The mate's boat was struck by one of them, and he was obliged to return to the ship in order to repair the damage.

While he was engaged in that work, a sperm whale, judged to be eighty-five feet long, appeared about twenty

rods from the ship, on her weather bow. He was going at the rate of about three knots an hour, and the ship at nearly the same rate, when he struck the bows of the vessel just forward of her chains. At the shock produced by the collision of two such mighty masses of matter in motion, the ship shook like a leaf. The seemingly malicious whale dived and passed under the ship, grazing her keel, and then appeared at about the distance of a ship's length, lashing the sea with fins and tail, as if suffering the most horrible agony. He was evidently hurt by the collision, and blindly frantic with instinctive rage. In a few minutes he seemed to recover himself, and started with great speed directly across the vessel's course to the windward. Meantime, the hands on board discovered the ship to be gradually settling down at the bows, and the pumps were ordered to be rigged. While the crew were working at them, one of the men cried out, "God have mercy! he comes again!"

The whale had turned about one hundred rods from the ship, and was making for her with double his former speed, his pathway white with foam. Rushing head on, he struck her again at the bow, and the tremendous blow stove her in. The whale dived under again and disappeared, and the ship foundered in ten minutes from the first collision. But five souls out of the twenty were saved.

In another authentic instance, when a boat was chasing a whale, he suddenly turned to windward, and made directly for his pursuers, who were so excited by the chase as to be blind to danger. On, therefore, they madly rushed, without trying to avoid the infuriated monster, so eager were they to plunge their irons into

him, till the boat struck with such force upon the whale's head as to throw the oarsmen from their thwarts. At the same moment, the boat-steerer let fly his two harpoons into the mammoth body, which rolled over on its back; and before the boat could get clear of danger, being to the windward, a heavy sea struck it, and threw them directly into the whale's mouth. All of course sprang for their lives; and they had barely time to throw themselves clear of the boat before it was crushed to pieces by those ponderous jaws, and its ejected crew were, providentially, all picked up by another boat. At length, near eight o'clock, after forty hours of incessant exertion, this tenacious asserter of his vast animal vigour and territorial rights was killed.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH'S ESCAPE.



SIR SIDNEY SMITH, who was charged by Admiral Hood with the duty of burning the French fleet at Toulon, in 1793, fell into the hands of the French two years later, and was treated with considerable severity as a prisoner of war. Confined in the Temple, that gloomy prison in Paris, in which the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette spent their last days, the unwholesome closeness of his dungeon brought on an illness which for a time threatened to put an end to his career. In this condition, prompted by the impulses of his own generous nature, he wrote a letter to Napoleon Bonaparte, imploring him to order that he, a

dying prisoner, might be allowed to breathe the air beyond his prison walls. No answer was returned to this request ; but Sir Sidney soon after reviving, a plan was successfully devised, by which he effected his escape.

A friend had provided him with a false passport, a sword, a pistol, and a loose great-coat ; and thus provided, sleeping by night in obscure road-side cabarets, and by day proceeding cautiously by bye-roads, he made his way through Normandy. Following the windings of the Seine, and avoiding Rouen and other great cities, he finally got to the coast in the neighbourhood of Havre. This was a dangerous spot, for it was here that he had been captured, and consequently his person was known to the authorities ; but he was aware that a number of British ships of war were blockading that port, and if he could only communicate with these, he knew that his escape would be easy. Having secreted himself in a little town at a considerable distance from the coast, he walked to the sea shore, where he arrived in the dusk of the evening, and here, at length, he was so fortunate as to find a solitary fisherman in charge of several boats. Sir Sidney, who had spoken French from a child with the fluency of a native, told the man that he had a particular reason for wishing to visit one of the English ships lying off the harbour, and that he would give a handsome reward to be conveyed aboard. The poor fisherman consented on condition that the stranger would wait till it was later, and meanwhile invited him to his cottage to take rest before starting. Sir Sidney accepted his offer, and followed him to a cottage, where a poor old woman, the fisherman's wife,

spread a cloth and laid before them a good supper. But their guest was too unwell to eat, and was not unnaturally anxious lest the man should only have asked for delay in order to betray him. He was now, however, in their power, and it was useless to hesitate ; so he merely asked for leave to lie down and sleep until the time to depart had arrived. The woman accordingly gave him a clean mattress in the room in which they sat ; and here, worn out with a long day's walk, he wrapped himself in his cloak and slept.

At the appointed hour the fisherman awoke his guest, and bade him follow him. Sir Sidney started from his place and obeyed, and with a joyful heart stepped into the boat which lay waiting for them in a little cove. Feeling himself once more upon his native element, after so many wanderings, the gallant sailor drew his cloak around him with an involuntary gesture of satisfaction, which the man observed, but mistook its meaning. To Sir Sidney's surprise, he laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said, " Do not hide yourself, sir, from me, for I have known you all along." Sir Sidney was scarcely alarmed by this speech, for they were alone and he was armed. " If you indeed know me," he said calmly, " who am I ?" " You are Commodore Smith," replied the man ; " you more than once gave me a glass of spirits with your own hands, when I have come in my boat, the 'Diamond,' on wet nights, to sell fish to your crew, and I should be a scoundrel if I betrayed you."

In telling this anecdote to a friend, long afterwards, Sir Sidney remarked, " You see by this occurrence that no man can be aware how the most apparently trifling events may influence his future safety, nor how humble

may be the individual who may have his life or liberty in his hands. And thus, my friend, Almighty Providence appears to weave together all his creatures in a mutual kindly dependence, so that none may say, 'I can have no need of you.' " The little fishing-boat conveyed its freight safely to the side of a British man-of-war, the "Argo" frigate, which joyfully took him aboard, and without loss of time brought him to England, where the return from his perilous adventures, of this great favourite of the people, was welcomed with almost a national rejoicing.

THE ENGLISH FLAG AT THE NORTH POLE.

ONE of the most interesting episodes in the numerous narratives of voyages to the Polar regions, is that of the planting of the British flag on the spot of the North Magnetic Pole, in the spring of 1831. This ceremony was performed by Commander Ross during his second voyage, on which he left England in 1829. After a winter of extraordinary severity, during which the thermometer fell to ninety-two degrees below freezing point, a slight amelioration in the weather enabled Commander Ross to make a number of exploratory journeys, during which, by careful observations, he was enabled to determine the position of the pole as in lat. 70° 5' 17" N. and long. 96° 46' 45" W., being to the southward of Cape Nikolai, on the western shore of Boothia, a considerable distance from the spot up to that time assigned to it by

astronomers. Here Ross erected an observatory, as near, he says, to the magnetic pole as the limited means which he possessed enabled him to determine. The amount of the dip, as indicated by his dipping needle, was $89^{\circ} 59'$, being thus within one minute of the vertical; while the proximity of this pole, if not its actual existence where they stood, was further confirmed by the total inaction of the several horizontal needles then in his possession.

As soon as he had satisfied his mind on the subject, Commander Ross made known to his fellow-voyagers the gratifying result of their labours; and it was then that amid mutual congratulations the little band fixed the British flag on the spot and took possession of the North Magnetic Pole and its adjoining territory in the name of Great Britain and King William the Fourth. "We had abundance," he continues, "of materials for building on the fragments of limestone that covered the beach, and we therefore erected a cairn of some magnitude, under which we buried a canister containing a record of the interesting fact, only regretting that we had not the means of constructing a pyramid of more importance and of strength sufficient to withstand the assaults of time and of the Esquimaux. Had it been a pyramid as large as that of Cheops, I am not quite sure that it would have done more than satisfy our ambition under the feelings of that exciting day." It has since been found that the centre of magnetic intensity is a moveable point revolving within the Frigid Zone, but this discovery does not detract from the substantial correctness of Ross's experiments.

THE DISGUISES OF JOHN LEWIS BURCKHARDT.



ONE of the most energetic, far-seeing, and persevering of all explorers was John Lewis Burckhardt. He was of an eminent family settled at Basle, who were ruined by the troubles consequent upon the overrunning of Europe by the troops of the French Republic. Coming to England in 1806, young Burckhardt brought letters of introduction to Sir Joseph Banks, which led to his being selected by a learned society to travel in the East for the extension of our knowledge of the geography of that continent.

The natural and acquired talents of Burckhardt, the ardour with which he embraced the idea, and his naturally vigorous constitution, marked him out as a fit person for undertaking the perils of travel in unknown countries ; but as yet he was little prepared for the duties of a scientific explorer. Convinced himself of this fact, Burckhardt set to work to prepare himself with a perseverance which strongly indicates the energy of the man. He immediately began to apply himself to the difficult study of the Arabic language, and of those branches of science which were likely to be most useful to him in his travels. He allowed his beard to grow, and began to wear the Oriental dress even before he left England—being determined to accustom himself to appear at ease in that attire. Meanwhile he attended lectures both in London and Cambridge, on chemistry, astronomy, mineralogy, medicine and surgery, and in the intervals of his studies exercised himself by long

journeys on foot, bareheaded in the heat of the sun, sleeping upon the ground, and living upon vegetables and water.

Burckhardt then proceeded to Syria, where he familiarized himself by degrees with the Arabic language, and gradually acquired the habit of Oriental manners at a distance from the countries which were to be the scene of his travels, and consequently without much risk of being afterwards recognized. For this purpose he remained two years and a half, chiefly at Aleppo, where he assumed the name of Ibrahim Ibn Abdallah. In a journey which he made during this time in the countries to the east and south of the Dead Sea, he had the satisfaction of discovering the remains of an ancient city, consisting of a great number of buildings and monuments excavated in the rocks, a singularity which, with other circumstances, marked the place, in the opinion of the learned, for the site of Petra, the ancient capital of Arabia Petra. During this journey he assumed the character of an Arab physician in search of medicinal herbs, in which guise he obtained an introduction to the native chiefs.

When finally he set himself to travel in Arabia and Nubia, he assumed the character of a Dervish, and took nothing with him but a camel, some provisions, and a few gold coins, hidden in a woollen cloak. In those wild countries to have the appearance of being rich would have been greatly to increase the dangers of his journey, and in many cases he preferred to rely for a free passage from one part to another, from the charity of the Turkish merchants travelling with their caravans. His knowledge of the Arabic language, and of Moham-

medan manners, enabled him to assume the Mussulman character with such success that he resided at Mecca during the whole time of the pilgrimage, and passed through the various ceremonies of the occasion without the smallest suspicion having arisen as to his real character, a feat which has been imitated in our times by Captain Burton. Upon one occasion a Pasha, holding his head quarters at Sayf, near Mecca, thought proper to put the stranger's qualifications as a Mussulman to the test, by directing the two most learned professors of the law then in Arabia to examine him upon his knowledge of the Koran, and of the practical as well as doctrinal precepts of their faith ; but the result appears to have been a complete conviction upon the minds of his hearers, or at least of the two examiners, of his being not only a true, but a very learned Mussulman. Important, however, as were the experience and information acquired by his journey in Arabia, they were too dearly purchased ; for there is little doubt that his constitution never recovered from the effects of that climate so pernicious to Europeans.

When, at length, he found opportunities of starting upon the chief object of his travels, the exploration of the Nile, he quitted his Turkish dress, and attired himself in the blue gown of the merchants of Upper Egypt. He carried nothing with him for himself and his servant but a gun, a sabre, a pistol, a bag filled with provisions, and a woollen mantle, which served either for a carpet or a covering during the night. In one journey of nine hundred miles he took with him only eight Spanish dollars, of which he returned with three ; five dollars, or about £1 15s. sterling, having defrayed the whole

expenses of his journey. "This," he says, "I mention as a part of my plan of travelling, and by way of advice to all travellers who visit unknown and dangerous countries in the East." While at Esne, on another occasion, waiting for a caravan, and not wishing to be known, he kept as little company as possible, dressed himself in the poorest dress of an inhabitant of Egypt, his daily expenses for himself, servant, dromedary, and ass, amounting to only one shilling and sixpence. Yet, with all this, he could not help incurring the dangerous suspicion of being a rich man, or having had the good luck to find a treasure, a common notion among Orientals. He was fearful of engaging in any traffic, because his person would then have become generally known. But in those countries everybody is either a cultivator or a merchant, and to be able to live without begging and without work appeared strange, and exposed him to the suspicion of having chests full of dollars.

In many parts travelling would have been absolutely impracticable without assuming this Oriental character. At Shendz, he found it necessary to affect the greatest sanctity of manners, imitating, as far as possible, the Mohammedan Fakirs, whose character is the more respected in those countries from their enjoying the reputation of great learning, and of exemplary private conduct. "In those countries," says Burckhardt, "the traveller must consider himself as surrounded by some of the most worthless of the human race; amongst whom he must think himself fortunate if he can discover any less depraved than the rest whom he can place some degree of confidence in." Above all, he dared not be seen making notes. He knew that if he

had been detected by his companions with his journal in his hand it would have destroyed all his hopes of success. It was only while travelling through the deserts that he could take notes with tolerable ease. Here, mounted on his ass or dromedary, he pushed on ahead of the caravan, and then alighted under some tree or rock, where he remained unobserved, apparently occupied only in smoking his pipe until the caravan came up. On all these occasions, however, Burckhardt was provided with firmans or letters sufficient to inspire respect if any person in authority had sought to molest him. These he never exhibited except in the last resort, as they necessarily betrayed his disguise in some degree. On one occasion, when at Sonakim, in Arabia, he was ordered to be arrested, and to have his hands tied, and be thrust into a prison. Concealment was now useless, and Burckhardt drew his firmans from a secret pocket in his cloak, written on long scrolls in Turkish and Arabic. The production of these imposing documents wrought an immediate change in the tone of the Arab functionary. After kissing both the scrolls and placing them to his forehead, he protested that it was the good of the public alone that had led him to treat him as he had done. He then inquired the cause of the traveller's appearance; "for by this time," says Burckhardt, "my dress, which had not been very splendid when I set out on my journey, was literally in rags."

In his Nubian wanderings, Burckhardt succeeded in penetrating to the banks of the Astobaros, and thence crossed the desert to Sanakin, on the shore of the Red Sea. This, and a former journey along the Nile

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towards Dongola, were, unfortunately, the only travels in the unexplored regions of the interior of Africa which he accomplished; but his tour in Arabia, the last he performed, though not productive of additions to our geographical knowledge, enabled him to collect a vast deal of information of the highest interest.

AN ENGLISH SAILOR IN DISGUISE.

EARLY in the present century, the captain of an English merchant vessel calling at New Zealand, which had not at that time become a colony of England, was surprised to receive a message from the native government, written in tolerably good English. It desired him to attend upon the governor, and report the name of his vessel and other objects of his voyage, and was signed by the remarkably English-looking name of George Bruce. On presenting himself accordingly at a well-built house, which was indicated as the residence of the governor, the captain was ushered by Maori guards into the presence of that functionary, who, though attired in European clothing of a nautical cut, was so completely tattooed, as to leave at first no doubt upon the mind of the sea-captain that the governor was a Maori chief. This notion, however, was quickly dispelled when the supposed native chieftain extended his hand, and in a perfectly English accent said, "How are you, Captain Robins? I do not wonder you have forgotten me; but I remember you, as you see." A vague recollection of a seaman named Bruce, who had served

aboard his ship on a short voyage from Port Jackson to Calcutta, some years before, then flashed across the captain's mind. A few minutes' further conversation convinced him that this was the man; but how was he to account for the strange position in which he found him—his tattooed skin, his almost royal authority in the country? Questions of this kind were readily answered; and before he had left, Captain Robins had learned the strange, romantic story of the English sailor.

George Bruce was born of respectable English parents, and had received what in those days was considered a good education. He had run away to sea early in life, and had several times sailed round the world without abating anything of his love of roving and maritime adventure. He was one of the crew which accompanied the heroic Flinders in his early explorations of the coast of Australia. It happened that while Bruce, at this period, was stationed at Port Jackson, a native king of New Zealand arrived at that colony on a visit. Being seized with a dangerous illness, a British vessel was appointed to convey him home, and it happened that Bruce being known as a well-educated and a trustworthy man, was deputed to wait on him on the voyage. Pleased with his attendant, the king, when they had arrived at their destination, asked permission for Bruce to remain, to which the captain of the ship consented. Bruce rose rapidly in the favour of the Maori sovereign; and on his part seemed to have acquired a liking for the country, and for the manners and habits of its people.

It is well known that the Maories have at all times displayed so great an aptitude for civilized life as hardly

to have been regarded by Europeans as savages, but the superiority of their white visitor, who was indeed a man of no ordinary talent, was speedily felt. He suggested a number of reforms in the government of the country, which proved remarkably successful. At length the king proposed to place his English favourite at the head of the army. To this Bruce had no objection; but a difficulty, apparently insurmountable, here presented itself. Maori warriors are invariably tattooed. As well might an English officer look for respect from his men who came forth without sword or uniform, as a Maori chief who had neglected the hideous process of tattooing. There was no escaping the ordeal short of absolutely declining the offered command. Bruce reflected on the position, and came to the determination to be tattooed, a matter which appeared to him of little importance since he had finally adopted a country in which tattooing was in fashion, and a tattooed face decidedly admired. As a reward for this proof of devotedness Bruce was now declared a warrior of the highest rank, and having been duly naturalized a New Zealander, was honoured with the hand of the king's youngest daughter, the Princess Aetockoe. This was the story which Captain Robins received from his host, who did not allow him to depart without good tokens of his hospitality.

It is said that Bruce and his wife were contented and happy, and that the former looked forward with satisfaction to the progress of that civilization which he expected to introduce among the people with whom, by a singular destiny, he seemed doomed to remain during his life; but a singular chain of mishaps soon afterwards interrupted his good fortune for a while. His subsequent

adventures have thus been told by an American traveller. While enjoying these hopes, the English ship "General Wellesley" touched at a point of New Zealand where Bruce and his wife then chanced to be. This was at some distance from the king's place of residence. Captain Dalrymple, the commander of this vessel, applied to Mr. Bruce to assist him in procuring a cargo of spars and other things, and requested specimens of the various products of the country, all of which requests were cheerfully complied with. He then proposed to Bruce to accompany him to North Cape, distant about seventy or eighty miles, where it was reported the gold dust could be procured, and the captain imagined that the authority of Bruce would prove useful to him in his search. After many entreaties, Bruce consented to accompany Captain Dalrymple under assurances of being safely brought back. He accordingly embarked with his wife on board the "General Wellesley," representing at the same time to Captain Dalrymple the dangerous consequences of taking the king's daughter from the island; but that fear was removed by his solemn and repeated assurances that he would at every hazard reland them at the Bay Island, the place from which they embarked. Being at length all on board, the "Wellesley" sailed for the North Cape, where they soon arrived and landed. Finding that they had been misinformed as to the gold dust, the "Wellesley" made sail in order to return to New Zealand, but the wind becoming foul, and continuing so for forty-eight hours, they were driven from the island. On the third day the wind became more favourable, but Captain Dalrymple did not attempt to regain the island, but stood on for India.

On reaching the Fiji Islands the Captain asked Bruce if he chose to go ashore and remain there; but the latter, knowing the barbarous and sanguinary character of the islanders, indignantly refused. Leaving this place, they sailed for Malacca, where the captain and Bruce went on shore, and the latter, in hopes of seeing the governor or commanding officer to whom he might state his grievances, remained all night; but next morning the unhappy Bruce found that the captain of the ship had treacherously sailed, carrying his wife to Penang.

After remaining at Malacca for some weeks, Bruce set out in quest of the ship, and obtained a passage to Penang, where, upon his arrival, he found that his wife had been bartered away to another officer. On waiting upon the governor of Penang, he was asked what satisfaction he required for the ill treatment he had experienced. Bruce answered that all he wanted was to have his wife restored, and to get a passage to New Zealand. This the governor was, happily, able to accomplish. His wife, who had been so unjustifiably detained by force, was restored to him; and with her he returned to Malacca in the hope of a promised passage to New South Wales. But the opportunity was missed. Poor Bruce indeed was doomed to much wandering before he finally returned to that country where the cause of the long absence of himself and his wife was still unknown. He returned to Penang, and thence to Bengal, where he and his wife, whose story had become known, were received with great kindness and hospitality, and an opportunity having afterwards occurred, they at length obtained a passage to New South Wales, and from thence to New Zealand, where they were joyfully received. Bruce

lived many years in New Zealand, where the name of the English sailor who became a Maori chief, is still remembered with gratitude among the descendants of the Maories of those days.

THE DISCOVERERS OF THE NIGER.

THE story of the discovery of the course of the Niger, by Richard and John Lander, has, in many respects, no parallel in the history of exploration. Richard Lander, the faithful servant of Captain Hugh Clapperton, and the sole survivor of the unfortunate expedition of that most patient and enterprising of African travellers, returned to England in 1827, and soon afterwards volunteered his services in continuing those researches which had been so unhappily terminated by the death of Clapperton and his companions. The proposal of the enthusiastic Lander did not meet with any great amount of encouragement. He had, in fact, little but his familiarity with the country and his good constitution to recommend him. A Cornish boy, gifted with no extraordinary talent, he had not the advantage of high birth, or even of a good education. He was entirely destitute of that scientific training which had always been considered indispensable to an explorer setting out under the patronage of Government or of a learned society. He was unable to make astronomical observations, so necessary in determining the position of places, with the accuracy required for the construction of a map.

He had scarcely any knowledge of natural history, of botany, of geology, or any other of those sciences which enable a traveller to observe with accuracy. A common compass was actually the only scientific instrument which he carried with him, and even this was lost by an unfortunate accident during his travels. But his extraordinary perseverance outweighed all these objections, and enabled him to surmount every difficulty, and finally to unlock the great secret of Western Africa—the course of the great river Niger—which had baffled the efforts of a long line of travellers of far higher powers.

John Lander, the younger brother of Richard, who proposed to accompany him, had, in some respects, the advantage of his brother in education and literary attainments. He had cultivated a taste for literature in his own way, and had produced several essays in prose and verse, not wanting in merit; he had, besides, drawn up the account of his brother's former journey after the death of Clapperton. A man of warm heart and some imagination, strongly attached to his elder brother, he determined to accompany him this time in his wanderings and to share his fortunes. The government, however, somewhat meanly refused to allow him any salary during the expedition, or even to make him the promise of a reward in the event of success. Even to Richard the encouragement afforded was exceedingly scanty. A sum of one hundred pounds was agreed to be paid to his wife, who remained in England, in four instalments during the year following his departure, and on the return of the party, another hundred pounds was promised to be paid to himself. Meanwhile he was furnished with all

the articles considered necessary for his personal convenience during the journey, together with a sum of two hundred dollars in coin, with the proviso that, in case of need, he might at Badagry, on the coast of Africa, draw upon the treasury for any sum not exceeding three hundred dollars. Such was the trifling equipment with which the two brothers set forth on a mission of the highest importance to geographical science.

Park and Clapperton, and their predecessors, had traced the course of the Niger for many hundreds of miles as it flowed in a north-easterly direction from the great mountain range which gives rise to the Senegal to Timbuctoo. Park had traced it hither in a southerly course as far as Boussa, where he perished, and the heroic Clapperton had determined the position of the place ; but the question of whither it flowed from this point, or where it fell into the sea, was still entirely unknown. This was the question which the Landers started to solve, and their efforts were happily crowned with success. By tracing the course of the river from Boussa downwards, they established beyond all doubt the fact that the Quorra river, which flows into the sea in the Gulf of Guinea, was in fact the mouth of the Niger ; and thus these two unlettered travellers completed in a few months what had been the work of ages.

No book of African travel surpasses in interest the narrative of these indefatigable explorers. During all the trials and hardships of their journey, their journals were invariably written on the spot at the close of each day ; and when they returned they made no alteration, nor introduced a single sentence in the original manuscript. "It was intimated to us," they remark in the

simple preface to their book, "that the public would prefer it in that state, however faulty in style, rather than a more elaborate narrative which might gain less in elegance than it would lose in accuracy and vividness of description;" and few readers will doubt the correctness of this advice.

Among the most interesting episodes of their travels were the discoveries which they made of traces of the unfortunate Mungo Park, the manner of whose end was still uncertain. The information which they obtained placed beyond doubt the fact that Park and his companions had perished at Boussa, while attempting to escape in their canoe from an attack of the natives. A robe or cloak which appeared to have belonged to Park, was seen by them in possession of the king of that country. To rescue Park's journals which must have contained so much which would be of interest to geographical students was their chief object, and in this they seemed at one moment about to be successful. One day the king came to see them followed by a man with a book under his arm, which was said to have been picked up in the Niger after the loss of Park's canoe. It was enveloped in a large cotton cloth, and the travellers' hearts beat high with expectation as the man was slowly unfolding it, for by its size they guessed it to be Park's journal; but to their great disappointment it turned out, on opening it, to be merely an old nautical publication of the last century, with a title page missing, and containing only tables of logarithms. The relic, however, was interesting, for between its leaves they found a few loose notes of very little consequence, but sufficient to prove that these really were relics of their

ill-fated predecessor. One was a tailor's bill addressed to Mr. Anderson, one of Park's party ; the other was a brief note dated Strand, 9th November, 1804, containing an invitation to dinner, from a Mr. and Mrs. Watson, and addressed to Mr. Park.

Among other interesting incidents were the shifts to which the Landers were put to make presents to the various royal personages through whose territories they passed, a necessity of their progress for which the means placed at their disposal by the Government appeared ludicrously inadequate. Unfortunately for them, a great quantity of needles had been distributed through the country by the last mission, so that one of the resources on which they had relied partially failed them. When they arrived in a region less stocked with these instruments, a new trouble awaited them. They had brought from England nearly a hundred thousand needles of various sizes, and among them a great quantity of what were called "Whitechapel sharps," warranted "super-fine" and "not to cut in the eye." Thus highly recommended, the unfortunate travellers had imagined that their needles must be excellent indeed ; but, to their great chagrin, a number which they had disposed of were returned to them with the complaint that they were all eyeless, a fact which certainly justified the boast of the maker that they "would not cut in the eye." On an examination, it was found that the same charge was applicable to the whole remainder of the so-called "Whitechapel sharps," so that to save their credit they were compelled to throw them away. Their next best, and indeed their only resource was then the metal buttons attached to their clothes. These, when polished

highly, looked well, and completely won the people of all ranks from the Sultan to the slave. The clothes of the whole expedition became, in consequence, stripped of their buttons, after which they had to depend for support on a quantity of livery and soldiers' buttons, which were very dull and dirty, and required many hours' labour to polish them to the suitable degree of brightness.

The Landers returned from their expedition completely successful, and obtained handsome rewards both from the Government and the Geographical Society. The unhappy fate of Richard Lander is well known. Descending the Niger on a subsequent visit in 1834, his canoe was attacked by a party of natives armed with muskets. Lander defended himself gallantly, and the party escaped, but in the engagement, the manly, kind-hearted, indefatigable explorer received a wound from a musket ball in the thigh, which, thirteen days later, proved fatal. He died at Fernando Po, at the mouth of that river which he had identified with his name.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF AN ASTRONOMER.



THE observation that the lives of men of learning rarely present any romantic incidents receives a striking contradiction from the biography of the late M. Arago. When only twenty years of age this celebrated savant was entrusted with the important and difficult task of continuing the measurement of the meridian line in Spain, left unfinished by the untimely death of the distinguished mathematician Méchain. For this purpose the young astronomer was, during the greater part of the year 1806, confined to a tent on an elevated peak among the mountains of Valencia, having for exercise ground only a space of twenty-two square yards, and seeing no one during that time but two Carthusian monks, who occasionally ventured, in spite of a rule of their order, to ascend the mountain, in order to hold converse with him. Here his lonely situation was made still more irksome by the vexation attendant upon the failure of the signals necessary to the carrying out of the experiments. Owing to the reflectors established on the mountain of Camprey being turned slightly out of the right direction, he was for nearly six months unable to see the light, and was therefore compelled to suspend his operations. At length the monotony of his labours was relieved by the arrival of his friend and companion in scientific studies, M. Biot, with new instruments, with which they were to proceed to Formentara, the southern extremity of the arc which they were engaged

in measuring. Biot, however, quitted him afterwards to return to Paris, while Arago, after some further important experiments, repaired to Majorca, to measure there the latitude and the azimuth.

It was at this time that the fermentation against the entry of the French army into Spain began to assume formidable dimensions, and the operations of the young astronomer became the subject of much suspicion among the ignorant populace. His station in the island of Majorca was on the Closs de Galago, a very high mountain, and here his signals, lights, and mysterious apparatus soon gave rise to a report among the people that the stranger had established himself there in order to favour the arrival of the French army. The system of semaphore telegraphs had then recently become established on the Continent, and some plausibility was therefore given to the belief that the lights and signals on the Closs de Galago were but the extreme end of a continuous chain of signals by which intelligence was conveyed to the invader. The arrival of an ordnance officer from Napoleon in May 1808 brought the excitement to a head. A general rising against him took place, from which the officer only escaped with difficulty. Baffled in their primary object, the infuriated people then bethought them of the stranger and his mysterious occupations on the peak of Galago, and a popular expedition was instantly organized to seize him. This plan would inevitably have succeeded, and there is little doubt that the young philosopher would have fallen a victim to the fury of the populace, but for the forethought and kindness of M. Damain, the owner of a small vessel which the Spanish Government had provided for the assistance of

Arago. This friend hastened to his rescue, provided with a disguise, in which the astronomer hastily attired himself, and the two departed. So little time had they to spare, that they actually met the rioters shortly afterwards, who, however, did not recognize Arago, as he spoke Majorcan perfectly. The cries of "Treason!" "Death!" from the people, only too plainly indicated the fate which awaited them if they had been discovered. Fortunately Arago afterwards, by the assistance of some of the crew, was enabled to obtain possession of the precious instruments and records of his scientific labours which he had been compelled to leave behind.

The flight from the peak of Galago proved to be only the commencement of a series of adventures as startling as anything which has been conceived by writers of romance. The captain of the vessel having refused to convey him back to France, he was glad to accept the offer of the commander of the island to retain him as a prisoner in the fortress, where he continued for some months in considerable danger. It is said that some fanatical monks devised a scheme for murdering the prisoner, but Arago had a firm friend in his comrade M. Rodriguez, a Spanish astronomer, who never forsook him during this time of peril. It was to the kind efforts of Rodriguez that he finally owed his release, with permission to go to Algiers, where they arrived in August 1808. Here the French consul provided the two astronomers with false passports, transforming them into two strolling merchants from Hungary, with which they at length set sail for France. They had actually arrived within sight of Marseilles, when a new misfortune befel them. A Spanish corsair from Palamos suddenly made

its appearance, armed with two twenty-four pounders at the prow. The vessel in which Arago sailed endeavoured to escape, but a cannon ball which penetrated their sails, while their pursuer rapidly gained upon them, warned them to yield, and the corsair conveyed them to Rosas on the Spanish coast. Here Arago was recognized as a Frenchman, and thrown into a cruel imprisonment with a view to compel him to avow himself the real owner of the cargo. On one occasion a strong picket presented themselves at the door of the prison, the captain of which led the prisoners to believe that they were to be led out for military execution ; but fortunately this turned out to be a mere ruse to extort a confession. These facts having been reported to the Dey of Algiers, and that sovereign having threatened to declare war against Spain if the vessel and prisoners were not given up, the Spanish authorities yielded, and Arago and the faithful Rodriguez were again at liberty to pursue their voyage. Once more they found themselves within sight of Marseilles, and their vessel was actually steering for the harbour, when a furious north-westwind, known in that part as the Mistral, suddenly arose, and drove their little vessel with great violence before it. To their vexation the wanderers again saw the French coast fade from their view, and after many hardships, found themselves, some days later, on a lonely part of the coast of Africa. They landed in the harbour of Boujiè, three days' sail from Algiers, whither they determined to return ; but their ill fortune was still far from being exhausted. They learnt that their friend, the Dey of Algiers, had just been assassinated, and a new Dey chosen, who determined to seize the heavy trunk in which Arago carried the instruments and books which

he had guarded through all his trials. Arago was then compelled to proceed by land to Algiers, a journey of great danger, which he accomplished by disguising himself in the Turkish costume, and placing himself under the protection of a faithful priest, who guided him through the mountains and deserts which lay in their way. By the intercession of the French consul, the trunk, the contents of which was found to be of less value than was supposed, was restored. Once more Arago departed, though not without a narrow escape from being again captured by a blockading squadron. He finally landed in safety at Marseilles, having occupied eleven months in a journey which at the present time is generally accomplished in four days.

His letters sent from the Quarantine-house at Marseilles were considered by his friends and relatives as tokens of resurrection. They had in fact long before assumed him dead. A great geometer had even proposed to the Bureau of Longitude to cease to pay his allowance to his authorized representative—Arago's father. "The first letter which I received from Paris," says Arago in his "Story of my Youth," "contained testimonies of sympathy and congratulation on the termination of my laborious and perilous adventures; it was from a man already in possession of an European reputation—Mr. Humboldt." This was the commencement of the long and intimate friendship between these two men of science. Having ended his quarantine he joyfully repaired to Perpignan, where his mother had caused masses to be said for the repose of his soul, under the belief that he had long before fallen a victim to the daggers of the Spaniards. Soon afterwards he returned to Paris, and had the satisfaction of depositing safely, at the Bureau of

Longitude and the Academy of Sciences, those valuable observations which he had preserved through so many troubles and dangers. A few days after his arrival, on the 18th of September, 1809, he was nominated an Academician in the place of Lalande; and the illustrious astronomer refers in his memoir with pride to the fact that this honour was conferred upon him at twenty-three years of age.

ADVENTURE OF TWO SEAMEN.

EVEN within the present century piracy was not uncommon within a few days' sail of our own shores, and in the Mediterranean and on the coast of Africa, pirates frequently carried on their depredations with impunity. This is strikingly illustrated by the story of two sailors, the sole survivors of a crew of twenty-four men belonging to the English vessel called the "St. Helena," which was captured by pirates off the island of that name, about thirty years since. The vessel was sailing in full daylight, when a ship under Portuguese colours hove in sight. The stranger bore down on the "St. Helena," and a boat with persons dressed as officers came alongside, and asked permission to come on board. The strangers behaved with great courtesy, and while inspecting the ship the chief of the party asked leave of the captain of the "St. Helena" for his second in command to come and see the ship also. Permission being

granted a signal was hoisted him, and he came aboard, bringing another boat's crew of men with him. They then asked leave to go below and see the arrangements there, which was granted with ready hospitality by the unsuspecting captain. Meanwhile another signal was hoisted for a third officer, who with the boat's crew finally made up fifty foreigners on the deck of the "St. Helena." This latter step had not been perceived by the captain, who was engaged in escorting his guests below ; but on his ascending to the deck the unfortunate man was suddenly seized from behind, while his arms were pinioned. Looking round he then perceived that the whole of his crew were already fast bound to the rigging, and he discovered too late that his ship was in the hands of pirates.

Concealment being now at an end the pirates hastened below and commenced a search for plunder, in which they were very successful, as the "St. Helena" had specie aboard. Unhappily, in the course of their search, they came upon a cask of spirits, and knocking the top off they drank till they were half-intoxicated, when they rushed upon deck in a state of fury, and commenced proceedings by cutting off the captain's head and throwing him into the sea. One by one the crew shared the same fate, except the two men in question, who escaped unnoticed in the beginning of the scuffle, and hid themselves below among some casks. Here they heard the struggling and screaming, and the splash of the bodies thrown overboard, till there were no more victims left. Then in a kind of frenzy the pirates yelled, fired shots through the rigging, cut away the masts, and attempted to scuttle the ship ; but being

stoutly built, and of very hard wood, it defied their efforts, especially in their drunken condition. So, after having exhausted their powers of destruction, they departed. The two men below watched the pirate ship sail, but for eight or ten hours more they dared not come on deck. When they did so they found themselves in a mere hulk, in the midst of the Atlantic. Ignorant of which way to steer they contrived to hoist a small remnant of a sail, and abandoning themselves to the mercy of the winds, they reached in safety the coast of Africa. Soon after, they were picked up by a Portuguese man-of-war, and carried to the mouth of the Tagus, whence they shortly procured a passage to England.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF PAUL JONES.



THE famous seaman who, under the name of Paul Jones, made frequent descents on the eastern coast of Scotland during the war between Great Britain and her American colonies, was long regarded in this country as a mere piratical adventurer; but papers relating to his extraordinary career, which have been published during the present century, exhibit him in a far more favourable light.

One anecdote illustrative of his chivalrous character had indeed already become known in England. In 1778, commanding only a single frigate, he made a successful attack upon Whitehaven, where he took two

forts, with thirty pieces of cannon, and burnt the shipping in the harbour. The crew of the dreaded privateer landed on St. Mary's Isle, which was the property of the Earl of Selkirk, and which contained that nobleman's seat. Here Paul Jones hoped to seize the person of the Earl, and intended carrying him to France or to America as a hostage for the better treatment of American captives. Lord Selkirk, however, was absent, and the expedition embarked, but not without carrying away the family plate—a fact of which Jones was unaware until the expedition had put to sea. Lady Selkirk had been alone in the mansion when the attack was made, and Jones, scorning to play the part of a common pirate, wrote to her immediately after his return to France, informing her that her house had been plundered without his knowledge, and that he would send back her plate at his own expense—a promise which he faithfully performed. His letter then entered into a statement of his motives and feelings, which appears to have been strongly characteristic of the writer. "Though," he says, "I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the rights of men, yet I am not in arms as an American, nor am I in pursuit of riches. I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions of climate or of country, which diminish the benevolence of the heart, and set bounds to philanthropy. Before this war began, I had, at an early time of life, withdrawn from the sea service in favour of 'calm contemplation and poetic ease.' I have sacrificed not only my favourite scheme of life, but the softer affections of the heart and my prospects of domestic happiness, and am ready to sacrifice my life also with cheer-

fulness, if that forfeiture could restore peace and goodwill among mankind. As the feelings of your gentle bosom cannot but be congenial with mine, let me entreat you, madam, to use your persuasive art with your husband to endeavour to stop this cruel and destructive war, in which Britain can never succeed. Heaven can never countenance the barbarous and unmanly practice of the Britons in America, which savages would blush at, and which, if not discontinued, will soon be retaliated on Britain by a justly-enraged people. Should you fail in this—for I am persuaded that you will attempt it, and who can resist the power of such an advocate?—your endeavours to effect a general exchange of prisoners will be an act of humanity which will afford you golden feelings on a deathbed.”

Paul Jones was a native of Scotland, the son of a gardener at Kirkcudbright. Having taken early to a seafaring life, he went to America, where he obtained the command of several merchant ships. At the commencement of the revolution in that country he entered ardently into the cause of the colonists against the mother country, and volunteered his services in that species of naval warfare which afterwards rendered his name so famous. In one of his letters, in reply to the charge that he had waged war against his native country, he says:—“I was indeed born in Britain, but I do not inherit the degenerate spirit of that fallen nation, which I at once lament and despise. It is far beneath me to reply to their hireling invectives. They are strangers to the inward approbation that greatly animates and rewards the man who draws his sword only in support of the dignity of freedom. America

has been the country of my fond election from the age of thirteen, when I first saw it. I had the honour to hoist with my own hands the flag of freedom, the first time it was displayed, on the Delaware, and I have attended it with veneration ever since on the ocean."

It is now generally acknowledged that these romantic sentiments were strictly in accordance with the principles which actuated the famous "pirate" of the American revolution throughout his romantic career.

BURCKHARDT'S DEATH.

THE noble and disinterested character of this remarkable man was nowhere more conspicuous than in his last hours, for the narrative of which we are indebted to a letter of Mr. Salt, the British Consul-General at Cairo. Prematurely exhausted by exposure and privation, in unhealthy climates, his strength gave way, and an attack of dysentery, in 1817, reduced him so low, that his death was evidently approaching. In this condition, being perfectly sensible that he had but few hours to live, he sent for Mr. Salt, and, though his countenance was of a ghastly hue, and he had great difficulty in articulating, he begged his visitor to take pen and paper, and proceeded to dictate calmly his last wishes. He directed him, as soon after his death as possible, to obtain a sum of two hundred and fifty pounds, due to him from the African Association, and add it to a sum of two thousand piastres, in the hands of a friend in Cairo. With this he desired him to pay a sum towards

the recovery of the head of Memnon—a work then progressing in Egypt. Four hundred piastres he desired to be given to Saharti, his faithful servant. One thousand piastres he gave to the poor of Zurich. His library, with the manuscripts in the hands of Sir Joseph Banks, he gave to the University of Cambridge.

After naming some other bequests, he said, mournfully, “I was starting, in two months’ time, with the caravan returning from Mecca, and going to Fezzan, thence to Timbuctoo, but it is otherwise disposed.” He then requested Mr. Salt to give his love to friends whom he enumerated, and with many of whom he was living on terms of intimacy in Cairo. He next, after a pause and an evident struggle, begged him to let Mr. Hamilton acquaint his mother with his death, and say that his last thoughts had been with her. He then said, “The Turks will take my body; I know it. Perhaps you had better let them.”

After this he appeared perfectly calm. Dr. Richardson, and Osman, a faithful attendant, whom he had procured to be released from slavery, sat beside him as he shook hands with Mr. Salt, taking a final leave. Within six hours afterwards he calmly breathed his last.

THE ADVENTURES OF A COFFEE PLANT.

THE inhabitants of the Caribbee Islands, as the French possessions in the West Indies are called by the English, still remember with gratitude the name of Gabriel Clieu, a French officer, to whose enterprise and zeal they

acknowledge that they owe the chief source of their wealth. Clieu was the first person who succeeded in introducing the coffee plant into those islands, and he had the satisfaction of living to see his experiments so successful, that the Antilles from this trifling cause alone rose to be among the most prosperous of colonial possessions. A letter of this excellent man exists, in which he gives a simple and interesting narrative of the efforts which secured this happy result.

Clieu was a captain of infantry, stationed with his company at Martinico, one of the islands referred to. Though possessing high mountains covered with trees, several rivers, and fertile valleys, the island would produce neither wheat nor vines, and was in some respects unfavourable to agriculture. Clieu, who was aware of these defects, determined to make an effort to discover some useful crop suited to its soil and climate. It happened that private affairs called him to France, but the captain of infantry had no business more important in his eyes than that of procuring a coffee plant of a species adapted for cultivation in Martinico. "More occupied" (he says) "with the public good than with my own interests, I was not discouraged at the failure of the attempts that had been made during forty years to introduce and naturalize the coffee-tree in our islands. I made fresh efforts to obtain a plant from the Royal Botanic Garden, but was for a long time unsuccessful. I returned many times to the charge without being disheartened, till at length success crowned my perseverance. It would be useless to enter into details of the infinite care I gave to this delicate plant during a long voyage, and the difficulty I had to save it from the

hands of a man envious of the happiness I enjoyed in being useful to my country ; and who, not being able to rob me of this coffee-tree, broke off a branch from it." Water becoming very scarce on board the ship in which he sailed, the passengers had to be put on short allowance, but the enthusiastic Clieu nevertheless shared a small portion with his cherished plant.

He had no sooner arrived at Martinico than he planted, in a soil suitably prepared for it, his precious shrub, which had become more precious from the risk it had run, and the care and anxiety it had cost him. At the end of eighteen or twenty months he collected an abundant crop, and distributed the beans among the religious houses and various inhabitants, who knew the value of this production, and felt how much it was capable of enriching them. They spread from neighbour to neighbour, and Clieu continued to distribute the fruit of the young plants which grew under the shadow of their common parent. Guadaloupe and St. Domingo were soon abundantly supplied. The new product increased and multiplied everywhere. But what rendered its progress more rapid at Martinico was the blight that had struck all the cocoa plants, without exception. The smaller inhabitants, to the number of five or six thousand, were absolutely deprived of a natural product, almost the only one they had to give in exchange for the commodities sent from France. They had no other resource except the cultivation of coffee, to which they exclusively devoted themselves, with a success that far surpassed their losses. In the course of three years, the island was covered with as many thousand coffee-trees as there had formerly been

cocoa plants. Such is Clieu's account of the introduction of coffee into the Windward Islands, which soon became an inexhaustible source of wealth to four-fifths of their inhabitants.

BELZONI IN THE TOMBS.



THE ingenious and enterprising Belzoni, whose researches added so much to our knowledge of Egyptian antiquities, was a native of Padua, in Italy. Originally destined for a monk, he passed his younger days in Rome, where he was busily pursuing his theological studies, when the sudden entry of the French into that city altered the course of his education, and compelled him, as he says, to be a wanderer for the remainder of his days. Belzoni visited several parts of Europe, and was for some years in London. His family supplied him occasionally with remittances; but, as they were by no means rich, he resolved not to be a burthen to them, and contrived, as well as he could, to live on his own industry. Fortunately his time in Rome had not been entirely spent in the study of theology; a taste for physical science had led him to the study of hydraulics, and this enabled him to obtain employment as an engineer, in which business he finally embarked on his own account. Having married an English lady, he visited the south of Europe, and finally determined to go to Egypt, to test his favourite idea of irrigating by a

hydraulic machine, being convinced that the fields of that country wanted water only to make them produce at any time of the year. Belzoni, however, had little calculated the obstacles to be found in Oriental apathy and prejudice. The people, and even the authorities, looked coldly on machines for dispensing with labour, which they ignorantly thought would thus be deprived of employment. The machine was constructed on the principle of a crane with a walking wheel, in which a single ox, by its own weight alone, could effect as much as four oxen employed in the common method of the country. Belzoni's machine was at last set up at Soubra, but here an unlucky accident soon put an end to the inventor's hopes. The Viceroy of Egypt, having arrived at Soubra, determined to have it tested in his presence. The results were conclusive in its favour. The Viceroy—the famous Mehemet Ali—was satisfied of its utility and importance, and, the business of the day being over, he desired that the oxen should be taken out of the wheel, in order to see, by way of frolic, what effect the machine would have by putting men into it. Accordingly fifteen men entered the wheel, besides a faithful Irish lad, who had accompanied Belzoni in his travels; but no sooner had the wheel turned than the men jumped out, leaving the lad alone. The wheel, now overbalanced by the weight of the water, turned back with such velocity that the poor lad was thrown out, breaking his thigh-bone; and, but for the presence of mind of Belzoni in stopping the wheel, the accident must have proved fatal to him. This evil omen, as the superstitious Egyptians considered any accident in trying a new machine, proved the ruin of

Belzoni's prospects. The Viceroy abandoned the project; and all that was due to the ingenious introducer of the machine, as well as the express stipulation which Belzoni had made with the Viceroy, was consigned to oblivion.

Belzoni's spirit of enterprise, however, was not easily damped. He was not willing to leave a country which had been one of the chief fields of research among the learned. The fame of its antiquity excited in him an ardent desire for investigation, but, having Madame Belzoni with him, his purse would not afford the expense of a journey to a great distance. Fortunately it was at this time in contemplation to remove the colossal bust, known by the name of Young Memnon, to England. The task afforded a good opportunity to Belzoni's love of mechanics, as well as for his passion for investigating antiquities, and he readily undertook it. The means which he devised for the purpose were extremely ingenious, and were perfectly successful; and, after extraordinary labour, Belzoni had the satisfaction of seeing this gigantic specimen of ancient sculpture safely floated on the Nile.

Belzoni now pursued his labours in exploring the ruins, opening mounds and exploring the subterranean tombs so abundant in that country. Some of the most important of these labours were carried on at Gournou, a tract of rocks about two miles in length, at the foot of the Lybian mountains, to the west of Thebes, and which had been the burial-place of that ancient city. Belzoni's narrative of his researches in this singular region is strongly illustrative of his enthusiasm and perseverance. Many persons found it impossible to

penetrate into these subterranean sepulchres on account of the closeness of the atmosphere within, which frequently caused fainting. In some of the passages, owing to the falling dust, the space was so small that the explorer had to creep through in darkness and on pointed stones that cut like glass. After getting through these passages, some of them two or three hundred yards long, he generally found himself in a more commodious place, but surrounded by heaps of mummies in all directions, which, until he became accustomed to such sights, impressed him almost with terror. The blackness of the walls, the faint glimmer given by the candles or torches which he now found means to light, and which the Arabs, naked and covered with dust, whom he had induced by rewards to accompany him, held aloft, increased the horrors of the dismal scene. In such a position he frequently found himself, and often returned exhausted and fainting, till at last he became inured to the work, and indifferent to what he suffered, except from the choking dust.

“After the exertion of entering such a place,” he says, “through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or perhaps six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place, found one, and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed it like a bandbox. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight, but they found no better support; so that I sunk altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again. I could not remove from the place,

however, without increasing it, and every step I took I crushed a mummy in some part or other. Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than that a body could be forced through. I was choked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian ; but, as the passage inclined downwards, my own weight helped me on. However, I could not avoid being covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies piled up in various ways—some standing, some lying, and some on their heads. The purpose of my researches was to rob the Egyptians of their papyri, of which I found a few hidden in their breasts, and under their arms, in the space above the knees, or on the legs, and covered by the numerous folds of cloth that envelop the mummy.”

The most remarkable of Belzoni's achievements was his discovery of the entrance into one of the great pyramids. The reasoning by which he determined the probable position of the sealed entrance, which, buried and hidden below the level of the ground, had hitherto defied the researches of explorers, was very ingenious ; but for a long time his labours resulted in nothing but the discovery of false passages, which were nothing more than entrances partly excavated and abandoned. It was on the 2nd of March, 1818, that he at last came upon the right entrance into the pyramid. He had previously uncovered three large blocks of granite, two on each side and one on the top, all in an inclined direction

towards the centre, which the knowledge he had acquired satisfied him concealed the passage. Having cleared the front of these stones, the entrance proved to be a passage only four feet high, and three feet six inches wide, formed of large blocks of granite, which rapidly descended towards the centre for upwards of a hundred feet. Nearly all this passage was filled up with large stones, which were slowly drawn out with great labour; but no sooner was this accomplished than the explorers came upon a stone portcullis, which appeared at first sight to put an end to all their hopes of entering the pyramid; but, by raising it a little at a time with levers, and propping it with stones as they proceeded, the portcullis was at length raised sufficiently for an Arab holding a candle to squeeze his way in, who returned, saying that the place within was very fine. Belzoni now continued to raise the portcullis, until at last he had made the entrance large enough to squeeze himself in, and, after thirty days' incessant labour, he had the satisfaction of finding himself in the way to the central chamber of one of the two great pyramids of Egypt. The new passage was found to terminate in a perpendicular shaft of fifteen feet in depth, which the explorers descended by means of a rope, when they entered another passage descending at the same angle. The labyrinth into which they had entered was, however, not yet exhausted. A passage leading upwards now met their eyes, of greater height than the previous ones. Its sides glittered with beautiful "arborizations" from the nitre by which the mummies are embalmed, some of these looking like the fleece of a white lamb, others resembling huge leaves and other fantastic shapes. At

length the party reached a door at the centre of a large chamber.

"Here," says Belzoni, "I walked slowly two or three paces, and then stood still to contemplate the place where I was. Whatever it might be, I certainly considered myself in the centre of that pyramid, which, from time immemorial, had been the subject of the obscure conjectures of many hundred travellers, both ancient and modern. My torch, formed of a few wax candles, gave but a faint light; I could, however, clearly distinguish the principal objects. I naturally turned my eyes to the west end of the chamber, looking for the sarcophagus, which I strongly expected to see in the same situation as that in the first pyramid; but I was disappointed when I saw nothing there. The chamber has a pointed or sloping ceiling, and many of the stones had been removed from their places, evidently by some one in search of treasure. On my advancing toward the west end, I was agreeably surprised to find that there was a sarcophagus buried on a level with the floor."

Belzoni's researches left no doubt that the pyramids had been a place of sepulture, but his discoveries were somewhat disappointing. The inscriptions on the walls were chiefly in an unknown character, and it was conjectured belonged to a period of remote antiquity, before the invention of hieroglyphic writing; but one inscription, in rudely-formed Arabic characters, was decipherable. It told how "the Master Mohammed Ahmed, lapicide," had opened the great pyramid; and how the "Master Othman and the King Alij Mohammed" had been present at this opening, and had the entrance closed up again. This proved that the pyramid had

been explored, probably in search of treasures, little more than a thousand years previously, a period which seemed to the enthusiastic student of Egyptian monuments so modern, as to deprive his labour of much of its interest.

HOLMAN, THE BLIND TRAVELLER.

THE story of the life of James Holman, the blind traveller, is probably without a parallel in the history of enterprise. It might be supposed that total loss of sight would at least prove an insurmountable obstacle to adventure in uncivilized countries; but, seized with a passion for wandering almost amounting to a new sense, this extraordinary man not only determined on undertaking a journey alone, and chiefly overland, around the world, but actually accomplished a considerable portion of his project, only at length relinquishing it from causes over which he had no control.

Holman was an officer in the British navy, who had already had considerable experience of travelling in wild countries. Even since his blindness he had made a tour through France, Italy, and Switzerland, and had published an interesting account of his travels; but the difficulties of a journey in these countries were comparatively slight. It is hardly to be wondered at that Holman's friends regarded him as visionary and imprudent, and that he found it convenient to avoid their

dissuasion by carefully concealing the extent of his plans. It was on the 19th of July, 1822, that he embarked in a schooner lying in the London Docks, and bound to St. Petersburg, with the ostensible motive of visiting the Russian empire; but with the real one, as he says, "if circumstances should permit, of making a circuit of the whole world." The schooner had not left the river Thames before he was enabled to give a striking proof of that readiness in using his other faculties, which went so far to compensate him for his affliction. It happened that the vessel was run into by a heavily-laden collier, and seriously damaged. During the confusion which attended the accident, Holman rushed from his berth to the helm, from which the steersman had fled, and at once made himself useful by complying promptly with the captain's rapidly-succeeding orders of "starboard" and "port." The captain, however, was entirely ignorant of the fact of his having a blind steersman until the trouble was over, and he observed, for the first time, that the man at the helm was a stranger standing in his night-shirt; but he became so well satisfied with the nautical skill of the volunteer seaman, as afterwards to permit him to steer the vessel in a fresh breeze.

When at sea, Holman had plenty of time to consider his plans, and the motives which determined him to pursue them in spite of his blindness. He knew well that the extraordinary delicacy of the sense of touch and hearing, and the quickness in drawing inferences common to the intelligent blind, enabled him to acquire ideas and gather information with far greater certainty than was commonly supposed to be possible. Occa-

sionally he occupied himself in studying the geography of Russia, tracing his intended route with the finger. When in St. Petersburg he carefully concerted his plans, and spent some time in examining the city, which he describes with considerable minuteness, even giving an account of the structure and action of machinery in the large manufactories of that city. After spending the winter in St. Petersburg, he travelled by posts to Moscow, which city he describes with the same spirit. It was not, however, until he quitted Moscow that the real difficulties of his journey began. "My situation," he says, "was now one of extreme novelty, and my feelings corresponded with its peculiarity. I was engaged under circumstances of unusual occurrence, in a solitary journey of several thousand miles, through a country perhaps the wildest on the face of the earth, and whose inhabitants were scarcely yet accounted within the pale of civilization, with no other attendant than a rude Tartar postilion, to whose language my ear was wholly unaccustomed ; and yet I was supported by a feeling of happy confidence, with a calm resignation to all the inconveniences and risks of my arduous undertaking." Holman met with many adventures and suffered much hardship during his journey through Siberia, but in inhabited places he met with a great deal of hospitality and kindness. It was in the end of the year 1824, two years and a half after his departure in the little schooner from the London Docks, that he found himself at Irkutsk, in Asiatic Russia, the chief town of the government of that name, nearly four thousand miles east of St. Petersburg. He was now within a short distance of the Chinese frontier, and his ardent

desire to enter China by a land journey appeared to be on the brink of being gratified, when an unforeseen accident suddenly put an end to his progress. He was sitting with the Governor-General, who had invited him to his house, when that functionary greatly surprised him by informing him that a military officer, a lieutenant of the feld-jagers, who had just arrived in that part from St. Petersburg, had been despatched by the emperor, on a special mission, to reconduct him to Europe. The governor, in explanation, added that his imperial majesty could not consent to Mr. Holman's embarking from or even proceeding into Kamtschatka, and was much concerned that he should have advanced thus far into Siberia, without that attendance which his affliction made necessary or any knowledge of the language, and that he had sent this officer for his protection, with instructions to accompany him on his return.

This intelligence, Holman says, acted almost as an electric shock upon him. He urged in vain that he required no protection, and only asked to quit Russia by the Chinese frontier, the period for starting for which had now arrived in consequence of the freezing of the Baikal lake; but he soon found reason to believe, that the emperor's pretended solicitude for his safety was not the real motive of his interference. The minute inquiries which he had been making on his route into the condition of the people in those remote parts of the empire had naturally attracted attention, and the fact of his being blind, had necessarily contributed to excite the wonderment of officials in the places he had passed through. From these circumstances, although he had been scrupulously careful to express no opinion on poli-

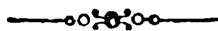
tical matters, Holman did not doubt that a report had reached the emperor, who, with the habitual suspicion of despotic sovereigns, determined at once to have the traveller arrested, and conducted again to the western frontier. Little time was allowed for delay, and Holman being satisfied that further remonstrance was useless, made preparations for his journey. His narrative of his return, or rather flight, through Siberia in the midst of the rigours of a Russian winter, and while the thermometer was frequently at forty-seven degrees below freezing, is among the interesting portions of his work. The sledge in which he travelled side by side with the feld-jager was covered with a head like that of a cradle, with curtains in front to protect them from the weather, while the part which was extended over their feet formed a seat for the driver. On commencing their journey they galloped with four horses abreast, and it appeared to be a great object with his companion to keep them up to that pace. In consequence on the first day of their journey one of the horses fell with fatigue, and was left for dead by the road-side, a prey to the wolves which swarmed in those inhospitable regions. The first night was intensely cold, the mercury freezing in the thermometer. At two hundred versts from the place of their departure, they were nearly driven over a precipice. Fortunately some fallen timber stopped the horses and saved them, but it took some time to extricate them from the snow, and the irregular part of the road into which they had been led. A few hours afterwards, while descending another mountain, a sudden turn in the road brought them in contact with a peasant's sledge, which upset and in-

jured their carriage, and threw down two of their horses. As a return for his carelessness the feld-jager sprang from his seat and beat the driver unmercifully with his sabre ; but these accidents were of frequent occurrence. Nevertheless, the feld-jager pressed on at a speed which allowed scarcely time for rest or refreshment. Holman began now to suffer much from fatigue and cold, although his costume had been carefully adapted to the rigorous climate. He wore two pairs of woollen stockings, with two pairs of fur boots coming above the knees, the inner ones made of the skin of the wild goat, the outer ones of leather lined with fur, and having thick soles to them. Added to these, his legs were enveloped in a thick fur cloak. His body, besides his ordinary clothing, was covered over with a thickly wadded great coat, over which he wore an immense "shube," made of the skins of wolves, while the head was protected by a wadded cap. Notwithstanding all these precautions, however, the rigours of a climate more severe than anything known in Europe, added to his cramped position in the sledge, began to affect his health. It was at Ekaterinburg, where he was seized with a giddiness and faintness with which he fell from his chair, that he with difficulty prevailed on his keeper to permit him to rest, after calling in a government medical man to justify him from any charge of unnecessary delay, and after warning his charge to confine himself to the house.

The respite was brief, and again the sledge set forth with its two occupants through the snows and tempests of those inhospitable wastes. In this way they travelled nearly five thousand miles, and on the 5th of March

arrived at the town of Lublin, and crossed the Vistula over masses of ice. Finally, having arrived at the Polish frontier, where, the feld-jager having delivered him his passport, they parted with mutual congratulations on their respective liberations. He had been eight days on the road since passing Moscow, with only a few hours' repose during that time ; and as the vehicle he had hired drove into Cracow, the driver aroused him from a profound slumber. From Cracow he repaired to Vienna, returning once more by way of Prague, Toplitz, Dresden, Leipzig, and Berlin, to Hanover and Bremen, whence he set sail for England. Holman finally landed in Hull, after an absence of three years.

ADVENTURES OF MATTHEW FLINDERS AND
GEORGE BASS.



THE astonishing progress recently made by our Australian colonies renders it difficult to conceive that, even up to the close of the last century, its coasts were unexplored, and a very large proportion altogether unknown to Europeans. In the year 1788, Captain, afterwards Admiral Philip, arrived at Botany Bay in the brig "Supply," followed by the "Syrius," with six sail of transports and three store-ships, the object of the expedition being to establish a colony at that port, which, however, was afterwards abandoned for Port Jackson. Some trifling surveys were made by the ex-

pedition ; but it was reserved for two young men, who accompanied Captain Hunter, to make the first systematic exploration of the vast continent of Australia—or Terra Australis, as it was then generally called—a labour which was finally completed by one of them, in spite of obstacles which must have exhausted the patience of any discoverer less enthusiastic in the cause of science.

One of these young men, Matthew Flinders, was, at the time of sailing of Captain Hunter's vessel (1795), a simple midshipman in the navy. He had not long before returned from a voyage to the South Seas, when he was led, as he says, by his passion for exploring new countries to embrace this opportunity of going out upon a station, which of all others seemed to him to present the most ample field for his favourite pursuit. Flinders, as may be supposed, did not give these as his reasons, for his messmates would doubtless have treated with ridicule the idea of a young officer, in so humble a position, setting up as an explorer ; but an opportunity soon arrived for putting his favourite schemes in execution. On arriving at Port Jackson in September of the same year, he learned that the investigation even of this portion of the coast had been only very slightly extended, and was still little further known than from Captain Cook's general chart, and none of the more distant openings marked, but not explored by that celebrated navigator, had been seen.

While meditating upon these facts, Flinders was fortunate in having a young friend whose zeal for science was scarcely less than his own. This was George Bass, the surgeon of the ship, a man, as his friend describes him, " whose ardour for discovery was

not to be repressed by any obstacles, nor deterred by danger." Bass and his midshipman friend conferred many a night on these schemes, and formed the grand resolution of completing the examination of the east coast of New South Wales, by all such opportunities as the duty of the ship and procurable means would admit. "Projects of this nature," says Flinders, "when originating in the minds of young men, are usually termed romantic, and, so far from any good being anticipated, even prudence and friendship join in discouraging, if not in opposing them." So the two friends indeed found. Their schemes, when they disclosed them, were laughed at, and their zeal regarded as a sort of harmless mania. This being the case, it may be supposed that they could obtain little aid in carrying out their plans; but, having obtained some leisure for the purpose, they determined at once to start on their explorations with such scanty preparations as were within their reach.

The only boat which their slender means enabled them to obtain was a diminutive craft of only eight feet long, which they called the "Tom Thumb," and their crew consisted simply of themselves and a boy, whom they hired to accompany them. With this equipment they proceeded from Port Philip to Botany Bay, and, ascending George's River, explored its winding course about twenty miles above where Governor Hunter's survey had been carried. The sketch which they made of the river, and presented to the governor, with their favourable report of the land on its borders, induced the latter to examine the locality himself shortly afterwards, and led to his establishing there a new branch of the

colony; but the little expedition was not successful in procuring the two explorers any additional help, or even recognition of their services. Nothing daunted, however, they again started in their boat, "Tom Thumb," to explore another large river, of which there was no indication in Captain Cook's chart. Flinders' narrative of this voyage will convey a good idea of their method of exploring.

They sailed out of Port Jackson early in the morning of March 25, 1796, and stood a little off to sea, to be ready for the sea breeze. On coming in with the land in the evening, instead of being, as they expected, near Cape Solander, they found themselves under the cliffs six or seven leagues to the southward, whither the boat had been drifted by a strong current. Not being able to land, and the sea breeze coming in early next morning from the northward, they steered for two small islets, six or seven miles further on, in order to get shelter; but, being in want of water, and seeing a place on the way where, though the boat could not land, a cask might be obtained by swimming, the attempt was made, and Bass went on shore. Whilst getting off the cask, a surf suddenly arising further out than usual, carried the little boat before it to the beach, and left them there with their arms, ammunition, clothes, and provisions thoroughly drenched, and partly spoiled. The boat was emptied, and launched again immediately; but it was late in the afternoon before everything was rafted off, and they proceeded to the islets. Here they found it impossible to land, and they went on to two larger isles, which proved to be Captain Cook's Red Point. The isles were inaccessible as the others, and, it being

dark, the two adventurers were constrained to pass a second night in "Tom Thumb," and dropped the large stone which they used for an anchor in seven fathoms of water, under the lee of the point.

The sea breeze on the next day still opposed their return, and, learning from two natives that no water could be procured at Red Point, the voyagers accepted their offer of piloting them to a river which, they said, lay a few miles further southward, and where not only fresh water was abundant, but also fish and wild ducks. These men were natives of Botany Bay, whence it was that Flinders and his companion understood a little of their language, whilst that of some others was altogether unintelligible. Their river proved to be nothing more than a small stream, which descended from a lagoon under Hat Hill, and forced a passage for itself through the beach, so that they entered it with difficulty even in "Tom Thumb." Their two conductors then quitted the boat to walk along the sandy shore abreast, with eight or ten strange natives in company.

After rowing a mile up the stream, and finding it to become more shallow, the explorers began to entertain doubts of securing a retreat from these people, should they be hostilely inclined, and they had at that time the reputation at Port Jackson of being exceedingly ferocious, if not cannibals. The muskets were not yet freed from rust and sand, and there was a pressing necessity to procure fresh water before attempting to return northward. Under these embarrassments they agreed upon a plan of action, and went on shore directly to the natives. Bass employed some of them to assist in repairing an oar which had been broken in their disaster,



FLINDERS AND BASS EMBARKING IN THE "TOM THUMB"

TO MARS

ALPHACON

whilst Flinders spread the wet powder out in the sun. This met with no opposition, for the natives did not know what the powder was ; but when they proceeded to clean the muskets, it excited so much alarm that it was necessary to desist. On inquiring of the two friendly natives for water, they pointed upwards to the lagoon, but, after many evasions, their little barrel was filled at a hole not many yards distant.

After making careful observations of the coast, in the course of which they discovered an important stratum of coal running through the cliffs, they began to turn homeward. On the 29th, by rowing hard, they got four leagues nearer home, and at night dropped their stone under another range of cliffs. The wind, which had been unsettled and driving electric clouds in all directions, burst out that night in a gale from the south, and obliged them to get up the anchor immediately, and run before it. In a few minutes the waves began to break, and the extreme danger to which this exposed the little barque was increased by the darkness of the night, and the uncertainty of finding any place of shelter. The shade of the cliffs over their heads, and the noise of the surfs breaking at their feet, were the directions by which their course was steered parallel to the coast.

Bass kept the sheet of the sail in his hand, drawing in a few inches occasionally, when he saw a particularly heavy sea following. His friend was steering with an oar, and it required the utmost exertion and care to prevent "broaching to ;" they knew that a single wrong movement, or a moment's inattention, would have sent them to the bottom. Meanwhile, the task of the boy

was to bale out the water which, in spite of every care, the sea threw in upon them.

After running nearly an hour in this critical manner, some high breakers were distinguished ahead, and behind them there appeared a range of cliffs. It was necessary to determine, on the instant, what was to be done, for their barque could not live ten minutes longer. On coming to what appeared to be the extremity of the breakers, the boat's head was brought to the wind in a favourable moment, the mast and sail taken down, and the oars got out. Pulling them towards the reef during the intervals of the heaviest seas, they found it to terminate in a point, and in three minutes they were in smooth water under its lee. A white appearance, further back, kept them a short time in suspense ; but a nearer approach showed it to be the beach of a well-sheltered cove, in which they anchored for the rest of the night. "So sudden a change," says Flinders, "from extreme danger to comparatively perfect safety, excited reflections which kept us some time awake. We thought 'Providential Cove' a well-adapted name for this place ; but by the natives, as we afterwards learned, it is called Watta-Mowlee."

In the course of this little expedition, they had no other means of ascertaining the situation of places than by pocket-compass bearings and computed distances ; but, notwithstanding this, they brought back very careful accounts both of the latitude and longitude of the spots examined.

In December of the following year, Bass was so fortunate as to obtain leave to make an expedition to the southward, and for this purpose he was furnished with

a boat very much better than "Tom Thumb," but still ludicrously unadapted to the importance of the undertaking. It was an open whale-boat, which was furnished by the governor with a crew of six seamen from the ships, and six weeks' provisions. With the assistance of occasional supplies of petrels, seals' flesh, and a few geese and black swans, and by great economy and abstinence, he was enabled to prolong this voyage beyond eleven weeks. In spite of contrary winds and other obstacles, his ardour and perseverance were crowned with extraordinary success. "A voyage," says his friend Flinders in his narrative, "expressly undertaken for discovery in an open boat, and in which six hundred miles of coast, mostly in a boisterous climate, was explored, has not, perhaps, its equal in all the annals of maritime discovery." Such perseverance could not fail at length to attract attention. A sloop was furnished to the discoverers to continue their useful labours, in the course of which Flinders continued the examination of the great strait, now universally known as Bass's Strait, a name which Flinders himself gave to it with the sanction of Governor Hunter, deeming this, as he said, a just tribute to his faithful friend and companion for the dangers and fatigues he had undergone in first entering it in the whale-boat, and to the correct judgment he had formed from various indications of the existence of a wide opening between Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales. Bass had, in fact, with remarkable sagacity, inferred the existence of this strait when running down the eastern coast in an open whale-boat, the heavy sea which rolled in from the westward having satisfied him that such a swell could proceed

only from the great southern ocean. In the sloop, Bass and Flinders completely circumnavigated the coasts of Van Diemen's Land which previous navigators had declared to be part of the continent, returning in three months with an interesting account of the survey. Unhappily, Bass died shortly after this period, and Flinders was left almost alone to pursue his discoveries; but his merits as a scientific explorer had now become recognized. In 1801 he was furnished by the Government with a vessel fully equipped for a systematic exploration of the Australian coasts, and comprising among its voyagers an astronomer, a botanist, a mineralogist, and other scientific persons. In the course of this expedition he encountered a great variety of interesting adventures; meeting with shipwreck, but saving his journal and other precious records of the voyage. His chief misfortune occurred after his labours in completing the discovery of the vast continent of Australia were ended. During his absence war had again broken out with France, a fact of which Flinders was ignorant. Calling at the island of Mauritius, on his return to England, for water and provisions, the French governor of that island meanly insisted on detaining him a prisoner, on the trifling ground that his passport related to the "Investigator," the vessel in which he had set sail from England, and not to the "Cumberland," in which he was returning. On this miserable pretext the unfortunate discoverer was detained in an irksome captivity for six years and a half. A narrative of these voyages, and of the hardships thus inflicted on him, were published by him, in two large volumes, in 1814. Flinders was the first to suggest the name of Australia

for the new continent, "as being," as he said, "more agreeable to the ear, and an assimilation to the names of the other great portions of the earth."

LINGUET AND THE BASTILLE.

IN the year 1783, only six years before the destruction of the Bastille in Paris, Linguet, an author and journalist, who had been confined there, had the rare good fortune to be set at liberty on condition of banishment from France; and he was thus enabled to publish to the world an account of his adventures, including a narrative of his experiences in that mysterious fortress, which he entitled, "Memoirs of the Bastille, containing a Full Exposition of the Secret Policy and Despotic Oppression of the French Government in the Interior, and Administration of that State Prison, interspersed with a Variety of Curious Anecdotes." In this book we get a glimpse of the interior of the Bastille in the last days of its infamous history, and while under the government of that Delaunay whose miserable ending has been so often told in histories of the French Revolution.

Having given offence to the Court of France by his political writings, Linguet took up his residence in London, from which safe asylum, and occasionally from Brussels, he continued to edit his objectionable paper, which was entitled, "The Annals." In September, 1780, he tells us, having been inveigled to Paris by a

series of treacherous artifices, which led him to believe that the French Government intended him no harm, he was suddenly arrested in broad daylight, and carried to the dreaded Bastille. The Lieutenant of Police had appointed him to be at his house on that evening, to talk over the subject of his "Annals;" but this was evidently a *ruse* to lull his suspicions. No time was permitted him to communicate with friends, who were left to remain in entire ignorance of his fate. Arrived at the prison, the officers and their victim crossed the fatal drawbridge which was to separate Linguet, he knew not for how long, from the outer world. Here they conducted him into a little room, where he was stripped and searched, and all articles of value, including pocket-knife, etc., were taken from him, and he was conducted to the dismal cell provided for him. The articles of furniture in the room were two mattresses, half eaten by worms, an old matted chair, the bottom of which was only kept together by packthread, a tottering table, a water-pitcher, a Dutch earthenware drinking pot, and two flagstones which composed the hearth. On opening the bed there arose from it, he says, a great number of moths, which prey on woollen stuff. The prisoner, starting back in horror at the sight, was gruffly told by his conductor, that before he had been there two nights the moths would have disappeared.

Linguet's cell, like that of several others, was situated immediately over the moat, into which the common sewer of the Rue St. Antoine emptied itself. The exhalations from this moat were disgusting; but in order to prevent suffocation, the prisoner was often glad to pass his days and even his nights leaning against the

grating which served the purpose of preventing him from coming too close to the hole, cut deep in the enormously thick wall of his dungeon—the only orifice through which he could draw his scanty portion of air and light. As the winter came on, the poor prisoner found his room intolerably cold, being only allowed six small pieces of wood to maintain a fire during the twenty-four hours of each day. These pieces of wood were lighted on the two flagstones before mentioned. He was indebted only to the commiseration of the turnkey, after several months' confinement, for a pair of tongs and a fire-shovel. It was eight months before he could obtain permission even to purchase a teapot, and twelve before he could procure a chair on which he could sit easily. The sole article he was allowed to purchase in the beginning of his imprisonment was a new blanket.

When his jailers thought proper to order him downstairs, whether for an interrogatory, or to attend the physician, or merely through the caprice of the governor, he found all dark, silent, and deserted. The dismal croaking of the turnkey by whom he was guided served as a signal for all to disappear who might either see or be seen by him. Who might be his fellow-prisoners there he knew not; for so perfect was this system of isolation, that "father and son," says Linguet, "husband and wife—nay, a whole family—might at once be inhabitants of the Bastille, without so much as suspecting themselves to be surrounded by objects so dear to them." But though they were so careful to prevent the captives having the slightest intercourse or knowledge of each other, the doors, keys, and bolts were not silent. Their creaking, clattering, and hollow jarring resounded from

afar along the flights of stone stairs, and echoed dismally from time to time in the vast space of the towers. Hence, it became easy to him to compute the number of his fellow-sufferers, a fresh source of sorrowful reflection. Sometimes these things filled his mind with strange anxieties. Listening hourly to these noises, and devising such interpretations as he could, he became convinced that the fellow-captive in the chamber below his own died during his imprisonment; but under what circumstances he could not conjecture.

It happened one morning, about two o'clock, that he heard a great noise upon the staircase, as from a number of persons ascending the stairs in a tumultuous manner. They seemed to advance no further than the chamber below, and to be there engaged in much bustle and dispute, in the midst of which the poor prisoner could hear very distinctly repeated struggles and groans. Three days after, at about the same late hour, he heard, apparently at the same spot, a noise less violent, and he thought he could distinguish the setting down and shutting of a coffin. In this way Linguet passed his time, until a serious illness overtook him, during which he vomited blood, and became so weak that he regarded his end as approaching. During this time, he remained in ignorance of all that passed, whether of a public or private nature, outside his prison walls. His oppressors told him, with a sneer, that it was unnecessary for him to concern himself about what passed in the world, because he was there supposed to be dead.

After nearly two years spent in this way, the authorities, from some unexplained caprice, determined to set Linguet at liberty, delivering to him an order banishing

him from France. Before he departed, they compelled him to swear that he would never reveal, either directly or indirectly, a tittle of what he might have learnt or suffered within the walls of his prison. Whether Linguet was justified in breaking this oath, on the ground of its being extorted from him by violence, is a question which he himself meets and decides in the affirmative. Six years after Linguet's release, the hated Bastille was captured by the infuriated populace, the wretched Delaunay, its governor, brutally murdered; and shortly afterwards, every vestige of the once famous prison was removed by order of the Revolutionary Government.

THE PERILS OF AFRICAN RIVERS.

CAPTAIN OWEN, who was commissioned by the British admiral, soon after the death of the Landers, to make a survey of some portions of the shores of Africa, as well as of Arabia and Madagascar, has given us in his narrative of travels a striking picture of encounters with wild animals on the African rivers, while exploring the river Temby. Captain Owen's lieutenant, named Vidal, had just commenced ascending this stream in his boat, when suddenly a violent shock was felt from underneath, and in another moment a monstrous hippopotamus reared itself up from the water, and in a most ferocious and menacing attitude rushed open-mouthed at the boat, and with one grasp of its tremendous jaws seized

and tore seven planks from her side. The creature disappeared for a few seconds and then rose again, apparently intending to repeat the attack, but was deterred by the contents of a musket discharged in its face. The boat now rapidly filled, but as it was not more than an oar's length from the shore, they succeeded in reaching it before she sank. It was supposed that the keel touched the back of the animal, which irritating him occasioned this furious attack. Had he succeeded in getting his upper jaw above the gunwhale, the whole broadside must have been torn out. The force of the shock from beneath, previously to the attack, was so violent, that the stern of the boat was almost lifted out of the water; and the midshipman steering was thrown overboard, but fortunately rescued before the irritated animal could seize him. The boat was hauled up on a dry spot, and her repairs immediately commenced. The tents were pitched, and those of the party that were not employed as carpenters amused themselves—the officers in shooting, and the men in strolling about the deserted country round them, being first ordered not to proceed out of hearing.

In another portion of his narrative the same traveller gives the following striking description of a hunt after these ferocious animals:—As all our attempts to obtain an hippopotamus had hitherto failed, and as we were not likely to meet with another opportunity, this being our last visit to Delagoa Bay, a party of officers volunteered for the chase, and were conveyed up the Dundas river in the “Albatross.” The evening set in before they reached that part of the river where the hippopotami were the most abundant. Three parties

were, however, formed, who at midnight commenced their pursuit. The scene was novel and imposing. A body of men, armed at all points with muskets, harpoons, and lances, walking on the shallows of the river, with nothing but the moon to light them, all hallooing and driving before them their huge game, who, blowing, snorting, and bellowing, were floundering through the mud from the numerous holes which they had made at the bottom for their retreat, but from which the hunters' lances soon expelled them, until ultimately driven upon dry ground, where a running contest commenced—the beast sometimes being pursued, and at others pursuing.

This lasted for some time, but still there were no signs of man's boasted pre-eminence. Not an animal had the party secured, dead or alive. At low water the following morning one party formed a line across one of the shallows, where the depth was not above two feet, while the boats went up the river and actually drove the animals down the stream, another party having lined the banks to prevent their taking to the woods and reeds. These, whenever the monstrous but timid animals attempted to pass them, set up a shout, which in most instances proved sufficient to turn them back into the water; when, having collected a vast number on one shallow bank of sand, the whole of the hunters commenced from all sides a regular cannonade upon the astonished brutes. Unwieldy as they appeared, still much activity was displayed in their efforts to escape the murderous and unceasing fire to which they were exposed. The one-pound gun occasionally furrowed the thick hide of some, while others were perpetually assailed

by a shower of pewter musket-balls. One, a cub, was nearly caught uninjured in attempting to follow its mother, who, galled to desperation, was endeavouring to escape through the land-party; but as soon as the affectionate brute perceived her offspring falling into the hands of her enemies, forgetting her fears she rushed furiously at the offenders, when they in their turn were obliged to retreat. But again they contrived to separate them, and had almost secured the prize, when the angry mother, regardless of their close and almost fatal fire, succeeded in redeeming it from their grasp and bearing it off, although herself in a state of great exhaustion. With the flood this sport ended.

RUSSIAN POLAR EXPEDITIONS.

WHILE English enterprise in the Polar Regions has chiefly been confined to the northern coast of America, the Russians have been diligent explorers of these regions lying nearer to the wild and inhospitable coasts of Siberia. These explorations are comparatively but little known, although the Russian narratives of them are extremely interesting. Up to a recent period the great islands of Nova Zembla, in the Frozen Ocean, were comparatively unexplored, and were visited only by occasional fishermen and hunters in search of seals, bears, otters, reindeer, and foxes. Believed to be in circuit about two thousand miles, none had ever made

the voyage around them. Those who had visited them had found them intensely cold and uninhabited, the surface very desolate, having no timber or firewood, and no vegetable excepting a few Arctic plants.

In the year 1553, the unfortunate Sir Hugh Willoughby, being closed in by the ice and forced to winter on the coast of Lapland, was frozen to death, with all his crew. Richard Chancellor, who accompanied this expedition, succeeded in reaching Archangel, and began to trade with the Russians. On a second voyage he took with him a sailor named Burrough, who saw at least a part of the southern and western shores of Nova Zembla; but, from the discovery of that island till the year 1833, not one of the many navigators who visited the northern seas were able to approach its eastern coasts, with the exception of Rossmysloff, who, about a hundred years since, advanced a little way beyond the straits which divide the islands; and of Loshkin, the walrus-fisher, to whom tradition attributes the discovery of the entire eastern coast, but the date of whose discovery was entirely unknown. Early in the present century five expeditions, dispatched by the Russian Government to survey the eastern coasts and Nova Zembla, all failed in their mission. The attempt, so often frustrated, was afterwards abandoned, and would probably have never again been attempted had not the lucky activity of private enterprise stepped in at a lucky conjuncture to renew it.

A merchant of Archangel, named Brandt, formed, in 1832, the plan of restoring the ancient trade along the northern coast, from the White Sea to the Gulf of Oby,

and of surveying the eastern shores of Nova Zembla, in the hope of being able to establish there an extensive walrus-fishery. Three ships were fitted out to undertake distinct portions of the exploration—the first commanded by Lieutenant Krotoff; the second by the pilot Pachtussoff. The third vessel, which was to visit the western coasts of the islands, returned in due time richly laden. Krotoff and Pachtussoff were separated in a fog soon after starting, and of the former nothing was ever heard more, Pachtussoff was more fortunate. He left Archangel on the 1st of August, and, sailing eastward along the southern shores of Nova Zembla, he fell in, on the last day of the same month, with compact fields of ice, which obliged him to construct winter residences after the Russian fashion, and prepare for the rigours of the approaching season. Fearful snowstorms were endured during the winter, and battles were fought with polar bears. On the 24th of April, as they were preparing to resume their researches, so dreadful a storm of snow came on that the men were unable any longer to hold themselves erect, and lay down to allow themselves to be buried by the snow. Although they had buried some provisions not far from the place where this took place, it was impossible while the storm lasted to fetch them, and for three days they lay buried in the snow without tasting food. This snowstorm was a remarkable one for meteorologists, not so much on account of its violence as for the vast extent of country simultaneously visited by it, since it was proved that it was felt throughout the entire length of the Oural mountain chain, a distance of sixteen hundred miles. One of the most interesting episodes of

this expedition was the finding of tokens of the long lost and almost mythical Loshkin. On the 4th of July the explorers embarked in a small boat, and came to the mouth of a little river, where they found the remains of a fallen cross, on which was clearly deciphered a date, and the commencement of an inscription headed Ssawa Fofanoff. As Loshkin was surnamed Ssawa, they knew that the cross had been erected by him, and the date, which was according to the Greek calendar, fixed the period of his exploration, which had hitherto been a mystery, as the year 1742 of the Christian era.

Pachtussoff having returned with the boat, and the ship being at length freed from the ice, the whole party embarked on the 11th of July, after having occupied a winter hut for two hundred and ninety-seven days. Another touching episode happened at this period. On a desolate island they came upon some human bones, which, although gnawed by wild beasts, were easily recognized as the remains of the skeletons of a woman and two children. These were supposed to be the family of a Samoyed who were known to have passed over ten years before, and who had never since been heard of. As no traces of the bones of the man were found, it was conjectured that he had perished while hunting, and that in consequence his wife and children had died of hunger. Having passed through the straits dividing the two great islands, Pachtussoff was assailed at their western mouth by a furious tempest, which obliged him again to drift for the shores of Siberia, where his ship went ashore on the 31st of September.

In the following year, the Russian Government determined to follow up these discoveries, fitted out two vessels, and appointed the indomitable Pachtussoff chief of the expedition. During this expedition they came upon a spot where they found one of the huts constructed seventy years before by Rossmysloff, still in tolerably good condition. Locked fast again during a terribly severe winter, the men suffered great hardships; but Pachtussoff was unwearied in fitting out minor expeditions for surveying by sledges and boats, which the explorers built themselves. Let free at length in the month of July, the vessel held her course through broken ice, when, on a sudden, two great ice fields closed upon her, and she immediately went to pieces. The men had barely time to save themselves, with a few of their instruments, a bag of flour, some butter, and the small boats, which they fortunately succeeded in dragging up on the ice. They now with great labour made their way, dragging after them the boats, by which they crossed from one ice field to another, till they reached an island where they found some driftwood; but their scanty stock of provisions, and the unfitness of their small boats for the open sea, did not make Pachtussoff give way to despair. He resolutely began surveying the adjoining coasts, and in this manner diverted the minds of his companions from the miseries which seemed to await them. Happily after thirteen days of privation and misery, a solitary walrus-fisher, by rare chance, approached the coast, and rescued them from their perilous situation. Pachtussoff's spirit was in nowise daunted by these disasters. He commenced and finished a new expedition; but,

setting sail in September for Archangel, this brave and adventurous seaman was seized with a sickness on his arrival, and soon afterwards died in that city. Subsequent expeditions have completed the survey of this interesting region.

THE WANDERINGS OF JONAS HANWAY.

JONAS HANWAY, the philanthropist—famous as the first man who carried an umbrella in England—was, when a young man, engaged in mercantile pursuits in St. Petersburg. At that time great anxiety was expressed for the opening of a trade through Russia into Persia, by way of the Caspian Sea, a region then little known, and altogether uncivilized. Hanway being naturally of an enterprising turn, offered his services to the Russian government to proceed on a commercial mission to that part, and the offer was accepted.

Hanway published an account of his travels on this occasion, in four huge volumes, which, though now forgotten, are of considerable interest. On the 10th of September, 1743, after making the necessary arrangements for his journey, he set out from St. Petersburg with an interpreter who had been before in Persia, a Russian servant, a Tartar boy, and a guard, having under his care a caravan of thirty-seven bales of English cloth, making twenty carriage loads. On the 1st of October following, he entered the Steppe, or desert, and

having arrived at Laritzen, embarked from that town on the river Volga for the Caspian. At Yerkie they embarked in the "Empress of Russia," the first complete ship ever seen on that great inland sea. Arrived safely at Astrabad, on the further shore of the Caspian, an accident had nearly destroyed their vessel and cargo. The inhabitants having set fire to the rushes on the shore to destroy the insects which breed in them, the flames extended to the woods, and the wind feeding the flame, made a dreadful blaze, which extended for several miles, and by the intense heat caused all grease and tar aboard the vessel to run like oil. His merchandise was now placed in a caravan, and upon the backs of camels and horses, but before he had left the town an insurrection broke out among the people. The city was besieged, and the cowardly governor who befriended him fled in the disguise of a peasant. Hanway's attendants advised him also to disguise himself in a Persian habit, and escape from the city; but as he was at a distance from the bay, and knew well that if he could reach it the ship would probably have sailed, he determined to remain in his own character. The rebels took possession of the city, and seized the stranger's merchandise; Hanway, however, retaining a bag of gold coin, which he contrived to conceal. With this he soon afterwards found means of leaving the city with his attendants. Their journey now lay for some time through pathless woods, over ditches and hills, the wanderers taking care to keep the least frequented way, and sleeping at night in the open fields. A guide whom they had bribed refused to take them to Balfrush, the city which Hanway desired to reach, and finally left him and his companions at a

fisherman's hut on a lonely part of the coast. Here he was compelled to embark in an open boat, like a canoe, very leaky and too small for six persons. The boat, moreover, could be navigated only with oars or paddles near the shore, where the surf then ran very high, and the sandbanks forming breakers, made the sea still more dangerous. With much fatigue and danger, however, they arrived safely at Teschidegar, and learning that the Shah's officers were there collecting their forces, Hanway begged their protection. This application was completely successful. The chief sent him a horse handsomely caparisoned, with four mules for his servants, with which equipage he safely arrived at Balfrush. Many years afterwards, when the eccentric but benevolent Hanway was a wealthy man in London, he adopted a motto and arms alluding to this episode in his life. On his chariot he had painted a man dressed in Persian costume just landed from a storm on an inhospitable coast, and leaning on a sword. In the background was depicted a boat beaten about by the billows, in the front a shield, with his arms leaning against a tree, and underneath, the motto "Never Despair."

Hanway's troubles were far from being at an end. Scarcely had he found shelter at Balfrush before he was informed by the authorities that it was impossible to defend the town against the rebels, who were daily expected; and he was compelled to depart again, the governor providing him with a miserable horse. Hanway was then compelled to take leave of his interpreter and servants. Giving them a passport obtained from the rebels, and what money he could spare, he recommended them to the protection of Providence, and set

out alone on his journey. The Tartars were actually entering the city by one gate, as he departed by the other. After awhile he fell in with a party who were escorting the baggage of the Turkish admiral, and the admiral himself soon followed; but Hanway, on his wretched horse, found it impossible to keep pace with them. A poor Tartar boy, who had been with him throughout his wanderings, and was attached to him with more sincerity than his other servants, had followed him out of the city on foot; and when he grew fatigued, Hanway took him up behind him. They had not proceeded in this way more than six miles when the horse fell, and died by the road-side. In this situation, without a guide, and understanding but little of the language of the country, it was with great difficulty that he found his way to the coast once more. He had found it necessary to disguise himself in the poorest apparel, and his clothes were in tatters. They had several rivers to pass, but pleading poverty were, thanks to their appearance, carried over gratis. Hanway still retained the greater part of his money, but he dared not show a single coin. He was frequently for nearly forty hours without any food except a few parched peas which he had in his pocket, and he was driven to beg of the peasants what he dared not buy. In this way, after many days of wanderings and great privations, he arrived at Langarood. Here he learnt that the Shah was expected to be near the borders of Syria in a short time, and Hanway determined to pursue his journey in search of him. Having provided fresh clothes, horses, and tents, as well as firelocks and sabres for himself and five attendants, he accordingly set out from Reshd,

and on the second of March arrived nearly blinded with the glare of the snow which lay on the ground throughout his journey at Casbin, a famous residence of the ancient kings of Persia, where was a new palace built by Nadir Shah. From this point he was able to join a company going to the camp of the Shah, who was reported to be marching towards Hamadan. Finally he arrived at the Shah's camp, and the adventurous English merchant pitched his tent near the royal standard, and delivered a petition to the Shah, praying to be reimbursed the value of his caravan. In this he was so far successful that the Shah issued a decree that the particulars of his loss should be delivered to the commander-in-chief, who was to return such parts of the goods as could be recovered, and make up the deficiency out of the sequestered estates of the rebels. This decree, however, made it necessary to return to Astrabad, the scene of his former travels; but his zeal for the cause in which he had embarked, overcame every obstacle.

The wanderer's return journey was scarcely less adventurous than the previous one. He passed again safely through Langarood, in company with six men well armed; but the first evening afterwards they were benighted, and lost their way in a wood. At length discovering a light, they made towards the place, and found a house barricaded with trees. Having made use of every entreaty to persuade the master of it to conduct them on their journey, without effect, the guards proceeded, like true Persians, to break into the house, and, tying a rope to one of his arms, compelled him to conduct them. This outrage being the effect of mere necessity, the benevolent Hanway took care to

reward the man well for his trouble, and, when they had regained their path, sent him home again. This, however, was but the least of his difficulties. The men hired to guard the baggage absconded under cover of the darkness; wolves attacked their horses and cattle in the night; the country was infested by lawless bands of soldiers, which made it dangerous to travel after dusk; and in the day-time the heats were intolerable. At length they reached Astrabad. The tide of the Shah's fortune had now turned; the rebels were subdued, and Hanway was fortunate enough to obtain from the general, in goods and money, as directed by the Shah, nearly the whole of the original value of his caravan, with which he once more embarked on the Caspian. At Reshd he reinvested the wealth thus recovered in raw silk, which he was enabled to convey safely by way of Astrachan to Moscow, where he received letters informing him that, by the death of a relative in England, he had become the inheritor of a fortune. From Moscow to St. Petersburg, four hundred and eighty-seven English miles, he travelled in three days in an open sledge over the frozen snow, and on the 1st of January, 1745, arrived in that city, from which he had originally set out on his wanderings, after an absence of a year and sixteen weeks, during which time he had travelled more than five thousand four hundred English miles. Although he had gained little by his journey, he brought back valuable information as to the trading capacities of a country then but little known to Europe; and the Russian Government, when the civil war in Persia was ended, were enabled to avail themselves of this information, with great advantage to the

merchants of the country. Having remained in St. Petersburg for five years afterwards, he then returned to England, where he devoted the remainder of his long life to literary labours, and to those charitable and philanthropic schemes which subsequently made his name known throughout England.

MAJOR MITCHELL AND THE BUSHRANGER.

THE expedition of Major Mitchell into the interior of Australia has a curious origin. About thirty-five years since, the authorities at Sydney captured in the bush a runaway convict, named George Clarke, but known by the sobriquet of the Barber, a man of singular appearance, who had lived a long time in the interior among the natives, and had adopted their customs. He went naked like them, was painted black, had his body deeply scarified, and was usually attended by two aboriginal women. Thus disguised as a native, he had organized a very daring system of cattle stealing on Liverpool Plains, which had increased to an alarming extent before he was taken. This man, probably to direct attention in some degree from his crime, informed the authorities, who at that time knew little of the country, that he had discovered a very important river in the interior which the natives, he said, called the Kirdur. He gave very circumstantial details of his travels to the north-west along the bank of this river, by

following which also in a south-west direction he stated that he had twice reached the sea-shore. He then described the tribes inhabiting the banks of the river, and gave the names of their chiefs, adding that he had first crossed vast plains called Balyran, and, on approaching the sea, had seen a burning mountain named Courada. As he also described, with great apparent accuracy, the courses of the known streams of the northern interior, which united, as he stated, the Nammoy, a river first mentioned by him, his story had, on the whole, enough of consistency in it to gain attention. Indeed, the readiness with which the sanguine minds of explorers naturally receive anything like information, the story of the escaped convert was even considered trustworthy, and Major Mitchell received orders to proceed in search of the great river Kirdur.

He started from Sydney on the 24th of November, 1831, having a distance of three hundred miles northward to travel before he quitted the precincts of civilized life. The party consisted of nine men, chosen from among the convicts, besides Mr. White, the second in command, and Mr. Finch, who had volunteered his services, and was ordered to follow with additional stores. The horses, oxen, and provision carts divided the cares of the men. On the 5th of December the party ascended the Liverpool range, which divides the colony from the unexplored country beyond. A wide expanse of open, level country extended in a northerly direction as far as human vision could reach, and, being clear of trees, presented a remarkable contrast to the settled districts of the colony. The abundant herbage of these plains indicated a rich soil, and herds of cattle

browsing at a distance added pastoral beauty to a scene which had recently been a desert. Five-and-twenty miles beyond the border of the colony, our traveller found a comfortable stone house, with a good garden, occupied by an old stockman and his wife. When Major Mitchell had advanced some way into the interior, he descried a peak, the name of which, he learned from his native guide, was Tangulda. This appeared to be an interesting discovery, since the way to the great river, according to the bushranger's story, was north-east by north from a mountain called Tangulda. The natives were also acquainted with the river Nammoy, which indeed afterwards proved to be the Peel River, below its junction with some other considerable streams. At a little distance from this river, and eighty or a hundred miles from the borders of the colony, the natives pointed out the remains of a house and of a very large stock-yard, which had belonged, they said, to George the Barber. The bones of bullocks were strewed round in large quantities, plainly showing the nature of the barber's business, and the object of his alliance with the natives. They appeared, at length, to be upon the true tack.

It was not found practicable to follow all the bushranger's directions. Chains of mountains intercepted their course. The enlarged appearance of the Nammoy induced the travellers to launch upon it in various boats for the purpose of descending the stream; but the number of sunken trees in the river, and the frail character of the boats, soon brought this kind of travelling to an end. Their next trouble arose from their native guide deserting the expedition, probably afraid of the

wilder tribes of the interior. But Major Mitchell continued his excursions in search of rivers till one day, to his great delight, he came upon a noble piece of water, which might have realised all that he had imagined of the Kirdur. It was from a bank seventy feet high that he found himself overlooking a river as broad as the Thames, on which the waves, perfectly free from broken timber, danced at full liberty ; but to his great disappointment, he could perceive that this broad reach terminated a little way down in a rocky dyke. This, indeed, was the common disappointment of explorers in that country of the bush, so much of which has since become better known.

The surveys of rivers and plains successfully accomplished by Mitchell, were of the highest importance. Only one melancholy event threw a gloom over the results of his energy and enterprise. At sunset, one day in April, his indefatigable companion Cunningham was found to be missing. As he was in the habit, however, of wandering from his companions in search of plants, his absence did not at first excite alarm. On the following day, parties sent in various directions failed to discover any traces of him ; and as the expedition was suffering from want of water, the misery of his situation, bewildered in a burning waste, was acutely felt by all. It was not till the fifth day of the search that traces of Mr. Cunningham were fallen in with, and in two days more his movements and those of his horse were followed through a distance of seventy miles. These were examined again and again, and the inferences founded on them were that Cunningham having wandered some time in the wood he had killed his

dog, probably to quench his thirst with its blood; and that he then abandoned his horse, which rambled many miles before it expired. Mr. Cunningham appears to have made for the river Bogan, and to have passed close to one of the parties which went in quest of him on the 21st. He continued his weary march near the dry bed of the river, having thus got a-head of his companions, who remained searching for him; and his footsteps were distinctly traced to the small muddy pool where he first quenched his thirst. His lamentable end was subsequently learned from the natives. It appears that he met with a party of them, who gave him food, and led him to their huts. But as he was very uneasy, and rose often in the night, their suspicions were awakened, and they speared him. Of the four men concerned in this murder three were afterwards captured, of whom two made their escape. Some relics of Mr. Cunningham were found, and his bones interred by the police sent into the interior to investigate the circumstances of his death, which, unhappily, is not without a recent parallel in the annals of Australian enterprise.

A WANDERING BISHOP.

BRUGUIERES, a French priest, having been appointed vicar-apostolic, and head of the mission in Corea, traversed the most important parts of the Chinese Empire to reach his destination, and the journal of these travels,

published by him some years since, remains a remarkable memorial of his enterprise and perseverance. Though appointed bishop of Capsa, this fine title was the only profit he derived from his bishopric, which was of a somewhat shadowy character. Unable even to pay for the comforts of a European vessel, he was compelled to become a passenger on board the Chinese junks; and he gave some curious details of the system of navigation practised on board these vessels. The archbishop of Manilla, where Bruguières stayed some time, lent him a sum sufficient to pay his passage to Macao. Soon after his arrival at this port, he embarked on board a Chinese junk for Tongan, the residence of the vicar-apostolic for the province of Tokien. This voyage, of scarcely two hundred leagues in length, was more than two months in duration. The ignorance and timidity of the Chinese sailors, were the cause of this delay. They remained at anchor for more than a fortnight, and like delays happened frequently. The captain declared that the wind was contrary; they wanted a southerly wind, and the monsoon had just commenced. The Chinese did not know how to beat up against a contrary wind. The clumsy build of their ships, and the fear that they had of loosing their reckoning, never allowed them to take a bold offing. They always kept the land in sight, and this made their navigation long and dangerous. They had a compass on board, but it is a singular circumstance, that these people, the inventors of that instrument, and familiar with its use many ages before the Western nations, avail themselves but little of its guidance.

When at length they proceeded on this tedious

voyage, the captain, after a few hours' sail, would order the men to cast anchor, as the weather was very cold, although they had not passed the twenty-second degree of latitude. Similar reasons detained them for two months and a half on their voyage. The wind, the rain, the tide, the fear of pirates—all interrupted their course. Every night they sought shelter in some creek under the cannon of a fort, if such a name could be given to a ruinous building defended only by an old mandarin and his domestics. Under most of these forts an armed barque was stationed, to protect the junks from the assaults of the pirates who infested these seas in the eleventh and twelfth moons.

One day several pirate barques, well armed, attacked them. The pirates commenced by seizing two small junks which were a little in advance of the squadron. As the sailors made no resistance, the buccaneers only stripped them stark naked, offering no violence to their persons. The turn of the vessel in which the bishop was sailing came next; their captain hung out a signal of distress, and hailed the neighbouring barques. Six of them united and formed a line; the crews only supplied a contingent of one hundred and forty men without arms; the pirates were more than three hundred in number, well armed; for in China it is forbidden to have weapons on board merchant ships, under severe penalties; and pirates alone dispense with this law. But "God," says the poor bishop, "had pity on us, the pirates retired without venturing an attack."

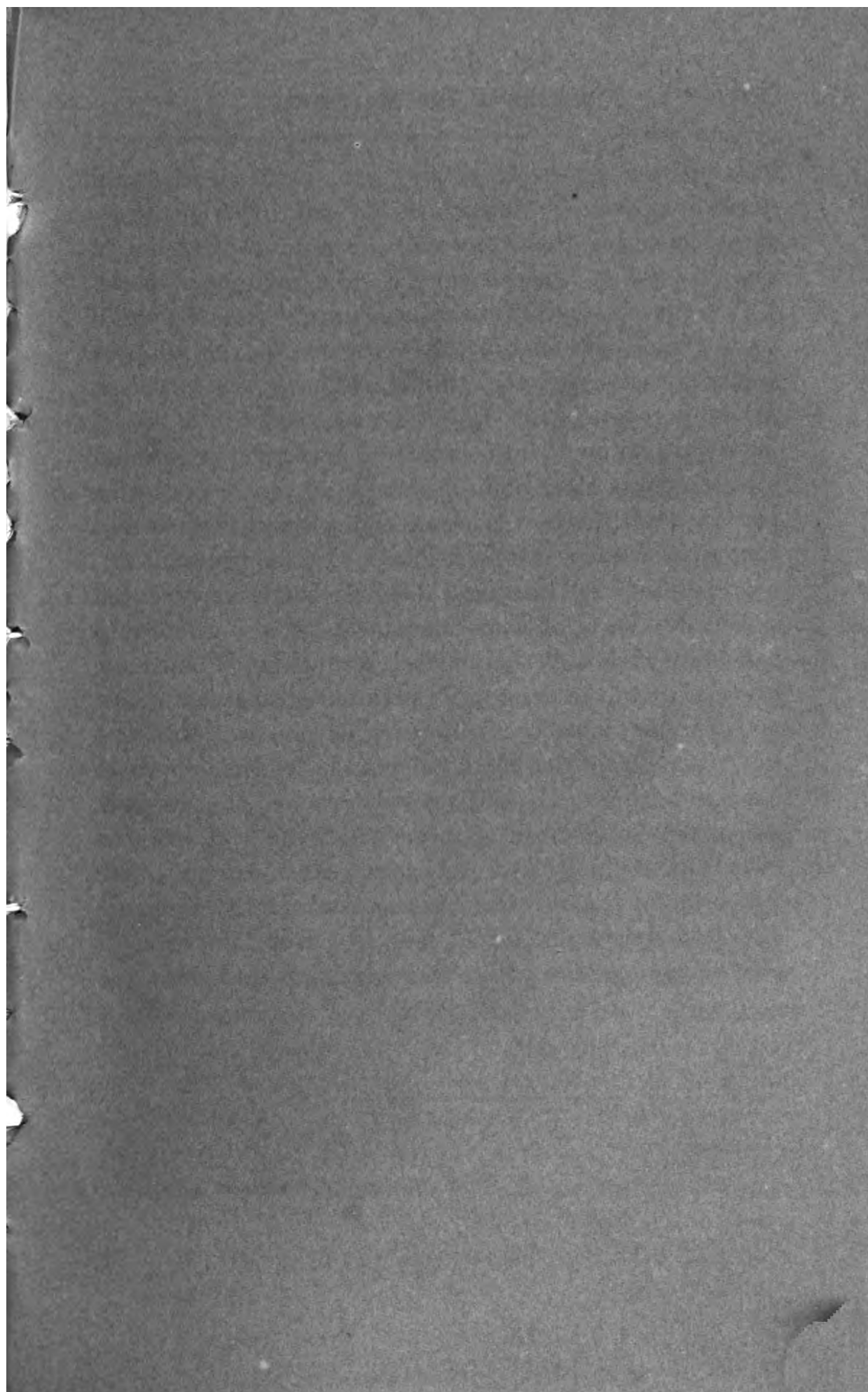
Escaped from all the dangers and harassments of this tedious journey, Bruguières at length reached Fougan, a country covered with hills and mountains of

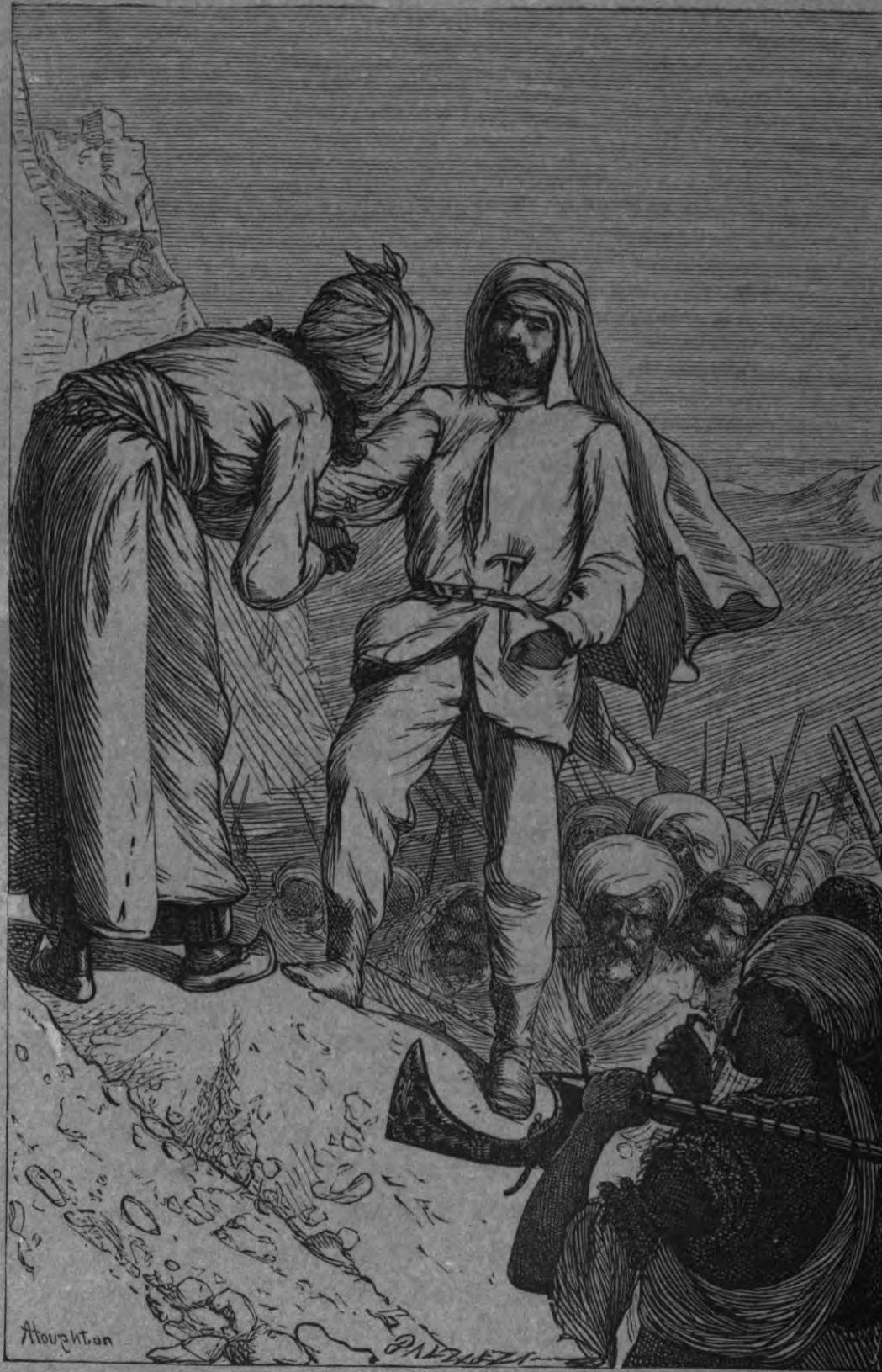
moderate size, some of which were clothed with dwarf pines and the tea-shrub. Hence he proceeded to Nanking, passing through the fertile and beautiful province of Kiang-nan. Here he found Europeans objects of hatred and suspicion not only to the government, but to the people. He was in consequence compelled to assume the disguise of a native; and he gives a touching account of the difficulties which he had to encounter in adapting himself to Chinese usages, and the dangers of detection arising from the slightest deviation. Even the native Christians dreaded that his presence might be made a pretext for persecution, and endeavoured to compel him to return. Though his health was broken, his money almost gone, and his guides dispirited, the bishop still persevered, and pursued his route towards Tartary, sometimes in one of the rude vehicles of the country, but most frequently on foot. He passed the barriers of the province of Chang-Si in a chariot, and disguised as a mandarin. Thus, after wandering about for some months in perpetual fear of detection, the bishop was informed that he might obtain a safe asylum in Chinese Tartary until the Koreans were ready for his reception.

On the 7th of October, 1834, the poor bishop arrived at the famous great wall of China, and passed through the gate through which the Russians go on their road to Peking. No one paid the least attention to him. The guards appeared to turn their backs, as if to encourage him and his followers. In fact the great wall, popularly supposed to be so powerful in keeping out invaders, might as well have been built of pasteboard; and did not even serve its chief object in those days—that of keeping out

smugglers; for the bishop perceived that if the most rigorous watch had been kept at the great gates it would be easy to cross the wall in the mountains, or through the numerous breaches which time had made. Thus arrived, after long wanderings in Tartary, Bruguères chose for his residence the village of Sivang, which he found chiefly inhabited by native Christians. Though the latitude was not more than forty-two degrees north, he found the climate more cold than that of Poland. Chafing dishes had to be kept beside the altars, and the wine at the communion-table was kept in a vessel of warm water; but despite all those precautions, it would frequently be found frozen. His long fatigues and privations, had brought him to a poor bishopric indeed. The soil was poor, the harvests frequently failed, and famines were common. Nor were the manners of his flock calculated to please the senses of the poor bishop, accustomed to the civilised life of his own country. The greater part of the two castes of Tartars he found professing Lamism. The first of these, the Manchews, were a filthy race, who wiped their hands, dripping with grease, in their cloaks, to show that they could afford to eat meat. When one of his Manchew friends wished to compliment a host or guest, he took a huge bone and gnawed it all round, and then handed it to his friend, who gnawed it in turn. At the end of the repast the Tartar guest wiped his fingers in his host's robe, drawing a streak of grease from his head to his heel; and the rules of politeness established in the country required the host to reciprocate his delicate attention. Such was the kind of society to which the poor bishop voluntarily condemned him-

self for the remainder of his days. Indeed, he would have been well contented if he had experienced no greater trouble than resulted from a total privation of the refinements in which a cultivated mind finds pleasure. Unfortunately, while he was at Sivang, the governor of the country, alarmed by the excesses of the Chinese sectaries and secret societies which have since become so dangerous to the Chinese rule, ordered a severe inquiry to be made into the habits of persons suspected of professing Christianity, imagining, probably with justice, that there was some connection between that religion and the societies. The poor bishop was in consequence exposed to many dangers, but was preserved by the kindness of some mandarins, whose friendship had been gained by his pious life and simple manners. Escaped from the dangers of persecution, he now began his perilous journey to Corea; but he was destined never to reach the land which was the final object of his wanderings. He had scarcely reached the frontiers when the hunger and fatigue which he had so often encountered finally overcame him. News of his death was brought to the little Christian settlement at Sivang, who piously preserved and sent to Europe the bishop's interesting journals of his wanderings to that spot.





VICTOR JACQUEMONT AND THE ROBBERS IN THE HIMALAYAS.

VICTOR JACQUEMONT, THE NATURALIST TRAVELLER.

THE story of the life of Victor Jacquemont, the Indian traveller, differs from that of the martyrs of geographical discovery. He penetrated with surprising energy and perseverance into lands rarely visited by Europeans; but his object was not to trace the course of a river, or to determine the position of some place as yet unknown upon the maps: the principle which sustained him was a devotion to natural science which no amount of peril or hardship could extinguish. To examine the botany, the geology, and the animal life of unexplored regions was the passion of his life. Some anecdotes of this remarkable man will sufficiently indicate these features in his character.

Having already acquired a reputation from his scientific travels in South America, Jacquemont, still a young man, was appointed, in 1828, travelling naturalist to the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, and was soon afterwards charged with a mission to India, the purpose of which was to collect for that celebrated institution objects of natural history, and to form geological and botanical collections. At that period the possessions of the East India Company were bounded on the north by the Chinese Empire, into which no foreigner was permitted to enter, and on the north-west by the Punjab, then an independent state. It was towards these comparatively unknown regions that Jacquemont directed his views. The difficulties of an expedition of this nature had discouraged some of the most enterprising

travellers; but he felt himself strong in perseverance and courage. The natural history of India was but little known, and the northern portions of the country wholly unknown to men of science. A few travellers had indeed penetrated in different directions towards the north of the English possessions, but these expeditions had been without any scientific results, from the want of the proper qualifications in the travellers, and particularly from the brief and rapid manner in which they had traversed those regions. The mountains of the Himalaya, which divide Thibet and Tartary from India, and which extend to the Punjab, were inhabited by barbarous hordes in a state of perpetual warfare with their neighbours. Here every enterprising individual who was able to collect around him a hundred bandits acknowledged no master, and became a terror to the country around. It was the geological structure and the natural productions of these mountains, hitherto considered inaccessible, that Jacquemont undertook to examine.

Arrived in Calcutta, he remained in that city until he had made himself master of the Persian and Hindostanee languages, without which it would have been impossible to hope for any useful result from the expedition; and he also acquired there all the information necessary as to the manners and customs of the country he was about to visit. He then set out for Delhi, from whence he directed his course towards the Upper Himalaya and Thibet. Friendly advisers had assured him that it was easy to travel with heavy baggage in any part of Asia by simply joining a caravan of the merchants; but Jacquemont had too good a knowledge

of the character of the petty princes of northern India to trust to this advice. "These princes," he says, "rob the merchants, but they rob with considerable discretion. They look upon them as the geese that lay golden eggs; yet they do not kill them, but only insist on their dropping some of their precious burden. But the mere traveller who passes never to return is stripped of his last rag." It was necessary to travel with something like a retinue, a necessity all the greater from the gradually accumulating burden of the specimens which he collected. Runjeet Sing, then ruler of the Sikhs, received Jacquemont with great cordiality. He treated him with the greatest distinction; made him several rich presents, and furnished him with all the means necessary to travel through his dominions, with as much safety as was possible in a country swarming with robbers, and petty chiefs who disputed and constantly set at defiance the authority of the nominal sovereign. On one occasion an officer from one of those chiefs, attended by two hundred armed mountaineers, suddenly appeared at a slight distance as Jacquemont was quietly chipping specimens of rocks in a mountain pass. Knowing that orientals are chiefly impressed by display, Jacquemont put on a good countenance, and having resumed his European clothes, seated himself majestically upon his chair, under a kind of canopy, got up hastily for the occasion. Blankets were then spread out upon the floor, and near him was put down a privileged carpet. All Jacquemont's company then stood up in two lines, many of them, he says, "more ragged than any of the poorest people you see in the streets of Paris," and when he was

satisfied with the arrangement of this court-ceremony the Mussulman officers belonging to his escort ushered in the Thibetian, who in look and costume resembled a melodramatic brigand. This man brought him presents from his master, with a view to induce Jacquemont to ascend the mountains to his stronghold, but this the naturalist refused. Finally, the chief himself visited the encampment and explained his business. He told the stranger that his wife and daughters were kept prisoners by Runjeet Sing in Cashmere, and Jacquemont promised him to endeavour to obtain their release. This appeared to soothe him; but knowing that the surest means he could adopt to obtain them would be to detain him as a hostage, Jacquemont thought it prudent to take advantage of his temporary departure to continue his march beyond his new friend's dominion.

In some similar adventures he was less fortunate. The firmans of the king, pompously directing his dependents to give aid and succour to the explorers, proved of little value. At a place called Sukshainpore, the chief refused to obey the orders of Runjeet Sing for furnishing the travellers' camp with necessary provisions. He shut himself up in a little fort with some miserable soldiers, whose arms were matchlocks, and threatened to fire on the escort if he insisted any further on his obedience. The next day, Jacquemont entered the Himalaya with his escort, and encamped at a spot where a number of mules were to have been placed at his disposal, to take the place of the camels unable to travel further through the mountains. In place of mules, however, he found a

hundred barbarous soldiers armed with matchlocks, who being protected by a mud fort, cared little for the orders of the Rajah. At length he obtained a score of Cashmerian attendants, only half of the necessary number; but being annoyed at delay and the heat being intense, he loaded them with the more necessary portion of his baggage and pushed forward with a part of his attendants. It was dark when his rear-guard joined him; and soon afterwards a fierce storm arose which lasted all night. The terrible lightning, happily, did no mischief to the party, but the torrents of rain, says Jacquemont, in one of those numerous letters which he found means to write from these mountainous regions, "melted my mules, my horses, my soldiers, my porters, as if they had been made of sugar." At sunrise, he found only his horsemen, among whom there was some kind of discipline. All the rest had disappeared. Their road was now one of extreme difficulty. It was necessary to dismount every moment, and in spite of every care two of his troop of horses fell over a precipice. "For my own part," adds the light-hearted, indefatigable naturalist, "I was always on foot, my geologist's hammer in my hand, constantly quitting the path, which was only a low and narrow opening through a close jumble of thorny shrubs, to gain some neighbouring height, in order to gain with my compass the direction of the strata, and prudence required that I should be accompanied in all these deviations by armed attendants."

On one of these occasions Jacquemont was actually taken prisoner by one of his old annoyers, the native chiefs. Passing at sunrise over the mountain ridge on

foot, beside his lamed mule, he found himself with his rear-guard at the foot of a lofty mountain, with sides almost vertical, and on a flat summit on the verge of the party beheld a fortress. A number of men of sinister aspect were soon seen approaching, armed with matchlocks, sabres, and bucklers. They summoned him as usual to attend their master, the chief of the castle, and receive a present, with which request Jacquemont found it prudent to comply. The men crowded round the mule on which he now mounted, and their chief, who was in fact the head of a number of banditti, quickly appeared in the midst of a crowd of soldiers, who, ragged as they were, were hardly worse clad than himself. This man, whose name was Neal Sing, affected great respect for the firman of the king, and even closed his hands before him in token of submission. But he then entered into a long exposition of the wrongs he had suffered from the king and his minister, and in a hypocritical tone declared that having by the possession of his visitor's person the means of forcing the king to redress his grievances, he would keep him prisoner until he obtained justice, and that his person his escort, and his baggage, would serve for hostages and security. Jacquemont perceived the effect of the governor's eloquence as he warmed in the recital of his wrongs. A general clamour from the hungry multitude frequently drowned his voice, and the menacing conclusion of his speech was not the part least applauded. Each of the men as he listened examined his lighted match and shook off the ashes; but the calmness of Jacquemont's language, and the haughty air which he found it convenient to assume, were evidently felt to be

imposing. Demanding to speak to Neal Sing apart, he warned him of the important consequences which might result from such a step. He then explained to him under what auspices he had come into the country and the terrible vengeance which the king would exact for any injury he might receive in his states, in order to convince the dreaded English government that it had not been done by his instigation. This reasoning had so much effect that Neal Sing proposed to set him free, modestly asking to retain only his baggage. But this was exactly what the ardent naturalist least desired to part with. To travel without his tents, his books, his instruments, his magnificent collections—loss of liberty would have been far preferable to this. “When I deemed the moment favourable,” adds Jacquemont, in his letter, “I offered him a present, and the support of my recommendation to the king. He at once asked me for two thousand rupees. Some of his soldiers who had gathered round, exclaimed, ‘No, no; ten thousand rupees!’ My only reply to this, was a contemptuous expression of impatience, which none of them dared resent, and which lowered the mutineers so much in the eyes of their companions that no one afterwards dared to interrupt my conference with the chief. ‘Neither ten thousand, nor two, nor one thousand, for the best of all reasons, because I have them not; but, in consideration of your wretched state, I will give you five hundred rupees.’ ‘Five hundred rupees!’ he exclaimed, ‘when four hundred of us here have been perishing with hunger these three years. Two thousand rupees, or remain a prisoner.’ Without paying the least regard to the alternative, I shrugged my

shoulders at the absurdity of his demand, and offered to permit my treasurer to prove its impossibility. He eagerly accepted the offer of seeing my stock counted; but I reproved his eagerness with affected severity and contempt, as if what I had said should be received as an undoubted truth. 'The Asiatics,' said I, 'readily perjure themselves for a crown; but have you never heard tell of the value of the word of a Christian gentleman? He excused himself with joined hands, protested that he believed me, but added, 'that five hundred rupees would not satisfy his people.' However, after some further manœuvres, I so completely triumphed, that I might have saved my rupees had I not dreaded the in subordination of Neal Sing's followers."

Unhappily, the fatigues of travel in many parts of the world, and the unhealthiness of the Indian climate, began to have their effects upon the health of the traveller. He was unfortunately attacked by a liver disease of an alarming character. Having with difficulty made his way back to Bombay, he was received with great kindness by the government, who provided him with medical aid; but all efforts were unavailing. To a friend who saw him at this time, Jacquemont spoke feelingly of the attentive care of his physician, and of the kindness of the governor; but he added, that he had not more than three or four days to live; that the aid of art was useless; and that having completed all his manuscripts except a short account of Thibet, which he intended to supply, he should die with the consolation of having contributed all in his power to the progress of science, still so far from being complete. His words proved prophetic. On the fourth day after this inter-

view he expired with great calmness at the early age of thirty-one. The Indian government, desirous of doing honour to the memory of a man so distinguished by his talents and private virtues, ordered a magnificent funeral, at which all the civil and military authorities attended; and the body of Jacquemont was interred with military honours.

THE TRAVELS OF THREE PRINCES.

IN the year 1836, three Persian princes set out for their travels in western countries. Their names, somewhat difficult for Englishmen to pronounce, and still more difficult to remember, were Reeza Meerza, Najaf Meerza, and Taymour Meerza. On their return, a year or two later, they printed, for private circulation, a journal descriptive of their voyage and residence in England, and of their return to Bagdad; and this work was subsequently translated into English by an interpreter in their suite named Kayat. Curious in its observations of western life from an oriental point of view, this book affords an amusing instance of the errors and exaggerations into which travellers imperfectly acquainted with the language of the country are apt to fall, and which may be fairly assumed to be not altogether without parallel in the narratives written by European writers of their travels in the east.

The three princes gravely informed their Persian readers that from the time they left Falmouth until

they arrived in London they did not see a span of earth uninhabited. Even the peasants who dwelt in English villages had, they remarked, lofty and beautiful houses. At Exeter they rested at an inn, which they described as a wonderful lofty building, and they added the piece of information that there are in that city above five thousand such public places, each gaining "about one thousand tomâns per day;" indeed, say these travellers, "the money here is like dust;" but nothing less than the words of the gallant Najaf Meerza, the literary chief of the party, can do justice to the Persian princes' experiences of the effect of an introduction to a young unveiled English lady. "While we were sitting," he says, "behold! a sun appeared from our East shining and flashing. On seeing this incomparable beauty, and beholding this lovely face like the full moon, I lost my senses, not to say that I lost my sight, in admiration. No, my eyes, by beholding her smiling, became a hundred times more powerful. The delightful odour of her hair fell into my heart, and I was obliged to rise up and invite her to sit by my side paying her all honourable respect. My heart died away, and unless my mind had gained strength to maintain conversation with this visitor, I should have appeared as if I was lost. I asked who she was. This full moon was a daughter of a captain in the East Indies."

Having thus expended their admiration upon English beauty, the voracious Persian travellers proceed to give their countrymen information of the customs, manners, and government of the country, from which it will probably amuse the reader to select a few passages. "Every person," says Najaf Meerza, "that

has given ten tomâns to the revenue, in case he should see anything wrong in its expense, has a right to rise up in the House of Commons and seize the vizier of the Treasury by the collar, saying, 'What have you done with my money?' " Having been presented at court, the princes received an invitation to Windsor, and they gravely record that this "superior palace" is "situated in a garden fifty-two miles in circumference, which is surrounded by a wall of iron bars about three yards and a half high. The park has forty gates, splendidly wrought, and through it runs several fine streams like rose water, and its trees are most noble, producing a beautiful shade. Gazelles, antelopes, and deer are here in thousands." Coming to the river Thames the journalist then breaks out in the following strain :—"The ships on this river are like forests. The large men of war are 1200 in number, some of which are of 120 guns; these, besides the packets and steamers. The least of their navy carries thirty guns. The British mercantile vessels are above 25,000, such is their extreme and extensive commerce. . . . In fine, all the ships of other nations on the globe could not equal the number of the English ships alone, nor ten foreign men-of-war stand in battle against one English; they have always been victorious over their enemies. One of the twelve viziers of government has the management of the navy; he is called the High Lord of the Admiralty; Lord Minto fills this high station at present. In his hand is the direction of the whole navy. Besides the above-mentioned ships, they have innumerable others in the West and East Indies, in America, and Australia, which are called out at the time of necessity.

The water of the river Thames is very heavy, and not at all good for the digestion, nor could it ever produce an appetite. Yet the people of this country do not use water as a drink ; when it is necessary they take a little, once in three or four days." With regard to our dogs, the travellers relate that the English people make them so serviceable that sometimes they are sent on business, and they add, " For instance, if a man wants something from a shop that is known to his dog, he will write a note to the shopkeeper, asking for what he may want ; then he puts the note into a basket, and hangs it on the dog's neck, and gives him a sign, and the dog will carry the message immediately, and return to the satisfaction of his master." The " Opera of the Horse," as they term Astley's Theatre, was also visited by the princes, who declare that fifty thousand ladies were present, and gave splendour to the place. After this they went to a cutler's shop, and saw two millions of knives of different descriptions. We are told, too, by these travellers, that there are about two millions of stage-coaches in the United Kingdom ; that many houses have gold knockers, of a hundred tomâns value ; and that there are more than five hundred thousand clocks fixed on the churches and other edifices in London. There is no doubt that much of this singular style of description is due to the oriental habit of exaggeration ; but the book affords a curious example of the unauthentic character sometimes attaching to " travellers' tales."

THE ESCAPE OF ROSS AND HIS COMPANIONS.

CAPTAIN ROSS'S account of his abandonment of the "Victory," the steam-vessel employed in his first expedition, and of the final rescue of himself and his crew by the "Isabella" whaler, after five years' wanderings in the Polar regions, during which they had been altogether cut off from communication with the world, is, perhaps, the most interesting portion of his narrative of suffering and privation.

It was on the 29th of May, 1832—just four years after his departure from England—that Capt. Ross and his party finally determined to abandon their vessel, and to endeavour to escape from their dreary imprisonment by long journeys over the ice, and by such aid as they could obtain by boats. Having secured everything ashore which could be of use in case of their return, or which might be useful to others, the colours were hoisted and nailed to the mast. They then drank a parting glass to their unfortunate ship, and having seen every man out in the evening, the gallant Ross bade farewell to the "Victory," which had been his home so long. "It was the first vessel," he says, "that I had ever been obliged to abandon, after having served in thirty-six, during a period of forty-two years. It was like the last parting with an old friend." He did not pass the last part where his vessel ceased to be visible without pausing to take a sketch of the dreary waste, rendered still more dreary by its central object—their now abandoned home of the last four years, immovably fixed in

the ice till her timbers should rot away with time and exposure.

After a month's toil the party encamped on Fury Beach, having been obliged to carry one of their number during the last few days of their wanderings. Here they erected a rude house, and began laboriously to repair three boats left by them at that spot many months before. At length the ice showed signs of breaking; the boats were stored with provisions for two months, some beds and blanketing, and other useful articles, and the party started on their voyage. Making their way as well as they could by day and night through that vast silent sea of floating ice, they succeeded in reaching the junction of Barrow's Straits and Prince Regent's Inlet about the middle of September; but here, to their bitter disappointment, they found all further progress stopped by a continuous solid mass of ice, which gave no hope of breaking up that season. With heavy hearts they found themselves compelled once more to return to Fury Beach for another winter, or perhaps never to find their way again even so far.

The winter was passed in the usual way—the men preserving their cheerfulness as well as they could by such amusements as their condition allowed them; but sickness was always at work among them. Want of sufficient employment, short allowance of food, and the inevitable lowness of spirits, produced by the sight of the monotonous expanse of snow and ice, preyed upon the health of all. It was at this time that the carpenter died—a great loss to the party. In April their spirits were again revived by new preparations for escape from their dismal prison. By the end of June they had

advanced their tents and stores only thirty miles. On the 8th of the next month everything was ready, and we prepared, Ross says, "to quit this dreary place, as we hoped, for ever. Yet with these hopes there were mingled many fears—enough to render it still but too doubtful, in all our minds, whether we might not yet be compelled to return—to return once more to despair, and perhaps to return but to die." Their situation was indeed pitiable. They were encumbered by three sick men who could not walk at all. Others there were who could scarcely walk, and who could give no assistance in drawing the sledges; but their brave companions did their best, and cheerfully took on themselves the task of carrying the sick, and dragging their stores along the rugged surface of the frozen shores. It was on the 12th of July that they reached the spot where they had left their boats the year before, and two days later a lane of water was, for the first time, seen leading to the northward. The brave commander records that few slept that night, so full were they of the anticipations of what the morrow might bring. As early as four o'clock in the morning all were employed in cutting the ice which obstructed the shore, and the sun having risen soon afterwards with a fine westerly breeze they joyfully launched their boats, embarked the stores and the sick, and at eight o'clock were under way. For two days and nights they rowed on lustily—the lane of water still opening up before them, and gradually increasing in breadth. On the third night they reached a cape, where, landing and ascending a hill, they could see that the ice to the northward and eastward was in such a state as to admit of sailing through

it; but as it then blew too hard to venture through it in the night, they pitched their tents. A little before daylight, they were moving again. Leaving a written memorandum of their proceedings in a cairn of stones, as they had done on other occasions, they embarked once more, and were happy in finding that the weather had become calm. Holding on their way till noon, they reached the edge of the packed ice, where they found that its extremity was but a mile to the northward. Happily, a southern breeze springing up at the same moment, enabled them to round it; when finding the water open they renewed their efforts, and reached the eastern shore of the strait that afternoon. All the circumstances of their journey had been singularly propitious. It is probable that during all the years they had been imprisoned in those regions, there had not before been a time when it would have been possible to do what they had now finally accomplished in a few days. "Accustomed as we were to the ice," says Ross's noble and pathetic narrative, "to its caprices, and to its sudden and unexpected alternations, it was a change like that of magic to find that solid mass of ocean which was but too fresh in our memories—which we had looked at for so many years, as if it was fixed for ever in repose which nothing could hereafter disturb, suddenly converted into water; navigable, and navigable to us, who had almost forgotten what it was to float at freedom on the seas. It was at times scarcely to be believed: and he who dozed to awake again, had for a moment to renew the conviction that he was a seaman on his own element, that his boat once more rose on the waves beneath him, and that when the winds blew, it obeyed his will and his hand."

For some days they struggled on, skirting the shore, and at night landing for rest and shelter ; when one morning all were filled with joy by hearing the look-out man announce a sail in the offing. Instantly the boats were launched, signals made by burning wet powder, and the crew embarking made for the direction of the welcome sail. It was a dead calm ; but they made progress, and the calm was far more welcome than the slight breeze which sprang up as the morning advanced. But for this breeze they would soon have been near the stranger, but to their great grief they saw her sails spread out, as she began to make way to the south-eastward, the opposite direction to that in which they were proceeding. The boat that was foremost was thus soon left astern, while the other two were steering more to the eastward in the hope of cutting her out. Their disappointment appeared complete ; when, after a struggle of four hours, they saw to their surprise another sail. She appeared to be a whaler lying-to for her boats. The unfortunate explorers fancied that the stranger had seen them ; but a fact soon showed that in this they were mistaken. Like the first ship, she began to make sail, and it was evident that this second hope was also leaving them. This was indeed an agony of suspense ; but it was necessary to keep up the courage of the men by assuring them that there was yet a chance of coming up with her. Happily, at length, it fell calm once more, and now they really began to gain fast upon the strange ship ; until at about eleven o'clock, after a day terribly wearisome, they saw her heave-to with all sails aback, and lower down a boat which rowed immediately towards them.

As the boat approached, a curious colloquy ensued. The officer in command called out to ask if they had lost their ship.

"We have," replied Ross. "What is your vessel's name?"

The reply was, "The 'Isabella,' whaler, of Hull, once commanded by Captain Ross."

Ross, now rising in his boat, called out the news that he was the very man in question, and his men all that remained of the crew of the "Victory."

"That is impossible," replied the strange officer. "Ross has been dead these two years."

But Ross, naturally disinclined to admit any one to be a better authority on this point than himself, assured his interrogator that the story was true.

A hearty congratulation followed in seamanlike style, when, after a few inquiries, the stranger informed them that the "Isabella"—which was indeed by a singular coincidence the very vessel of which Ross had been captain many years before—was commanded by Captain Humphreys; after which he immediately set off in his boat to communicate his information on board, repeating that the explorers had long been given up as lost, not by them alone but by all England. Captain Ross gives an amusing description of the appearance of himself and his party as they presented themselves to their deliverer. "Though we had not been supported by our names and characters," he says, "we should not the less have claimed from charity, the attentions that we received, for never was seen a more miserable looking set of wretches; while, that we were but a repulsive-looking people, none of us could doubt. If, to be poor,

wretchedly poor, as far as all our present property was concerned, was to have a claim on charity, no one could well deserve it more ; but if to look so be to frighten away the so-called charitable, no beggar that wanders in Ireland could have outdone us in exciting the repugnance of those who have not known what poverty can be. Unshaven since I know not when, dirty, dressed in the rags of wild beasts instead of the tatters of civilization, and starved to the very bones, our gaunt and grim looks, when contrasted with those of the well-dressed and well-fed men around us, made us all feel, I believe, for the first time, what we really were, as well as what we seemed to others. Poverty is without half its mark, unless it be contrasted with wealth ; and what we might have known to be true in the past days, we had forgotten to think of, till we were thus reminded of what we truly were, as well as seemed to be." Such was the condition of the party as they approached the "Isabella," following the whaler's boat, the officer of which jumped up the side and in a minute the rigging was manned ; while Ross and his remnant of the crew of the "Victory," saluted with three cheers as they came within a cable's length. They were not long in getting aboard the old vessel, where they were all received by Captain Humphreys with a hearty welcome ; and finally safely conveyed to England.

A SETTLEMENT IN MASSACRE ISLANDS.


IN the year 1829, Captain Morrell, an enterprising American seaman, sailed from a port in the United States in a ship well manned and well armed, being fitted, in fact, for defence or traffic. Its object was to proceed to the Pacific Ocean, there to collect among the innumerable islands of that portion of the world the rare shell-fish, known as the *Biche de mer*. These valuable molluscs are dried by those who search for them, and prepared chiefly for the Chinese market, where they are regarded as a great luxury and fetch an enormous price. Morrell had been on several expeditions of the kind, and had visited most parts of the world; and it was confidently anticipated that the voyage would prove a highly profitable one. All, indeed, went well, although the vessel once narrowly escaped becoming a wreck by running on breakers. At length, on May 24, 1830, the expedition came upon a group of islands in the great Pacific, which did not appear on any map with which they were acquainted. They were a number of low, flat, and well-wooded islands, rich in soil, inhabited by a people of a very dark complexion; acquainted with war but ignorant of fire-arms. Upon their coral shores the coveted *biche de mer* floated in shoals—a temptation which induced Captain Morrell to cast anchor, hold a parley with the natives and purchase a piece of land on which to construct a house for preparing the luxury for market.

The common people among the islanders viewed this

appropriation of their soil as an invasion, and made preparations for resenting it. They first stole all they could find exposed, including the smith's anvil, and the iron he had heated. They then armed themselves, uttered their war-cry, and attacked a bold and powerful Newcastle man of the crew, named Wallace, and sixteen of his comrades, who, although well armed, could not resist the impetuous rush of several hundred warriors. Thirteen of the unfortunate men fell, after a desperate resistance, in which four times that number of the savages were slain; and all would have perished had not a well-manned boat hurried to the rescue and taken the survivors in. The fire of musketry, under cover of which this was accomplished exasperated, without intimidating, the islanders. The savages had now recovered from the panic produced by their handful of bullets, and seeing that the remainder of their prey was likely to escape them, they made a desperate and determined rush upon their boat; but before they could reach her, she was in deep water. A part of them then saluted her with a shower of arrows, while the main body flew to their canoes and started in pursuit, every movement indicating a fixed determination to destroy the fugitives, or perish in the attempt. As the boat was very much lumbered up, with seventeen men on board, four of whom were badly wounded, her progress was slow, consequently the canoes gained upon her very fast.

As soon as the savages had approached within musket-shot of the boat, a well-directed fire was opened upon them from the latter; but the falling of their companions, instead of deterring them from their purpose

only incited them to rush on with greater desperation. The moment was now approaching when their intense curiosity, respecting those big hollow pieces of iron on the vessel's deck, was to be fully gratified. The pursuers gained so fast upon the boat that Morrell began to fear her destruction would be inevitable. He brought the broadside of the schooner to bear on the canoes, by means of springs on the cables; the guns were all loaded with grape and canister, and the moment they came within distance, he waved to the officer of the boat to pull a little towards the stern of the vessel, which brought all the canoes, about twenty in number, clear from the range of the boat. At this critical moment, the "Antarctic" opened her flaming battery and despatched the messengers of death among the flotilla of canoes, two of which were dashed into fragments.

After this, Morrell and the shattered remnant of his crew prepared for departure, having given the islands the appropriate name of the Massacre Isles. His young wife who had accompanied him was fortunately saved. But the results of the voyage were disastrous. One half of his crew had perished in these encounters, and he had lost all the hopes of emolument for which the owners had fitted him out; but he had not only discovered new islands and new sources of traffic, but laid down with care rules for sailing with safety in his track, with remarks on the proper mode of intercourse with the untamed natives. Morrell shaped his course for the Manilla, where he reinforced his ship, borrowed a good sum to aid him in renewing his search for the precious *biche de mer*; and taking his wife on board returned once more, nothing daunted, to the

terrible Massacre Isles. An attack was again made upon him to prevent his landing, but was repulsed by him, though as gently as possible.

Morrell then entered into negotiation with the chiefs, purchased a small island, raised a fortress, and a large curing house for the *biche de mer*, and affairs went on prosperously for a time. While this more peaceful time lasted he was unexpectedly joined by a sailor who had survived the attack on Wallace and his comrades. He had been spared by a chief who had fractured his skull with a club; made a slave; was compelled to go naked and paint himself, and was finally desired to fatten himself that he might be eaten—for they roasted and ate all prisoners. Shortly after this event the indefatigable Morrell was compelled to abandon his project of obtaining a footing in Massacre Islands. The chiefs of the several islands collected their forces, and, uniting, attacked the little fort with bows and arrows. They were dispersed and their chiefs slain; but all hopes of commerce were at an end, and Morrell steered for his native land with a heavy heart and impaired fortune.

STURT IN AUSTRALIA.


THE Australian aborigines have generally been represented as harmless and inoffensive ; but the pioneers of geographical discovery in that interesting continent frequently came upon tribes, and portions of tribes, from whose warlike attacks they only escaped with difficulty. Descriptions of encounters with them are frequent in the narrative of the gallant Sturt, who, in the four years from 1828 to 1831, traversed fearlessly no less than 3222 miles of country in the interior of Southern Australia ; exploring the courses of rivers, examining the hills and valleys, and laying down all in a map, almost with the accuracy of a land-surveyor.

During his first expedition, as the party were traveling through a forest, they surprised a party of hunting natives. Sturt and Mr. Hume, one of the principal officers of the expedition, were considerably in advance of the party at the time, and had only one gun with them. Three of the natives were observed to be seated on the ground under a tree, and two others were busily employed on one of the lower branches cutting out honey. As soon as they saw the strangers four of them disappeared ; but the fifth, who wore a cap of feathers, stood for a moment looking at them, and then, very deliberately, dropped out of the tree to the ground. Mr. Sturt then advanced, but before he got round a bush that intervened, the man darted away. Fearing that he had gone to collect his tribe, Sturt rode quickly back for

his gun to support Mr. Hume; but on his return he found that the native had been before him. He stood about twenty paces from Mr. Hume, who was endeavouring to explain what he was; but seeing Sturt approach, he immediately poised his spear at him—that terrible weapon which the Australian aborigines throw with such unerring aim, and with such deadly effect. Mr. Hume then unslung his carbine and presented it; but as it was evident to Sturt that it was his reappearance alone which had startled the savage, he pulled up, and the man instantly lowered his weapon. He had evidently taken both man and horse for one animal, and as long as the rider kept his seat, the native remained upon his guard; but when he saw him dismounted, after the first astonishment had subsided, he struck his spear into the ground, and walked fearlessly up to him. This man exhibited a remarkable degree of coolness, courage, and dignity. The explorers easily made him understand that they were in search of water, when he pointed to the west, as indicating that they could supply their wants there. He gave his information (says Captain Sturt) in a frank and manly way, without the least embarrassment, and as the party passed, he stepped back to avoid the animals, without the smallest confusion.

The search for water was one of the most trying episodes in the first expedition. The river to which they had been directed was found to be completely dried up. Having then proceeded in a north-westerly direction, they could find no water anywhere to allay their thirst, and were about to abandon themselves to despair, when a noble river suddenly burst upon their view, subsequently known as the River Darling. The

channel was from seventy to eighty yards broad, and enclosed an unbroken sheet of water, evidently very deep, and literally covered with pelicans and other wild-fowl. Their difficulties seemed now to be at an end. Here was a river which promised to reward all their exertions, and which to their imagination appeared every moment to increase in importance. It had a capacity of channel which seemed to prove that they were as far from its source as from its termination. The paths of the natives on either side of it were like well-trodden roads, and the beautiful trees which overhung it were of gigantic growth.

All hastened now to avail themselves of this apparently abundant supply of that element which they had so long been seeking in vain. The banks were too precipitous to allow of their watering the cattle; but they eagerly descended to quench their thirst. In a moment more a cry of amazement told that they were grievously disappointed. With looks almost of horror, they called out to their commander the terrible news that the water was so salt as to be unfit to drink. Still undaunted, they followed the course of the river many miles in advance to the southwest, where they found the water deeper, and not so salt as on their first acquaintance. After having advanced into the country on this expedition nearly thirteen hundred miles, the expedition returned without loss of life.

Sturt's second journey, undertaken in the following year, extended over nearly two thousand miles, and was successfully performed. It was during this expedition that he discovered the River Murray—so named by him

in honour of Sir George Murray, the Governor. The explorers were picked men, and included Mr. M'Leay, a volunteer. The expedition was comprised in two boats, which started on the River Morumbidgee. The lands through which they sailed were remarkably beautiful and fertile ; but their journey was not without its dangers ; for they were often embarrassed by the sudden contractions and enlargements of the river, and often menaced by the natives, who wandered armed upon its banks. Such was the peculiar character of the navigation that they rose every morning with great doubts on their minds whether they were not thus early destined to witness the wreck and defeat of the expedition. The men generally placed themselves slowly and cautiously in the boat, so as to leave no part undefended. One stood at the bow, ready with poles to turn the boat's head from anything on which she might be drifting. Thus prepared, they allowed themselves to float with the stream, which was at all times dangerously full of floating trees and other incumbrances. Hopkinson, one of the men, constantly leaped from the boat upon apparently rotten logs of wood, which did not appear capable of bearing his weight, the more effectually to save the boat. In every reach they encountered fresh difficulties. In some cases there lay across the stream huge trees, under the arched branches of which they were compelled to pass ; but generally they had been carried roots foremost by the current, and therefore presented so many sharp points towards them as they came rushing on, that, had they struck any one of them, it must have gone through the boats. About noon one day they stopped to repair, and to take down

the remains of their awning which had been torn away, and to recover from the anxiety in which they had been constantly kept since dawn. Starting again in the afternoon somewhat refreshed, the men looked anxiously on ahead, for a singular change in the river had filled them with the notion that they were approaching its termination. On a sudden it took a southern direction, but in its tortuous course swept round to every point of the compass with the greatest irregularity. The explorers were carried at a fearful rate between its gloomy and now contracted banks, and had little time to observe the country through which they were advancing. Suddenly Hopkinson called out that they were approaching a junction, and in less than a minute afterwards they were hurried out into a broad and noble river. Thus was discovered the River Murray. "It is impossible (says Sturt) for me to describe the effect of so instantaneous a change of circumstances upon us. The boats were allowed to drift along at pleasure, and such was the force with which we had been shot out of the Morumbidgee, that we were carried nearly to the bank opposite its embouchure, whilst we continued to gaze in silent astonishment on the capacious channel we had entered; and when we looked for that by which we had been led into it, we could hardly believe that the insignificant gap that presented itself to us was, indeed, the termination of the beautiful and noble stream, whose course we had thus successfully followed. I can only compare the relief we experienced to that which the seaman feels on weathering the rock upon which he expected his vessel would have struck, to the calm which succeeds moments of feverish

anxiety, when the dread of danger is succeeded by the certainty of escape."

The natives looked with suspicion upon this invasion, and began to gather in force upon the banks. The party escaped from attack upon one occasion by a singular circumstance. As they proceeded, it was with considerable apprehension that Sturt observed the river to be shoaling fast, more especially as a large sand-bank, a little below, and on the same side on which the natives had gathered, projected nearly a third way across the channel. To this sand-bank these natives ran with tumultuous uproar, and covered it over in a dense mass. Some of the chiefs advanced to the water to be nearer their victims, and turned from time to time to direct their followers. With every pacific disposition, and an extreme reluctance to take away life, Sturt foresaw that it would be impossible any longer to avoid an engagement; yet with such fearful numbers against them, he was doubtful of the result. The spectacle they had witnessed had been one of the most appalling kind, and sufficient to shake the firmness of most men; but at that trying moment his little band preserved their temper and coolness; and if anything could be gleaned from their countenances, it was that they had determined on an obstinate resistance. He now explained to them that their only chance of escape depended, or would depend, on their firmness. He desired that after the first volley had been fired, M'Leay and three of the men would attend to the defence of the boat with bayonets only, while he, Hopkinson, and Harris would keep up the fire, as being more used to it. He ordered, however, that no shot was to be fired until after he had

discharged both his barrels. He then delivered their arms to the men, which had as yet been kept in the place appropriated for them, and at the same time some rounds of loose cartridge. The men assured him they would follow his instructions; and thus prepared, having already lowered the sail, they drifted onwards with the current. As they neared the sand-bank, Sturt stood up and made signs to the natives to desist, but without success. He took up his gun, therefore, and cocking it, had already brought it down to a level. A few seconds more would have closed the life of the nearest of the savages; the distance was too trifling for him to doubt the fatal effects of the discharge, for he was determined to take deadly aim, in hopes that the fall of one man might save the lives of many. But at the very moment, when his hand was on the trigger, and his eye was along the barrel, his purpose was checked by M'Leay, who called to him that another party of blacks had made their appearance upon the left bank of the river. Turning round, he observed four men at the top of their speed. The foremost of them, as soon as he got a-head of the boat, threw himself from a considerable height into the water, struggled across the channel to the sand-bank, and, in an incredibly short space of time, stood in front of the savage against whom his aim had been directed. Seizing him by the throat, he pushed him backwards, and forcing all who were in the water upon the bank, he trod its margin with a vehemence and an agitation that were exceedingly striking. At one moment pointing to the boat, at another shaking his clenched hand in the faces of the most forward, and stamping with passion on the

sand ; his voice, that was at first distinct and clear, was lost in hoarse murmurs. Two of the four natives remained on the left bank of the river, but the third followed his leader (who proved to be the remarkable savage he had previously noticed) to the scene of action.

The exploring party knew nothing of the meaning of this singular scene, or of the interference to which they probably owed their lives. The expedition subsequently returned in safety, bringing back much valuable information concerning a part of the continent till then entirely unknown.

COUNT STRZELECKI AND HIS COMPANIONS IN THE BUSH.

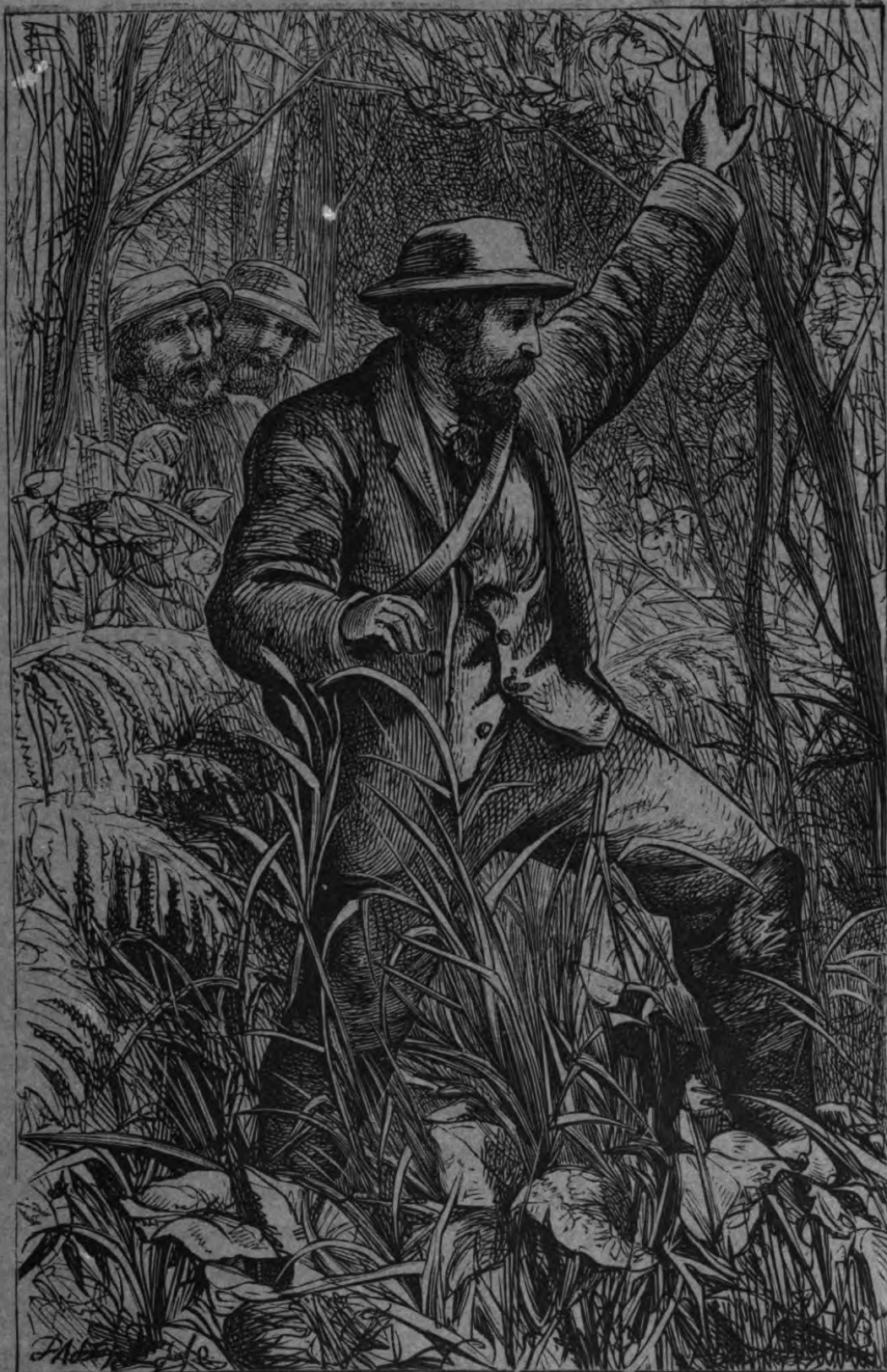


THE world of science is almost entirely indebted for its knowledge of the geology of Australia, to the researches of the Count Strzelecki, an enterprising Hungarian geologist and his brave companions. In 1833 this adventurous little band of scientific travellers surprised the inhabitants of Melbourne, by making their appearance in that city, from an exploring journey through the unknown land on the south-east coast of New South Wales, in the course of which they had made numerous important discoveries, and undergone great privations.

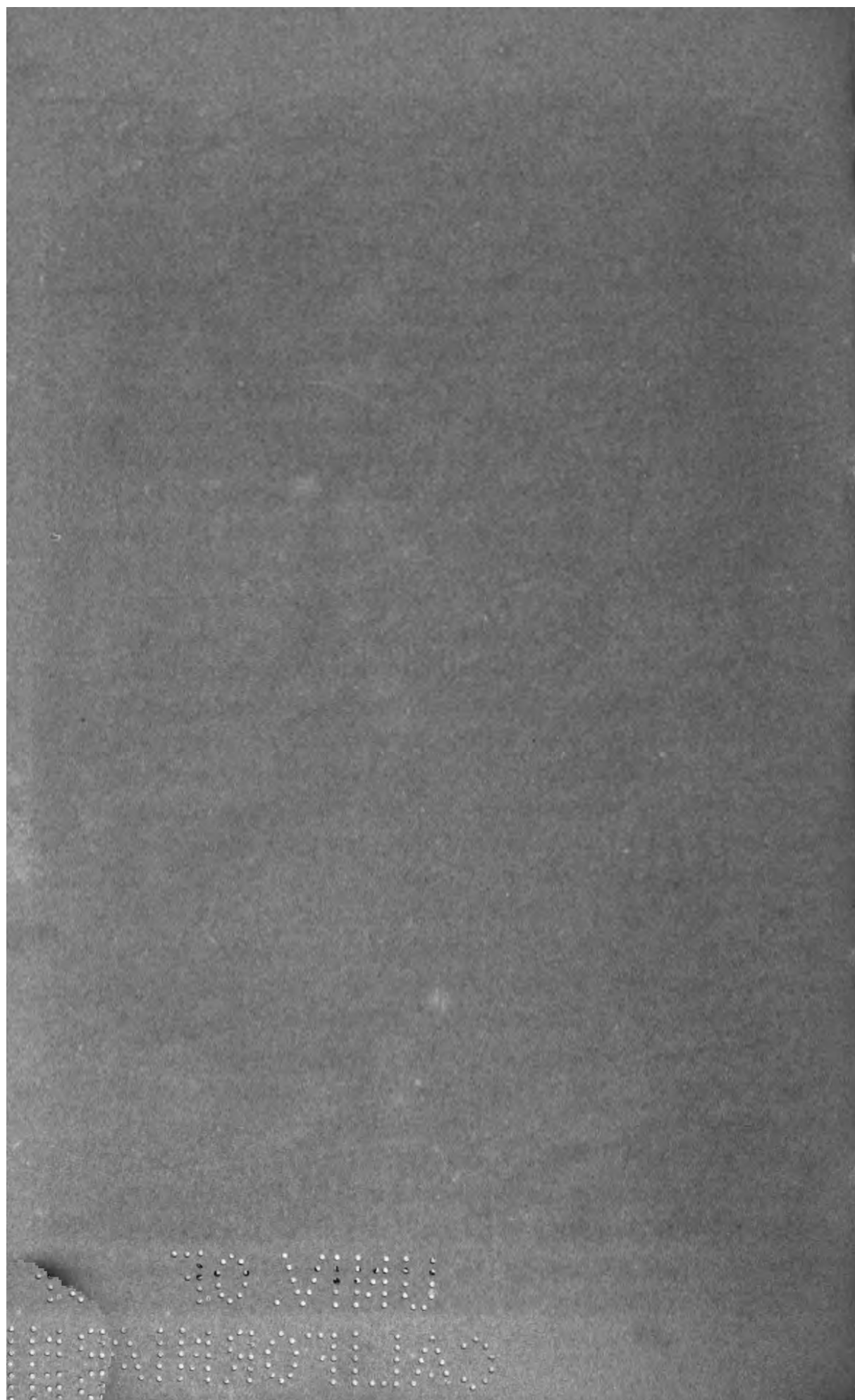
This tour had been undertaken by the Count in continuation of those geognostic and mineralogical re-

searches which he had previously carried over two thousand miles within the limits of the colony, and which had now induced him to explore the territory hitherto untrodden by white men, lying between the Murray and the south-eastern coast of New South Wales. At Ellerslie, a remote station, the Count was joined by Mr. James Macarthur, the son of a settler, and another gentleman named Riley, both of whom were eager to share with him the toils and gratifications of his undertaking.

The party started well provided with provisions and pack-horses, and all well mounted, excepting the Count, who, having with him a considerable number of valuable instruments necessary for the prosecution of his observations, which, on account of their delicate construction, required the greatest care of carriage, preferred pursuing his journey on foot, with his budget on his back. From Ellerslie the party descended into the beautiful valley of the Murray, and followed its picturesque windings for about fifty miles. Here the travellers encamped. The Count and Mr. Macarthur ascended the Australian Alps on the 12th of February; about noon they found themselves sitting on the most elevated peak of Australia, at the height of seven thousand eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, beyond the reach of vegetation, and surrounded with perpetual snows; with a serene and lucid sky above them, and below, an unbroken view over an extent of about four thousand square miles. On the summit of the Alps, Count Strzelecki secured many valuable meteorological and magnetic observations. The trigonometrical survey, which the Count had begun, received new supports from this predominant point;



COUNT STREZELECKI AND HIS COMPANIONS IN THE BUSH.



valuable materials for future publication were also obtained in aid of the Count's barometrical survey, and his geognostic and mineralogical investigations. From this snowy range, retracing their steps for about thirty miles to the westward, the party struck for the south, through a broken and uninhabited country, opening, as it were, by their first track, perhaps a future communication with the Murray. The country, from latitude $37^{\circ} 10'$ south, assumed the most cheering and gratifying aspect; but the rivers which beset the country, from north-west to south-east, greatly retarded the progress of the travellers, whose provisions now began to fail.

On the 6th of April it was determined to place all hands on half-rations (a biscuit and a slice of bacon per day), but new difficulties and new delays soon rendered it evident that, even with this precautionary measure, it would be impossible to make the stock of provisions last out the journey. The greatest impediment the travellers had to contend with, was the exhausted state of their horses; each day saw one or other of the party dismounted, to follow the Count on foot; but this, far from removing, only increased the impediments to their progress, for the men, unaccustomed to walk, like the horses, began to feel the effects of the wear and tear of the journey. In this situation it became necessary for the travellers to relinquish (which they did with regret) their original intention of prosecuting their researches as far as Wilson's Promontory, and thence, commencing the exploration of the sea-coast, its inlets and outlets; and to take, instead, the straight course for Western Port, the nearest point whence fresh supplies could be obtained. The open forests, plains and valleys, through which

the party, if well supplied with provisions, might have travelled at leisure, had now to be exchanged for a rocky and mountainous path, through which a passage could not be effected without infinite difficulty. The horses, now completely exhausted, served more to retard than to accelerate the progress of the travellers, and they were finally obliged to abandon them in a valley of tolerable pasture and well watered, about seventy-five miles beyond Western Port. Here also they were forced to leave the packs with the men's wearing apparel, and the Count's mineralogical and botanical collection, taking with them only their blankets and the residue of their bread, which, notwithstanding the allowance had been greatly restricted, did not last longer than four days from this time. From this place, the Count and his companions took, and at all hazards maintained, a direct course to Western Port, in the hope of bringing their sufferings to a close as speedily as possible; but, unfortunately, this course led them for days together through a dense scrub, which it was almost impossible to penetrate. The party was now in a most deplorable condition. Macarthur and Riley, and their attendants, had become so exhausted as to be unable to cope with the difficulties which beset their progress. The Count, being more inured to the fatigue and privations attendant upon a pedestrian journey through the wilds of the inhospitable interior, alone retained possession of his strength; and, although burdened with a load of instruments and papers of forty-five pounds' weight, continued to pioneer his exhausted companions day after day through an almost impervious tea-tree scrub, closely interwoven with climbing grasses,

vines, willows, ferns, and reeds. Here the Count was to be seen breaking a passage with his hands and knees through the centre of the scrub, there throwing himself at full length among the dense underwood, and thus opening, by the weight of his body, a pathway for his companions in distress. Thus the party, inch by inch, forced their way, the incessant rains preventing them from taking rest by night or day. Their provisions, during the last eighteen days of their journey, consisted only of a very scanty supply of the flesh of the native bear or monkey, but for which, the only game the country afforded, the travellers must have perished from starvation. This food, which the travellers described as somewhat of the toughest, was but scantily obtained, and the nutriment it afforded was altogether insufficient for the maintenance of the health and strength necessary for undergoing such fatigue.

On the twenty-second day after they had abandoned their horses, they came in sight of Western Port, and with joy obtained the first view of the water on which a small vessel was riding at anchor. A wreath of smoke observed at the same time to be rising among the trees, told them that some human habitation was at hand. This proved to be the encampment of their friend, Mr. Berry, to whose kindness and hospitality the party were indebted for the speedy recovery of their health and vigour.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD AND THE INDIANS.



THE unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whose end constitutes one of the most tragic episodes of the Irish rebellion of 1798, conceived, when a young man, a romantic passion for the wild and rough life of the far settlements of America; and having started for Canada, spent a considerable time in these parts. Sometimes he extended his wanderings far beyond the limits of civilized life, and sojourned for a while with the wild tribes of Indians, who treated him with kindness. Pictures of these experiences are drawn by him in his letters, chiefly written to his mother, for whom he always cherished a remarkable affection. Much of his time was spent in rowing his canoe up the rivers into parts of the country which were then unexplored. Having induced several friends to join him, he started on a trial journey, in order to inure himself to the hardships of the Canadian winter, from New Brunswick to Quebec, a distance of one hundred and seventy-five miles. It was in the coldest season, with the snow lying deep upon the ground, and their way lay through the woods, and by a route altogether new, or which had never been traversed by any but the Indians. Perilous as such a journey might appear, Fitzgerald states that life in the Canadian woods in the rigorous winter of that climate was far from being without its charms. The party consisted of five persons, including Lord Edward himself, a friend and brother military officer, a servant named Tony, and two woodmen. Their baggage was

trifling, and consisted chiefly of blankets and provisions, which they hung in canvas, slung on poles. The party kept a reckoning, steering by compass as at sea. At night they found themselves in some degree sheltered from the winds by the leafless woods; and by clearing away the snow, banking it up around, and making a fire in the middle of the space, they found themselves even warmer than in the Canadian houses in that rigorous season. "Three of the coldest nights yet," says the enthusiastic young nobleman, "I slept in the woods on a bed of spruce fir, with only one blanket, and was just as comfortable as in a room." All the rivers had long been completely frozen, and undistinguishable in the snow (which lay four feet deep upon the ground) from the land. The party were always on foot two hours before day, to load, and get ready to march. At three or four in the afternoon they halted; and were then occupied till night in shovelling out the snow, cutting wood, and getting ready for the bivouac. Immediately after supper they were generally asleep, and it was the rule that any one waking in the night should put wood on the fire, eat something—for much food was found essential to maintain warmth—and then sleep again. By day their journey was enlivened by hunting the moose, which they followed in their snow shoes, till the animal, impeded by the frozen snow, turned upon his pursuers, and was thus quickly despatched.

In this way they passed, in the worst season of the Canadian year, through a wide tract of country which the colonists had always considered impassable. In spite of their compass they diverged considerably from their direct path, and were thirty days on their journey,

twenty-six of which were passed in the woods. During this time they saw no human beings but those of their own party; but after making the bank of the river, they fell in with some Indians, who travelled with them to Quebec. The Indians provided the travellers with food during the time they were with them, and otherwise treated them kindly, saying, "We are all one brother; all one Indian." Lord Edward gallantly burthened himself with the pack of one of the squaws, which was so heavy that he could hardly struggle onward with it in the deep snow. "When we arrived," says Fitzgerald in his letter to his mother, "you may guess what figures we were. We had not shaved or washed during the journey, and our blankets, coats, and trousers were all worn out and pieced. We went to two or three houses, but they would not let us in. There was one old lady exactly like the hostess in 'Gil Blas,' who told us there was one room—it was without stove or bed—which I might have if I pleased. I told her we were gentlemen. She very quietly said, 'I dare say you are,' and left us." At last they obtained lodgings in an alehouse, and became objects of considerable curiosity among the settlers.

Inured by excursions of this kind, the adventurous Lord Edward subsequently set out on a much longer journey—his intention being to pass from Quebec, through the country of the Indians, to Detroit and Fort Pit, and thence to New Orleans, thus traversing the whole length of the North American continent, his intention being then to extend his journey through Mexico, to the silver mines of Spanish America. The celebrated Indian chief, who had visited England under

the name of Joseph Brant, but whose true name was Thayendanegea, accompanied him, and assisted him in all his canoe journeys up and down the rivers in their course. Between Thayendanegea and Lord Edward a strong friendship had sprung up, and the Indian proved a faithful friend. They crossed the great Lake Ontario together, and passed through a number of Indian villages. Everywhere the wild tribes treated them with kindness and respect.- With the Bear Tribe at Detroit they stayed some time, and Fitzgerald gives a glowing account of their happy lives, and the simplicity of their manners. So strong, indeed, was the attachment that sprang up between them that the Indians determined to adopt the stranger into their tribe, and make him one of their chiefs. This ceremony was accomplished through the medium of the chief of the Six Nations, whom the Americans knew under the name of David Hill. The document by which this wild honour was conferred upon him was found, after Lord Edward's death, among his papers, written in the Indian language, of which the following is a translation :—

“I, David Hill, chief of the Six Nations, give the name of Eghindal to my friend, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, for which I hope he will remember me as long as he lives.

“The name belongs to the Bear Tribe.”

After eight months' wanderings, Lord Edward arrived at New Orleans, by the way of the Mississippi. Here, having announced to the authorities his intention of proceeding to the silver mines of Spanish America, permission was refused him, and he was compelled to return to Europe.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "ASTROLABE."



WHILE numerous expeditions to the northern Polar regions have been fitted out, and considerable additions to our knowledge of the geographical features of that part of the globe have been made during the present century, few voyagers have taken the Antarctic Circle for the field of their explorations. The exciting question of a north-west passage has, no doubt, contributed greatly to draw the attention of navigators chiefly to the north; but the peculiar dangers of the Southern Pole have probably contributed to render researches in this region unpopular among seamen, for here, to the terrors of snow and ice, are added the fearful storms which rage almost perpetually in those latitudes. Bellingshausen, a Russian navigator, and Balleny and Weddell, English explorers, and later still Captain Ross, have, during the present century, penetrated into this mysterious region, and brought home some additions to our knowledge; but one of the most interesting of the attempts to explore the Antarctic Circle was made by Captain D'Urville, a French navigator, who about twenty-five years since commanded the "Astrolabe," a vessel fitted out by the French government for an exploring voyage round the world.

A first attempt met with little success from a frightful dysentery having broken out among the crew of the "Astrolabe," by which a number perished. Having returned to Hobart Town to recruit, after twenty-eight months of incessant toil, the expedition was once more

ready to sail, and on Jan. 1, 1840, weighed anchor for their voyage south. "On the fifteenth," says D'Urville, "we crossed the route of Cook in 1773, and from that time were in a sea that no keel had ever ploughed before." On the morning of the following day they saw the first ice—a mass of fifty feet in height by two hundred in length—a shapeless fragment long beaten and worn down by the action of the waves as it had slowly drifted from its original home into milder latitudes. Thenceforward, they saw icebergs daily, which soon began to increase in size until some which they steered cautiously among were from six hundred to a thousand feet in length, and not less than a hundred-and-thirty feet in height. Remarkably moderate weather, and a favourable wind, enabled them to steer towards the land, to reach which they had to make their way through an immense chain of icebergs, tubular in form, and prodigious in their dimensions. Their corvettes defiled tranquilly for many hours through these straits of a novel description. At times the channels presented a width of not more than three or four cables' length; and then the ships appeared to be buried beneath these glittering walls, towering perpendicularly to a height of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet, and seeming ready to overwhelm them with their giant masses. Then, suddenly opening out, they issued from them into spacious basins, surrounded by icebergs of strange and fantastic forms, recalling the palaces of crystal and of diamonds which figure abundantly in fairy tales. A clear sky, and a propitious breeze, helped the voyagers through this daring navigation. At length, they issued from these

narrow and winding channels, whose lofty walls had long shut out the land from their view, and found themselves in a comparatively disencumbered space, from whence they could contemplate the coast in all its visible extent. Distant from them, about eight or ten miles, was an immense strip of land, stretching out of sight, and entirely covered with ice and snow which lay heaped up on its summit, marking the ravines on the land-slopes, as well as the bays and points upon the coast. In parts, the ice presented a smooth and uniform covering of a dull and monotonous white ; in others, its surface was ploughed, and shattered, and broken, as if it had been subjected to the action of some violent convulsion, or of a sudden and irregular thaw. Numbers of huge ice-hills, recently fallen from the coast, had not yet been borne away, and made the approach to it impossible.

The solid barrier forbade all progress southward ; but they now believed themselves near the southern magnetic pole, and that the line of the variation of the needle could not be far off to the westward. The vessel was therefore steered westward, and the corvettes coasted the land at five or six miles' distance. At noon, observations gave 66° 30" of southern latitude. All the compasses in the ship veered in a remarkable manner ; and on board the "Astrolabe" the reversed compass in the commander's cabin was the only one which marked the route with precision. They thus knew that the newly-discovered land lay precisely under the Antarctic Polar Circle, since it ran nearly east and west.

At five in the evening the breeze gave way to a calm, of which Captain D'Urville took advantage to despatch

some officers to a large iceberg, distant about two miles, for the purpose of observing the magnetic dip, variation, and intensity. In the meantime all eyes on board, aided by the glasses of the ships, had minutely examined the coast, but without discovering a single point which the ice had left uncovered. Notwithstanding the great improbability of a compact body of ice of such extent, fifteen hundred feet in height, doubts might still be entertained of the positive existence of land. Besides, their commander had ardently desired to present to geologists samples of that portion of our globe, the first specimens submitted to the inquiring gaze of man. At length, after many disappointments, his lieutenant directed his attention to some black stains, situate on that portion of the coast which was nearest to him, but which had hitherto been masked by a long chain of icebergs. After a short examination, D'Urville no longer had any doubt that they were rocks piercing the surface of the snow. For a moment he hesitated to send boats nearly six miles from the ships, for he knew how variable are the winds, and how thick and frequent the fogs, in latitudes like these. It was a terrible idea that he might be forced to leave the crews of two boats to certain and dreadful death, if a shift in the wind should drive him suddenly from this dangerous coast. Nevertheless, confiding in the promising aspect of the sky, and fearing that he might meet with no other such opportunity, he despatched a boat from each corvette towards this interesting portion of the coast. The sailors, who shared the enthusiasm of their officers, rowed with incredible vigour; and at eleven at night, the two boats returned on board, having ac-

complished their task. They were laden with specimens broken from the living rock. These were granites of various hues. They brought, besides, some penguins, which seemed of a different species from those which they had noticed in their first visit to the ice-fields. They had seen no other trace of any organized being belonging to either the animal or vegetable kingdom. From the aspect of these rocks, no one on board retained the slightest doubt as to the nature of the formidable barrier which closed all further progress against the ships.

Captain D'Urville was desirous of still continuing to skirt the land, which stretched indefinitely to the west; but the ice began to close, and when they were sufficiently near to it, they perceived that the icebergs were held together by a floe of ice which seemed to stretch from the land in a northerly direction. This unexpected barrier they strove to double; but, after every tack, it presented itself anew, and seemed to envelop them in long windings. No other resource was then left than to work between the land and the shoal, in the hope of freeing themselves from the difficulties in which they had become involved. Twenty-four hours later, after two long reaches, they were yet on the edge of the shoal, which seemed still to run north-east, as far as the eye could extend. Hitherto, it had been merely an affair of patience and vigilance; for, after all, under ordinary circumstances, they could always reckon on at least returning by the way they had come. But the weather, which for four days had been unvaryingly fine, suddenly changed. The sky was, in all directions, overcast; the wind rapidly freshened,

and by noon blew a terrible gale, with gusts laden with a thick snow, which froze as it fell on the deck and rigging, and frequently limited their horizon to a few ships' lengths.

Hemmed in as they were, between the land and the shoal, and obliged to manœuvre in a space encumbered with icebergs, their position now became most menacing. In spite of all efforts and the alarming crowd of sail which they carried, they soon perceived that they were driving to the westward, and that, if the storm should last four-and-twenty hours longer, they had but little chance of safety. Providentially the wind gradually lulled, the sea subsided, and the horizon expanded to half a mile, and sometimes a mile. In twelve hours their sails and rigging had suffered more than in six months of previous navigation. A few days later the wind shifted round again to the east-south-east, and rapidly freshened, accompanied by gusts and snow-flakes. Abandoning, therefore, all further projects of exploration on this portion of the land, Captain D'Urville bore northward, for the purpose of escaping the labyrinth in which they were involved. They thus soon found themselves in a space where the icebergs, more widely scattered, permitted them to navigate with less peril; and it was time, for the wind blew afresh from the east with extreme violence, making a heavy sea, and wrapping them in a thick and continual snow-storm, which entirely shut out the view of all around them.

Wind, snow, sleet, and hail were now the daily companions of their lonely voyage, till, the weather clearing a little, the look-out man suddenly announced

land ahead. At first it showed itself like a simple line, low, light, and uncertain; but gradually it defined itself, and presented a novel spectacle to the eager eyes of the officers and crew. They were close under a terrible perpendicular wall of ice, perfectly flat on the summit, and rising about a hundred and thirty feet above the waves. Not the slightest projection broke its irregularity throughout the sixty miles which they traversed this day. Meanwhile, though sailing close under this wall of ice, the lead gave no soundings at 160 fathoms. Touching the nature of this enormous wall, opinions were divided. Some held it to be merely a huge mass of compacted ice, independent of any land; while others maintained that this formidable girdle served at least as a covering or crust to some solid base, whether of earth, or rocks, or of scattered shoals, projected in advance of a great land. All their researches failed to find a break in this great barrier which appeared to surround the greater portion of the Antarctic Polar Circle, so as to present itself, at nearly all points, to the mariner who is bold enough and fortunate enough to penetrate the region of storms which ordinarily engirdles it. Wearied with their efforts, and anxious for the crew, whose health began again to be affected by the hardships of the voyage, Captain D'Urville at length bade a final adieu to these wild and inhospitable seas, and turned his course northward for Hobart Town, where they arrived without incident or difficulty.

LILLIPUTIAN VOYAGERS.



MR. CLEVELAND, an American merchant, and author of "A Narrative of Voyages and Commercial Enterprises," having made a voyage to India and another to Europe in his youth, found himself, when just of age, at Havre in France, when he determined to embark on his own account on a mercantile venture to the island of Mauritius. The most remarkable feature of his project was the smallness of the vessel in which he proposed to make so long a voyage. This was a cutter of only thirty-eight tons' burden, or about half the tonnage of a good-sized Thames barge. This vessel had been a packet-boat between Dover and Calais, the owner of which, not having any employment for it, offered it to Mr. Cleveland for a reasonable price, only stipulating that he should pay when he had the ability. This tempting offer enabled the adventurous young merchant seaman to put his trifling capital in the cargo, amounting to about three hundred pounds. On making known to others of his friends the plan of his voyage, two of them engaged to embark to nearly the same amount each, on condition of sharing equally the profits of the voyage. An investment was then made in articles likely to be saleable, and the whole vessel and cargo were estimated to be worth about eight hundred pounds. Mr. Cleveland observes that probably the annals of commerce do not furnish another example of an Indiaman fitted out and expedited on so small a scale.

The "Caroline"—such was the name of the Lilli-

putian craft—sailed out of Havre on the 25th of September. A great crowd had assembled on the pier-head to witness their departure, and cheered them as they passed. It was about noon, and they were under full sail; but they had scarcely been out two hours when the wind compelled them to reduce it. With the sail even thus diminished, the tiny vessel at times almost buried herself in the waves; but, as every part was sound the adventurous Cleveland flattered himself with the prospect of being able to weather the Cape, and pressed forward through a sea in which they were continually threatened with foundering, in the hope that they should soon be relieved by the ability to bear away from land. He was destined, however, to a sad disappointment, for the wind having much increased towards midnight, an extraordinary plunge into a very short and sharp sea completely buried the cutter, and snapped off her bowsprit. The vessel then turned to the leeward in defiance of the helm, while her last remaining sail was torn to tatters by the gale. In this state an attempt was made to put back to Havre, but in their crippled state this was found to be impossible. When morning came breakers were discovered under the lee of the vessel, and before night she had drifted ashore on the coast of Normandy.

Such a sudden and disastrous termination to a rash undertaking might well have cooled the ardour of the young adventurer; but after a momentary fit of despondency, he set himself quietly to repair the damage. As soon as the gale had abated, the vessel was unloaded, and floated into a neighbouring river. On examination of the cargo, it was found to be but little damaged. In

ten days she rode again in the Port of Havre, and some repairs to the keel, and in new planking the bottom of the vessel, again rendered her tolerably seaworthy. The cargo being now again put on board, Cleveland prepared once more for his perilous voyage; but a difficulty arose in procuring men, which for a time appeared insurmountable. It was not, perhaps, surprising, that no one of the former crew, except a black man, named George, could be induced to join again. They had now arrived at the end of October, and each day's delay, by reason of the approach of winter, increased the difficulty and danger of the enterprise. Even the adventurous captain heard with dismay the westerly gales, which were already of frequent occurrence. The nights had become long; and "when I listened," says Cleveland, "to the howling winds and beating rain, and recollected in what a frail boat I had to contend with them, I wished that my destiny had marked out for me a task of less difficult accomplishment." The trouble of procuring men seemed to increase with each day's detention. Those whom he engaged one day would desert the next, alarmed by some exaggerated story of their first attempt. In the course of three weeks he shipped four different men as mates, and as many different crews, who each in turn abandoned him. At length he procured an active young seaman from a Nantucket ship, the captain of which recommended him; while another man and a boy, in addition to the negro George, made up the complement of his crew. No person on board, except the mate and Cleveland, were capable of steering the vessel; but the honesty and fidelity of his sailors made up for other defects, and the voyage proved a fortunate

one. The winds were this time propitious; and just three months after leaving Havre, the "Caroline" arrived safely at the Cape of Good Hope. Here a vessel of her character happened to be wanted by the Government, and the ship and cargo were forthwith turned into hard cash.

Cleveland now embarked for Batavia, and thence proceeded to Canton, where he purchased another vessel, only a little larger than the first, which he filled with a suitable cargo, determining to venture across the Pacific, and to try his fortunes on the north-west coast of America. His crew was now made up chiefly of deserters from the Indiamen, the worst class of seamen that could be found; but no others were then procurable. To make profit by the voyage, it was necessary to arrive before the American traders; and he resolved to set sail, although the north-east monsoon was raging. His course was to beat up along the coast of China, the small size of the vessel enabling him, in Chinese fashion, to keep so near the shore as to find shelter from the headlands. The voyage was considered impracticable by experienced seamen ashore; but Cleveland was not easily daunted. Even a mutiny, which broke out among his lawless crew, and which he quelled with great difficulty, failed to deter him from his purpose, and all obstacles were finally surmounted. The voyage was made, the ship and cargo again disposed of, and Cleveland embarked for Calcutta. Such was the beginning of a busy life of mercantile adventure, which Mr. Cleveland records in his amusing narrative.

THE FROZEN SHIP.



ONE serene evening, in the middle of August, 1775, Captain Warrens, the master of the ship "Greenland," whale ship, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs, in about 77° of north latitude. On one side, and within a mile of his vessel, these were of immense height and closely wedged together; and a succession of snow-covered peaks appeared behind each other as far as the eye could reach, showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time. Captain Warrens did not feel satisfied with his situation, but there being no wind, he could not move either one way or the other; and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe as long as the icebergs continued in their respective places.

About midnight the wind rose to a gale, accompanied by thick showers of snow, while a succession of thundering, grinding, and crashing noises gave fearful evidence that the ice was in motion. The vessel received violent shocks every moment, for the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there actually was any at all on either side of them. The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger happened to present itself; and in the morning the storm abated, and Captain Warrens found to his great joy that his ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked

with surprise that the accumulated icebergs which had on the preceding evening formed an impenetrable barrier, had been separated and disarranged by the win , and that in one place a canal of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern.

It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon, to the great astonishment of the crew of the "Greenland." The sun shone brightly at the time, and a gentle breeze blew from the north. At first some intervening icebergs prevented Captain Warrens from distinctly seeing anything but her masts ; but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of her yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then grounding upon the low icebergs, remained motionless.

Captain Warrens' curiosity was so much excited that he immediately leaped into his boat with several seamen, and rowed towards her. On approaching he observed that her hull was miserably weather-beaten, and not a soul appeared on the deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He hailed her crew several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board an open port-hole near the main chains caught his eye, and on looking into it he perceived a man reclining back in a chair, with writing materials on a table before him, but the feebleness of the light made everything very indistinct. The party went upon deck, and having removed the hatchway, which they found closed, they descended to the cabin.

They first came to the apartment, which Captain Warrens viewed through the port-hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its inmate retained his former position, and seemed to be insensible to strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead, and veiled his open eyeballs. He had a pen in his hand, and a log-book lay before him, the last sentence in whose unfinished page ran thus:—"Nov. 14, 1762. We have now been enclosed in the ice seventeen days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again, without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief."

Captain Warrens and his seamen hurried from the spot, without uttering a word. On entering the principal cabin the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female, reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life, and a contraction of the limbs showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor was the corpse of an apparently young man, holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him. In the fore part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths, and the body of a boy was seen crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered anywhere; but Captain Warrens was prevented, by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen, from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done. He therefore carried away the log-book already mentioned, returned to his own

ship, and immediately steered to the southward, deeply impressed with the awful example which he had just witnessed of the danger of navigating the Polar seas in high northern latitudes.

On returning to England he made various inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way, and by comparing the results of those with the information which was afforded by the written documents in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship and of her unfortunate master, and found that she had been frozen thirteen years previous to the time of his discovering her among the ice.

MR. CATLIN AMONG THE INDIANS.

MR. CATLIN, the painter of life and scenery in the country of the North American Indians, was originally a barrister in the United States. Having little practice, and a strong passion for art, he abandoned his profession, sold his law library, and started as a painter in Philadelphia. A deputation of Indian chiefs having arrived in that city, Catlin was struck by their picturesque appearance and dignified manners, and was led to study the history of those interesting people, who appear to be doomed to fade out on the great northern American continent, which was once their own. Catlin was born and had spent his early days in his father's home in the beautiful valley of Wyoming, on the Susquehannah, the scene of Campbell's poem of

“ Gertrude of Wyoming ;” and the striking legends of Indian life connected with that romantic spot, which had long been familiar to him, contributed to increase his interest in these people. To preserve by pictorial illustration their manners and customs appeared to him an object worthy of a lifetime’s toil, and this idea acquired over his mind so powerful a fascination, that he finally resolved to sacrifice everything to its accomplishment. Accordingly, in the year 1832, having fully equipped himself for his expedition, he took leave of friends and home, and started for the far west.

The steam-boat in which he ascended the Missouri, was three months toiling against the current of that rapid stream. The poor Indians on the banks of the river, for the distance of two thousand miles, had never before seen or heard of a steam-boat, and in some places they seemed at a loss to know what to do. They had no name for it, so it was like everything else with them which is mysterious and unaccountable, called medicine (mystery). The voyagers had on board one twelve-pound cannon, and three or four eight-pound swivels, which they were taking up to arm the Fur Company’s Fort at the mouth of the Yellow Stone River ; and at the approach to every village they were all discharged several times in rapid succession, which threw the inhabitants into confusion and amazement. Some of them threw their faces to the ground and cried to the Great Spirit—some shot their horses and dogs, and sacrificed them to appease the Great Spirit, whom they conceived was offended—some deserted their villages and ran to the tops of the hills some miles distant ; and others in

some places, as the boat landed in front of their villages, came with great caution and peeped over the bank of the river to see the fate of their chiefs, whose duty it was to approach the strange visitors. Sometimes in this plight they were instantly thrown neck and heels over each other's heads and shoulders—men, women and children, and dogs—sage, sachem, old and young—all in a mass, at the frightful discharge of the steam from the escape-pipe. There were many curious conjectures amongst their wise men, with regard to the nature and powers of the steam-boat. Some called it the "big thunder canoe;" for when in the distance below the village they saw the lightning flash from its sides, and heard the thunder come from it; others called it the "big medicine canoe with eyes." "It was medicine or mystery," says Catlin, "because they could not understand it;" "and it must have eyes, for," said they, "it sees its own way, and takes the deep water in the middle of the channel." They had no idea of the boat being steered by the man at the wheel.

Mr. Catlin and his two companions now arrived at one of the trading forts of the American Fur Company, at about three thousand five hundred miles' distance from his home; and the Indian tribes, who from time to time visited the fort to sell the skins of animals, afforded him many opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of their habits. Journeying still further westward, he joined the singular tribe of the Mandans, with whom he resided some time, and became intimately acquainted—sketching, meanwhile, all that was picturesque in their manners, customs, and ceremonies. He next entered the country of the Sioux, a tribe remarkable for

their high stature, and who, it was believed, could assemble eight or ten thousand warriors. Much of his time was spent in his canoe, in which he travelled on rivers many hundreds of miles. The country of the Cherokees and the Choctaws was the next point in his wanderings, which were not always free from dangers, some of the tribes being very suspicious of his objects. At a place called *Traverse des Sioux*, on the St. Peter's River, about a hundred and fifty armed Indians surrounded the hut in which Catlin and his companions were sheltered, and informed the white men that they were prisoners. They had taken them to be officers sent by the Government to see the value of the country ; and it was with great difficulty that Catlin persuaded them of the harmlessness of his intentions, and obtained permission to depart.

In this way, sometimes on horseback, sometimes in his favourite canoe, and frequently sojourning with some tribe until he became almost as one of themselves, Mr. Catlin spent about eight years. It was in the year 1841 that he bent his steps once more eastward, and came again within civilized parts. He brought with him portraits of the principal men and women in each tribe, pictures of their villages, their pastimes, their religious ceremonies, and a collection of their costumes, manufactures, and weapons of war. During this time he had visited forty-eight tribes, mostly speaking different languages. His portraits numbered upwards of three hundred, besides two hundred paintings of their villages, huts, religious ceremonies, dances, races, and other scenes illustrative of Indian life and manners. No artist had ever before started on such a labour ; nor

would it be possible now to repeat it: for disease, and the advance of the white settler, have already carried away many of the tribes. The whole of the curious tribe of the Mandans perished by the ravages of Asiatic cholera, which swept over the greater part of the western country and the Indian frontier, soon after his departure. Mr. Catlin's wonderful panorama of Indian life was for some time exhibited in London, and was afterwards conveyed again to the United States.

THE ADVENTURES OF GIOVANNI FINATI.

THE adventures of Giovanni Finati, an Italian, as related by himself in a narrative of his life, translated and published some years since by Mr. Bankes, the Oriental traveller, have hardly been surpassed in romantic interest by any work of fiction. Finati had accompanied Mr. Bankes in his travels in Nubia and Syria, and that gentleman had had frequent opportunities of ascertaining the truth of the main incidents of his adventures, which, indeed, bear every appearance of authenticity. He was born at Ferrara, and was educated for the church; but the Italian states being then practically under the sway of Napoleon, he was drawn in the conscription, and called on to serve in the French army. A substitute, whom his parents had provided at considerable expense, after a few months' service deserted; and Finati, by the rules of the army, was compelled to take his place. Detesting a military life he

endeavoured by every means to escape from his harsh fate, and for a time acting under the advice of friends, he secreted himself in the neighbourhood of Ferrara. But this was of little avail. The French military tribunal ordered his father and younger brother to be seized as a punishment to the family, and they were thrown into prison, and their property confiscated; steps which compelled Finati to declare himself, and thus saved them from ruin. He was then sent to Milan to be trained and exercised, and in 1806 was despatched with the army to the Tyrol. Here his disgust for the military life again tempted him to seek an opportunity to desert, which he at length accomplished. By day it was impossible to show himself in his uniform without being detected; but all his nights were passed in traversing the deep wilds and forests of that country, until at last he found himself again within his native state. The thought of being now once more near his native home affected him so strongly that he determined to risk the danger of discovery, and to visit his parents in the night. The probable consequences of detection after a second desertion were so serious that he dared not remain in their house, but was compelled to conceal himself in places the least frequented of the country round; sometimes lying in the sheepfolds and outhouses with the animals and cattle, and sometimes in ditches and holes in the earth, so that a life of wretchedness and privation was all that he gained by his escape.

Meanwhile the news of his desertion had reached Ferrara, and the unhappy Finati had the misery of knowing that his persecutors had again begun to wreak their vengeance on his family. The confiscation of their

property was renewed, and his younger brother, a mere youth, was peremptorily required to serve in his stead. To surrender himself was almost certain death, so severe were the French military laws against obstinate deserters. But at last the French soldiers discovered his lurking place, and suddenly made him their prisoner. Chained to twenty other deserters he was then ordered to march, their destination being Venice, where it was fully expected that he would be brought to a military tribunal and condemned to death. It happened, however, that the Emperor Napoleon had just arrived in that city on a short visit, and to this fortunate coincidence Finati attributed the general act of grace under which his life was spared, though condemned for some time to submit to a degrading punishment. This punishment ended, the young student of theology finally relinquished all hope of being able to follow his original profession, and, though hating still the oppression of his French masters, determined to make the best of a military life; but dreams of escape from his present position haunted him, and his parents being now beyond the reach of their persecutors, he resolved to watch for another opportunity. The regiment in which he served being ordered to join the army in Montenegro under General Marmont, this opportunity at length presented itself. A conspiracy was formed for the purpose among the Italians in the regiment, and at a preappointed time the party, numbering sixteen in all, and including the sergeant and his wife, contrived to slip away unperceived by their comrades and betook themselves to the mountains. By midnight they had reached the frontier of Albania, where, passing

a French outpost, they had a narrow escape of being arrested. On the following day, they reached the Turkish town and castle of Antivari, where their numbers and their armed appearance created so much distrust, that they were in great danger of being attacked by the guard before they could give an explanation; but by throwing down their arms, and making signs of submission, they were hospitably received. Indeed, the soldiers who had deserted from the infidel army in Dalmatia caused a great excitement in the town, where the people of every rank crowded forward to see them as they passed along. But the unfortunate Italians soon found that their troubles were not yet at an end. The governor had determined that they should embrace the Mohammedan religion, and enlist in the Turkish army; and to this end he assailed them incessantly with coaxing and menaces. Finding them obstinate, he sent them to work in the quarries, where, under a hot sun, they performed daily tasks, which were generally assigned to convicts. Having dragged on this wretched existence for more than three months, their spirit was broken, and their strength exhausted, so that it seemed impossible for them to persevere and live. Wearied out at last, the sergeant of the party one day addressed his fellow-prisoners, pointing out to them (which there was little need to do) the wretchedness of their present situation, and that to continue in it must inevitably shorten their lives. After some further remarks of this kind, his hearers appear to have been convinced, and, outwardly at least, consented to conform to the wishes of their oppressors.

Finati now took the name of Mahomet, and thenceforth

imbibed more and more the habits of a Turkish soldier ; but a restless love of adventure had taken possession of him ; and by the aid of a friendly merchant, whom he had known in Montenegro, he found means to escape aboard a vessel bound to Egypt. Here he enlisted in the army of the famous Mehemet Ali, and was a witness of the famous destruction of the Mamelukes. Finati, or Mahomet, as he now called himself, was then drafted into the army for service in Arabia, where a sect of Mohammedans, called the Wahabees, defied the power of the Sultan, and forbade the pilgrims to visit Mecca without paying them tribute. In his first campaign for the recovery of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, Finati's old ill-fortune pursued him. The army under Jossoon Pasha was routed, and of those who were not slain by the enemy, the greater number perished before they could reach the coast where the Egyptian vessels awaited them. Although Finati escaped, his position was one of extreme peril : the heat of the country being intolerable, and water not to be found. Fortunately, however, he remembered a spring at about five miles' distance, and thither he contrived to make his way. At the well he found a little knot of his comrades, sitting despondently around the brink, the well being too deep for them to reach the water by any contrivance they could devise, though expiring with thirst ; and one of the number, in the agony of despair occasioned by it, threw himself in, and perished before them all. It was now daylight, and many tracks were found by this well, so that there was a great difference of opinion as to which should be taken, and some of them separated ; but that which Finati had chosen fortunately

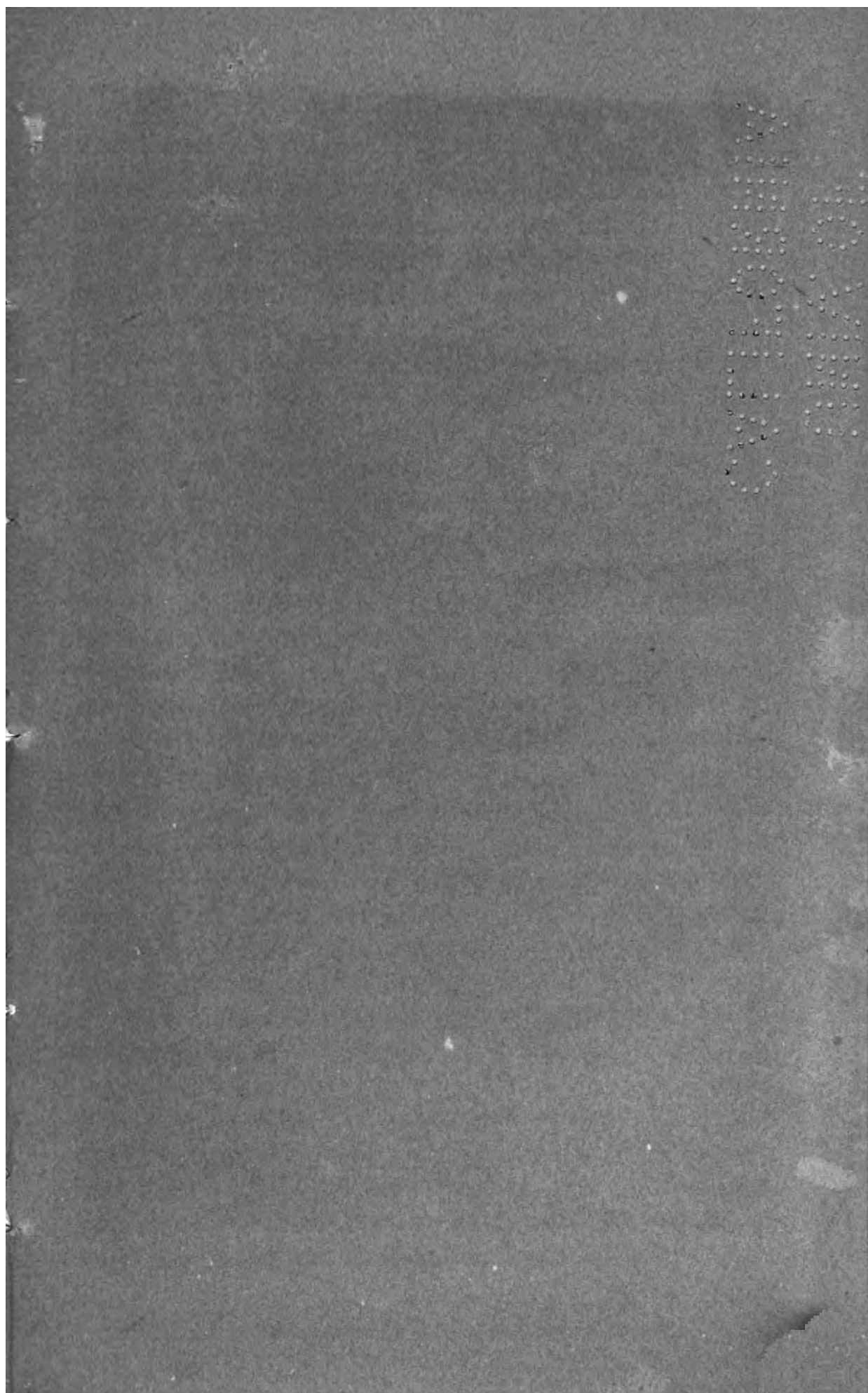
soon brought him into sight of the sea and of the shipping, which was coasting very near the beach. Weary and exhausted, he still found strength to run down to the shore, and there, in his impatience, threw himself into the water, and swam aboard one of the largest of the vessels, which happened to be that in which the Turkish commander was embarked.

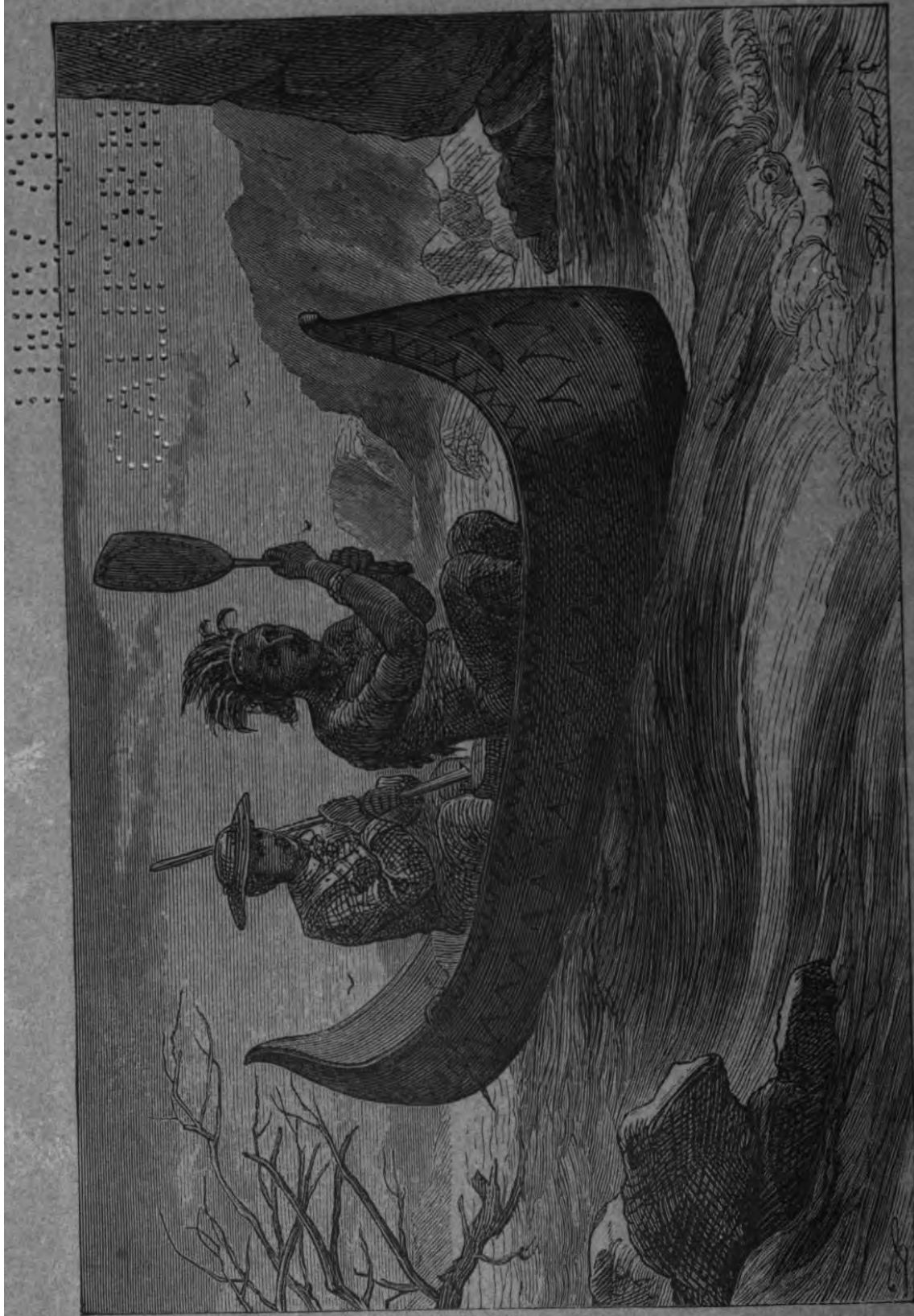
Finati now returned to Cairo, but soon afterwards returned to the army, which was again fitted out for the expedition against the Wahabees, under the command of Mehemet Ali himself. Misfortune, however, still pursued him. The army was frequently defeated, and their sufferings were so great, that he determined to escape from it altogether. Having wandered about the country for some time, suffering great hardships, he was fortunate in falling in with a company of Bedouin Arabs, who were making the journey to Mecca. These people treated him kindly, and in their company he arrived at that city, so sacred in the eyes of the Moham-medans. Finati gives many curious details of his observations in the city, where he stayed for some time. After a variety of adventures, he rejoined the Egyptian army, which he accompanied throughout the campaign.

Returned again to Cairo, the war being ended, Finati was engaged by Mr. Bankes to accompany him in his travels and researches upon the Nile and in Nubia, his knowledge of the Oriental languages and of Oriental customs rendering him a useful guide to that gentleman. Returned from this journey, he again accompanied Mr. Bankes to Jerusalem, and spent a considerable time in travelling with him and examining the famous sites

of the Holy Land. Finati was then engaged by the British Consul to accompany Mr. Beechey and the famous Belzoni to Upper Egypt, and he took a part in the explorations of that remarkable traveller. He was present at the opening of the great temple of Abou-sombal, of which he gives a spirited account. "While fresh clamours and new disputes were going on with our crew (he says), I, being one of the slenderest of the party, without a word said, crept through into the interior, and was thus the first who entered it, perhaps, for a thousand years. Unlike all the other grottoes in Egypt and Nubia, its atmosphere, instead of presenting a refreshing coolness, was a hot and moist vapour. It was, however, a consoling and almost an unexpected circumstance that the run of sand extended but a very little way within the aperture, and the remainder of the chambers were all unencumbered. With this favourable intelligence I came out again, still creeping flat upon my face, and assisted the rest in extending the orifice."

Finati spent many years in accompanying explorers in this way both in Africa and Syria, and in taking an active part in their researches, which he describes with great intelligence. Being at length invited by Mr. Bankes to visit him in England, he spent a considerable time in this country, where, in 1830, he published, for the first time, his narrative of his adventures.





MR. WATERTON AND THE INDIAN IN THE CANOE.

MR. WATERTON IN GUIANA.



No man, perhaps, in recent times has seen more remarkable adventures than Mr. Charles Waterton, the eccentric naturalist, whose narratives of his "Wanderings" in the wild and unfrequented forests of South America, were published about forty years since. As with Bruce and other travellers, many of Mr. Waterton's stories of adventure were at first received with incredulity and ridicule; but the public have since become better acquainted with this original observer of nature; and few now doubt that his narratives are fully entitled to credit.

Though an English gentleman of fortune, Mr. Waterton in pursuit of his favourite studies of birds, animals, and other natural objects, determined to encounter the perils of travel in the forests of Guiana, that pestilential region of South America, whose name, in the traveller's ear, carries associations of fever and death. His first journey was undertaken in 1812, and its chief object was to collect specimens of the famous Wourali poison, with which the native Indians tip their arrows, and the nature of which was of some interest to science. To travel through the wilds of Demarara and Essequibo on foot, would have been impossible. The tour would exhaust the wayfarer in his attempts to wade through the swamps, and the mosquitoes at night would entirely deprive him of sleep. The only way was by canoe up the river, on which he soon found himself moving through an unbroken range of forest, covering

each shore, save here and there where a hut discovered itself inhabited by free people of colour, with a rood or two of bared ground about it, or where the wood-cutter had made himself a dwelling, and cleared a few acres for pasturage. After a time even these traces of life disappeared for a while. This country had been but little explored, and afforded a rich field for the naturalist's observations; leopard, sloths, vultures, snakes, vampires, lizards, besides innumerable varieties of insects were among the inhabitants of the dense forests in which the singular vine, called the bush-rope by the wood-cutters, on account of its use in hauling out heavy timber, twisted itself sometimes as thick as a man's body round the tallest trees, rearing its head high above their tops.

It was a relief to him when he came near the habitation of an Indian, named Simon, situated on the summit of a hill. The Indians who frequented this habitation, though living in the midst of woods, bore evident marks of attention to their persons. Their hair was neatly collected, and tied up in a knot; their bodies fancifully painted red, in numerous devices. This gave them a gay and animated appearance. Some of them had on necklaces composed of the teeth of wild boars slain in the chase, many wore rings, and others had an ornament on the left arm, midway between the shoulder and the elbow. At the close of day, they regularly bathed in the river below, and the next morning seemed busy in renewing the faded colours of their faces. One day there came into the hut a form which literally might be called the wild man of the woods. On entering, he laid down a ball of wax which he had collected in the forest. His hammock was all

ragged and torn, and his bow, though of good wood, was without any ornament or polish. His face was extremely meagre, his looks forbidding, and his whole appearance neglected. His long black hair hung from his head in matted confusion; nor had his body, to all appearance, ever been painted. They gave him some cassava bread and boiled fish, which he ate voraciously, and soon after left the hut. As he went out, they could observe no traces in his countenance or demeanour which indicated that he was in the least mindful of having been benefited by the society he was just leaving. The Indians said that he had neither wife, nor child, nor friend. They had often tried to persuade him to come and live amongst them; but all was of no avail. He went roving on, plundering the wild bees of their honey and picking up the fallen nuts and fruits of the forest. When he fell in with game, he procured fire from two sticks, and cooked it on the spot. When a hut happened to be in his way, he stepped in, and asked for something to eat, and then months elapsed ere they saw him again. They did not know, they said, what had caused him to be thus unsettled, he had been so for years; nor did they believe that even age itself, would change the habits of this poor, harmless, solitary wanderer.

Continuing his journey, falls and rapids on the river increased the difficulties of the navigation; and coming soon afterwards to the higher lands, Waterton was enabled to pursue his way through the forest on foot; sleeping at night in a hammock slung to the trees, and by days depending for food upon the game with which the forests abounded. He had always entertained the belief, that

savage animals are rarely inclined to molest human beings unless provoked ; and the immunity which he enjoyed from the attacks certainly confirmed his views. After long wandering in this way, he was fortunate in finding some Indians and soldiers whom the Portuguese commander had sent into a space in the forest to build a canoe. They had just finished it ; but the soldier who commanded the rest said he dared not on any account convey a stranger to the fort ; but he added as there were two canoes, one of them might be dispatched with a letter, and then the stranger could proceed slowly on in the other. In this way they travelled for four days, when the first canoe which had gone on with the letter met them with the commander's answer. During its absence, the nights had been cold and stormy, the rain had fallen in torrents, the days were cloudy, and there had been no sun to dry the wet hammocks. Exposed thus day and night to the chilling blast and pelting shower, Mr. Waterton's health gave way, and a severe fever came on. The commander's answer was a refusal to allow any stranger to cross the frontier ; but upon a second message being taken to him, informing him of the traveller's dangerous condition, he ordered him to be removed to the fort, where the stranger was eventually treated with much kindness.

This journey was successful in procuring samples of the singular poison called Wourali, of which so many half fabulous stories were told. Mr. Waterton found it a preparation from a kind of vine, growing in those wilds, with the addition of pounded fangs of the Labarri snake, and other strange ingredients mingled together by a slow and tedious process ; with this poison, the Indians

tipped their arrows in hunting for all game, which never failed to die if wounded with it.

Having had a return of his fever, and being aware that the further he advanced into these lonely regions the less would be his chance of regaining health, Mr. Waterton finally gave up all idea of proceeding, and went slowly back towards Demarara by nearly the same route by which he had come. As before, an Indian steered the canoe ; and the traveller has given a graphic description of this part of his journey. On descending the falls in the Essequibo, it was resolved to push through them, the downward stream being in the canoe's favour. At a little distance from the place, a large tree had fallen into the river, and in the meantime the canoe was lashed to one of its branches. The roaring of the water was dreadful ; it foamed and dashed over the rocks with a tremendous spray, like breakers on a lee-shore, threatening destruction to whatever approached it. The channel was barely twelve feet wide, and the torrent in rushing down formed transverse furrows, which showed how near the rocks were to the surface. Nothing could surpass the skill of the Indian who steered the canoe. He looked steadfastly at it, then at the rocks, then cast an eye on the channel, and then looked at the canoe again. It was in vain to speak. The sound was lost in the roar of waters ; but his eye showed that he had already passed it in imagination. He held up his paddle in a position, as much as to say that he would keep exactly amid channel ; and then made a sign to cut the bush-rope that held the canoe to the fallen tree. The canoe drove down the torrent with inconceivable rapidity. It did not touch the rocks once all the way.

Soon after this, Mr. Waterton returned to England, and settled again at his seat of Walton Hall, in Yorkshire, where his remarkable collections of stuffed birds and other animals and natural objects are well known. The tertian ague had unfortunately seized him, and three years passed before it finally took leave of him. "For three revolving autumns," says this enthusiastic writer, "the ague-beaten wanderer never saw, without a sigh, the swallow bend her flight towards warmer regions. He wished to go too, but could not, for sickness had enfeebled him, and prudence pointed out the folly of roving again too soon across the Northern tropic." But the old passion finally prevailed, and again he set sail, his destination being Pernambuco on the coast of Brazil. From Pernambuco he proceeded to Cayenne in Guiana, whence he started again into the interior, encountering hardships similar to those of his first journey; and noting in his own brilliant language, the habits and appearance of the birds and other wild animals which came under his observation. Fevers more than once attacked him, and on one occasion the hardwood stump of a tree wounded the hollow of his foot, in a way which caused him some weeks of suffering, though his habit of going without shoes generally caused him little inconvenience. A traveller in those regions, he says, must be content to leave behind his high-seasoned dishes, his wines and delicacies, carry nothing but what is necessary for his own comfort and the object in view, and depend on the skill of an Indian, or his own, for fish and game. "A sheet," he adds, "of about twelve feet long, ten wide, painted and with loop-holes on each side, will be of great service. In a few minutes you can suspend it between two trees in

the shape of a roof. Under this, in your hammock, you may defy the pelting shower, and sleep heedless of the dews of night." In another portion of his narrative he says, "Should you ever wander through these remote and dreary wilds, forget not to carry with thee, bark laudanum, calomel, and jalap, and the lancet. There are no druggist shops here, nor sons of Galen to apply to in time of need. I never go encumbered with many clothes. A thin flannel waiscoat under a check shirt, a pair of trowsers, and a hat, were all my wardrobe; shoes and stockings I seldom had on. In dry weather they would have irritated the feet, and retarded me in the chase of wild beasts; and in the rainy season they would have kept me in a perpetual state of damp and moisture. I eat moderately, and never drink wine, spirits, or fermented liquors in any climate. This abstemiousness has ever proved a faithful friend; it carried me triumphant through the epidemia at Malaga, where death made such havoc about the beginning of the present century; and it has since befriended me in many a fit of sickness, brought on by exposure to the noonday sun, to the dews of night, to the pelting shower, and unwholesome food."

Mr. Waterton subsequently made a third journey in Guiana, besides a tour in remote parts of the United States, the narratives of which are equally interesting. Notwithstanding his attacks of fever, he is of opinion that the dangers of travelling in these countries have been greatly exaggerated, and are mostly dreaded, because unknown to those who remain at home. In prefaces to the volumes of essays on natural history, published by him since his final return to England, he has given an interesting sketch of his strange adventurous life.

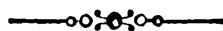
A ROLLING STONE.


MR. KENDALL, a gentleman who accompanied the American Santa Fé expedition in New Mexico, having crossed the great sandy desert in the centre of that country, found one day, near his encampment, a celebrated stone, weighing about two hundred pounds, the history of which is curious. Many years before his arrival, this stone was found near the pool which the people call the Diamond of the Desert, and was the only one within many miles of that spot. A band of muleteers, passing that way, commenced lifting it in sport, and finally one or two of them were found strong enough to raise it to a level with, and then throw it over their heads. By accident the stone fell just in a direction towards the city of Mexico; and the muleteers having spoken of this fact to their fellows, by some strange freak of superstition, it became in course of time regarded as a duty among the muleteers who travel that road to facilitate the progress of the stone towards the capital, a distance of about fourteen or fifteen hundred miles. Accordingly, every muleteer who passed along gave the stone a trial; and although scarcely one in fifty was found able to throw it over his head, in no other way was it allowed to be moved.

By this odd system of advancing, this "rolling stone" had progressed, at the time of Mr. Kendall's visit, some twelve or fourteen miles on its travels, and this within a century and a half. The number of travellers upon the road is considerable, it being the highway of

all traffic between New Mexico and the State of Chihuahua; yet the stone progresses only at this slow rate, the same person not being allowed to throw it over his head more than once. The muleteers were accustomed to say that when it should have travelled further down the country, some ages hence, its transit would be more rapid; but centuries upon centuries must pass away before the strange wayfarer could arrive at its journey's end. "Throughout the country," says Mr. Kendall, "the inhabitants have many strange customs, superstitions, and observances, borrowed from the Indians, and all taking their rise from some circumstances of trifling import; but this idea of starting a stone which few can lift, upon so long a journey, and by such ludicrous means, is the most singular of all."

A SHIP IN THE MOUNTAINS.



IN the year 1826, Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, an eminent firm of jewellers in London, purchased the gold mines of Tipuani and the emerald mines of Illimani in Peru, determining to work them for their own profit by an agent to be established there. These mines were situated on the banks of the Lake Chiquito, which is two hundred and fifty miles long and one hundred and fifty miles broad, and the country around was wild and desolate, abounding in rugged and impenetrable mountains, and in sandy and sterile plains. To this region Messrs. Rundell and Bridge dispatched a gentleman

named Page, who speedily organized a plan for working the mines by means of the wild tribes of Indians, who were almost the sole inhabitants of that lofty region; but the difficulty of feeding so large a body of workmen as was required was very great. The only vegetable produce of the district was a species of red potato and a few edible plants; though to the east of the great lake at Copacasana, and in the valley of Bolivia, were cultivated maize, barley, and fruit-bearing trees. No vessels, however, existed on the lake except canoes, which did not venture to cross its stormy waters, and to reach these sources of food-supplies by land in a rugged country without roads, was scarcely practicable. At a short distance from Tipuani were other productive mines belonging to General O'Brien and an Englishman named Begg, and to these gentlemen Mr. Page suggested the idea of jointly constructing a vessel for the navigation of the lake.

The project was a difficult one. The lake was actually situate at eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and neither shipwrights nor appliances for shipbuilding could be obtained in those parts; but Mr. Page determined to overcome these obstacles. Having returned again to Arica on the sea-coast, he purchased in that port an old brig stripped of her anchors, sails, and rigging, and he succeeded, with extreme difficulty, in conveying the hull to the Apolambo, a river whose waters fall into the Lake of Chiquito. Thither he also brought some ordinary carpenters, who built a rude kind of stocks, and, after two years of almost unceasing labour, they succeeded in launching their vessel on the lake, thus opening a regular com-

munication with the more fertile regions of the opposite shore. By this means the Indians, and all others connected with the settlement, were thenceforth abundantly supplied with food, the brig sailing well, and being well provided with everything save anchors, which it was found impossible to convey to such a height. Thus, for the first time, a vessel fully equipped was seen by the astonished Indians floating on the waters of Lake Chiquito, in the centre of which is the island mentioned by their traditions as the cradle of Peruvian civilization and the sacred burial-place of their ancient kings.

A SOJOURN WITH GIANTS.



DURING the first outbreak of the gold fever in America, consequent on the discovery of the abundance of that metal in California, a company of twenty-five men left the port of New Bedford, in the United States, in the schooner "John Allyne," for San Francisco. The vessel left the port on the 13th of February, 1849, and had a prosperous passage as far as Cape Horn. Here, on account of the delays and dangers incident to doubling the Cape, it was determined to attempt the passage of the Straits of Magellan, a route rarely attempted by vessels, on account of the intricacy of the navigation; but the "John Allyne" had been selected for her light draught of water and general fitness for river navigation. On the 30th of April they made Cape Virgin, and stood

in for the straits, and anchored, about midnight, about twelve miles from the first narrows.

Very little is known of the immense tract of country called Patagonia, or of the great island of Terra del Fuego, as the Europeans name it, the coast of which forms the opposite side of the straits. Ships rarely send boats on shore there except for water and wood, when the crews are invariably armed against the treacherous attacks of the natives, who are described as a race of such high stature as to procure them, among sailors, the name of the Patagonian giants. They are commonly of as much as six feet five inches in height, and have no other clothing but skins, which they wear with the hair outward. Contrary to usage, however, Captain Brownell, the master of the schooner, determined to send ashore his mate, Mr. Bourne, and a small party of sailors, with instructions to procure fresh provisions if they were to be had. Knowing, from the reports of the whalers and others, something of the savage and inhospitable character of the natives, the mate was little inclined for the duty; but the captain made light of his objections and Bourne determined to comply.

Taking their guns, a bag of biscuit, and some tobacco, four of them accordingly started for the shore. As they approached the beach, a crowd of dark-looking savages, fully justifying the common report of their stature, came to the water's edge to gaze at the strangers. The men did not like the appearance of the giants, and lay on their oars a considerable time. A recollection of the many stories current about the Patagonians, did not fortify their confidence, or make them anxious for

personal acquaintance with them. They accordingly lay off in their boat, and, hailing the Indians in Spanish, asked them if they had eggs, fowls, and beef. They replied, in broken Spanish, that they had plenty at their huts—thus evidencing, at least, that they had been accustomed to hold intercourse with Europeans. The sailors then told them to produce their stores, promising them plenty of biscuit in exchange, and, after some parley, the boat at length touched the shore. Bourne stood at the stern, gun in hand, endeavouring to keep the natives from stealing, and warned the men not to leave the boat, but they jumped ashore, promising not to stray from the spot. The Indians meanwhile offered skins for sale, which they paid for in bread. While the mate's attention was diverted from them by this barter, the Indians were coaxing his men away. He looked about, and found only one man near him, whom he immediately dispatched in pursuit of the others, and directed him to bring them without delay. The tide, at this point, rose and fell forty-two feet. It was now ebb tide, the boat was fast grounding, and, it being large and heavily loaded, he was unable to get off. The old chief and several other Indians now crowded into it, and once in could not be got out. Persuasion was useless, and they were too many to be driven away. In short, he was in their hands, and became immediately conscious of the difficulty and peril of his situation; his men gone he knew not where, the boat fast aground and crowded with savages, while nearly a thousand of the tribe congregated upon the beach.

What was before him, at the worst, he conjectured from the report. After a time, one of his men came back and

asked permission to go to the Indian village, which, they had been told, was but a little way from the shore, and where they were promised the articles which they were in search of. Bourne refused his request, and bade him inform his comrades of his order to return immediately to the boat. In this suspense he remained some time, when, weary of waiting, he asked an Indian for the use of one of the miserable horses which they brought with them, and rode with all speed after the fugitives; but the men had become reckless and disobedient, and the Indians, having completely allayed their suspicions by a show of friendship and specious promises, the sailors persisted in going with them in spite of his peremptory orders. In this way they proceeded for some time, when it began to be evident that the savages deceived them. Their village, they had told them, was but a little way off, yet they had journeyed nearly a mile, and no house was yet in sight. Determined to go back if he went alone, Bourne now turned his horse's head; but at this point the mask was finally thrown off. The Indians having seized his bridle and arrested his progress, the party of sailors dismounted, with the intention of retreating on foot, but before Bourne could reach the man nearest to him, the Indians had robbed him of his gun. A struggle ensued, in which Bourne presented his pistol at the head of one of his assailants; but the weapon missed fire, and he was immediately seized by the wrist by the old chief, a man of gigantic stature, while others overpowered him by holding his legs.

The American now endeavoured to plead for life and liberty, by telling the old chief that he should have plenty of rum, tobacco, flour and beads, if he

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would take him to the boat again ; and the latter appeared to be moved by his reasonings, and kept his companions off by flourishing an old cutlass. He then desired Bourne to get up behind him on his horse, an order which he obeyed with alacrity ; but, whatever may have been the Indian's intention, he soon abandoned the idea of returning to the boat. One of the most audacious of the savages rode up, and insisted that he should not be allowed to return, affirming that Bourne was captain of the ship, and that if he were returned they should get none of the promised rum and tobacco. The prisoners then offered a large ransom, and, after some higgling, it was agreed that three of their number might be released, but that one must remain as a hostage, and Bourne was pointed out as the one. After a while the three released men returned with a portion of the ransom to the Indians who had accompanied them, and it was agreed that the remainder was to be brought at the daylight in the morning. Bourne was then hurried back into the country five or six miles to an Indian village, consisting of a few huts, in one of which the chief and his captive remained for the night.

The Indian lighted a fire of grass and sticks, which rendered the atmosphere of the hut scarcely endurable. A rude meal ended, he then lay down with others of his tribe, and being soon convinced by their breathing that they were asleep, the American found means of groping his way to the aperture, and escaping into the open air. Here, however, an unexpected difficulty awaited him. A great number of savage dogs, which the Indians kept about their encampment, suddenly rushed upon him, and he had great difficulty in defend-

ing himself with a stick, while the noise of their barking was so great that he was compelled to retreat into the hut again, for fear of awakening his jailers. The morrow, unfortunately, brought a still greater disappointment. A gale of wind had sprung up of such violence that a boat could scarcely live in the billows, and on approaching the shore, they found that all three vessels had dragged their anchors, and lay at some distance from their anchorage of the day before.

Early on the following morning they again visited the shore, and Bourne looked eagerly towards the anchorage, where all his hopes of deliverance centred. Not a vessel was in sight. Whether they had foundered, or were driven upon the shoal and wrecked, or had dragged out to sea in a disabled condition—whether his shipmates, the gale having subsided, had deliberately proceeded on their voyage, and left him a prey to cruel savages, and all the ills of this inhospitable shore—he was unable to conjecture; he only knew that they were gone, and that he was left alone to the tender mercies of the Patagonians.

Bourne was now compelled to accompany his captors on their wanderings, suffering numerous hardships, but acquiring a curious knowledge of their customs. They set out soon afterwards on a journey to the westward, keeping frequently near the coast—their object being, as they stated, to convey their prisoner to a place, the name of which sounded like “Holland,” which afterwards appeared to be a corruption of the English word island. They told him that at that place there were twenty or thirty white men, and plenty of “rum and tobacco.” Bourne knew, from their cruel

habits, that nothing but the hope of a ransom had prevented their murdering him. But it soon appeared that they hoped to use him as a decoy for other sailors who might approach the coast. One morning a man of the tribe who had been brought down to the shore reported that his vessel had returned. This welcome information started the Indians on his track, but upon gaining a view of the straits, Bourne perceived that the vessel was a strange sail. Yet he knew that if he could succeed in boarding her, his escape would be certain. Night coming on, the Indian chief lay down under a clump of bushes, while his prisoner was ordered to replenish the fire with dry bushes.

At dusk, he observed the vessel hoisting sail, and beating up the bay. On this he began brandishing fire-brands to attract notice, and walked to and fro on the beach for hours. The craft gradually approached, till her white canvas became distinguishable through the surrounding gloom. Fresh fuel was heaped on the fire, a bright blaze ascended, and the American took his station in front of it, holding out his coat, and frequently turning round, that his form might be more distinctly revealed. And now a shrill of joy electrified him, as he saw a light set on deck, which appeared to be stationary. There could be no doubt that the vessel had come to anchor directly opposite to them. Though hungry and weary with long watching, he hurried about, and gathered sticks and leaves in abundance to kindle a still brighter beacon-fire, in whose light and warmth anxiety began to expand to hope. At dawn of day, as the horizon lighted up, he could distinguish the vessel lying about a mile off, quiet as a sea-fowl on the calm surface. Pre-

sently there was a movement on deck, the anchor was hove up, the fore and main sails were hoisted, and the object on which his hopes and ardent prayers had centred throughout the cold night, receded from his view, through the straits, bound, probably, for California. Bitterly disappointed, the captive watched the fast vanishing sail with tearful eyes ; and the old chief, who had been on the look-out, started for his horse, that had been hampered, and turned out to crop among the scanty vegetation.

The Indians now renewed their journey ; but the hope of reaching the strange land which they called "Holland," appeared to be more remote than ever. More than three months were spent in incessant wanderings, sleeping at night in dense forests or in low marshy countries, and by day obtaining a scanty subsistence by hunting wild animals. Bourne gradually became reduced to a pitiable condition. All his clothing was worn out, and he gladly accepted a raw skin with which to cover his shoulders, and protect him in some degree from the terrible storms of wind and rain so frequent in that country. Sometimes the tribe appeared to be weary of escorting him, and determined to put an end to his existence ; but Bourne, with the aid of the Spanish language, and many Indian words which he had acquired, was now enabled to communicate with them freely, and he still contrived to stave off their designs by promises of large bribes. Resorting to stratagem, he gave them to understand that they were dealing with no inferior personage, but with one who was at home a great chief. He informed them that if they were good to him they would receive rewards, but that if they did

him any harm, men would come from North America in great numbers to avenge his death. This kind of pardonable fiction generally had its desired effect of saving him from extreme violence, until at length they appeared to approach their destination. One day, having crossed a frozen marsh, and forded a river, they rested at dusk under a clump of bushes. "Waking early in the morning," says Bourne in his narrative, "I found my head and shoulders covered in a fleecy mantle of snow. Would the fortune of my expedition fall as lightly on me? I shook it off, turned up my coat-collar, pulled my more than half-worn-out cap over my ears, and so, partially protected from the storm, rolled over, and again sunk into a slumber. The storm ceased at dawn of day. I rose and went in search of fuel while my dark companions still slept profoundly. In an hour or two they roused themselves, and kindled a fire. Meat, from a store brought along for our provision on the way, was cooked, and served for breakfast." The scanty meal being dispatched, their horses were driven in, lassoed, mounted, and they resumed their journey, in a southeasterly direction. At the end of about three miles another halt was called, a fire was built to warm by, and the horses were watered. The order of arrangements was discussed, and a fresh edition of the promises and the speech critically listened to. Changing their course a little to the right, they soon struck the Santa Cruz, and, to his great joy, the Indians pointed far down the stream, and said, "There is Holland." He strained his eyes in the direction pointed out, and thought he could discern an island with several small huts upon it, and a mile or two further on the north bank brought

them to the mouth of the river, in prospect of the Atlantic.

The Indians arranged that he was to hoist the English flag, the colours of an unfortunate brig named the "Avon," which had been shipwrecked on the coast, and which they had plundered some time before, and then to walk the shore to attract the islanders. They could just perceive the figures of men moving upon one part of the island, but although Bourne waved his signal all day he obtained no response. Snow, sleet, and rain fell during the night, increasing his misery, and on the morrow the weather continued squally. On the beach he found a strip of board, to which he fastened the colours, and planted them on the sands, while he kindled a fire of the bushes around, which had an oily leaf; but though they could still perceive objects moving on the distant island, no relief came. Another night passed in restless anxiety, while the Indians began to be impatient of the delay. "The weather," says Bourne, "had been fair during the night, but there were now indications of another snow-storm. I waited long and impatiently for my companions to awake, and at last started off in quest of fuel; on returning with which they bestirred themselves and kindled a fire, which warmed our half-benumbed limbs. There lay the little island, beautiful to eyes that longed, like mine, for a habitation of sympathizing men, about a mile and a half distant; it almost seemed to recede while I gazed, so low had my hopes sunken under the pressure of disappointment and bitter uncertainty. A violent snow-storm soon setting in, it was hidden from view; everything seemed to be against me. It slackened and partially cleared up; then came another

gust, filling the air and shutting up the prospect. In this way it continued till past noon ; at intervals, as the sky lighted up, I took a firebrand, and set fire to the bushes on the beach, and then hoisted the flag again, walking wearily to and fro till the storm ceased and the sky became clear."

After a time, to his great relief, he perceived a boat launched from the shore, with four or five men on board. It approached within an eighth of a mile, where the rowers lay on their oars. After a short parley with them, kept up by shouting through his hands, the strangers declined to approach on account of the Indians, and were about to row away. The critical moment had arrived. The promises and bribes with which he had sustained the hopes of his persecutors having failed, he knew that he had nothing to expect at their hands but a cruel death. His resolution, therefore, was soon taken. Dashing away from his savage companions, he plunged headlong into the sea, closely pursued by them, with their long knives in hand. His clothes and shoes encumbered him, and the surf, agitated by a high wind, rolled in heavy seas upon the shore. The boat was forty or fifty yards off, and as the wind did not blow in shore, it drifted, so as to increase the original distance unless counteracted by the crew. Whether the boat was backed up towards him he could not determine ; his head was a great part of the time under water, his eyes blinded with the surf, and most strenuous exertion was necessary to live in such a sea. "As I approached the boat," says his narrative, "I could see several guns, pointed, apparently, at me. Perhaps we had misunderstood each other—perhaps they viewed me as an enemy. In fact,

they were aimed to keep the Indians from following me into the water, which they did not attempt. My strength was fast failing me; the man at the helm, perceiving it, stretched out a rifle at arm's length. The muzzle dropped into the water, and arrested my feeble vision. Summoning all my remaining energy, I grasped it, and was drawn towards the boat; a sense of relief shot through and revived me, but revived also such a dread lest the Indians should give chase, that I begged them to pull away, telling them I could hold on."

After a little while, his deliverers were enabled to drag him into the boat, and safely convey him to the opposite shore. They proved to be a party of Englishmen who had settled on the island for the purpose of obtaining large quantities of guano which they had discovered there. After hospitably entertaining him for some months, during which they were in daily expectation of a hostile expedition against them from the giants, he was fortunate enough to obtain a passage to his native country, in the "Washington," a whaling vessel from the Falkland Islands.

A HAPPY VALLEY.



AN interesting story is related by Mr. Farnham in his travels in the Rocky Mountains, of a trapper of martens and beavers who travelled alone far up the river Missouri until he discovered a valley so picturesque and beautiful,

and apparently so admirably adapted to the wild life in which he delighted, that he determined to remain here for the remainder of his days. "The lower mountains," says Mr. Farnham, "were covered with tall pines, and above and around, except in the east, where the morning sun sent his rays, the bright glittering ridges rose high against the sky decked in the garniture of perpetual frosts. Along the valley lay a clear pure lake, in the centre of which played a number of fountains which threw their waters many feet above its surface, and sending their waves rippling away to the pebbly shores, made the mountains and groves that were reflected from its bosom, seem to leap and clap their hands for joy at the sacred quiet that reigned amongst them."

Having gazed for a long time upon this beautiful spot the trapper resolved to explore it carefully, and determine from what parts strangers could enter a valley so completely shut in as to appear to have been hitherto altogether lost sight of by human beings. It was important to him to determine if it was tenanted by any other person besides himself, and if there were places of escape should it be entered by hostile persons by the path by which he had discovered it. He found no other except one for the waters of the lake, through a deep chasm in the mountains, and this was such, that no one could descend it alive to the lower valleys; for, as he waded and swam by turns down its waters, he soon found himself drawn by an increasing current, which sufficiently indicated to him the cause of the deep roar that resounded from the caverns below. He accordingly made the shore, climbed along among the projecting

crag, till he overlooked an abyss of fallen rocks, into which the stream poured and foamed, and was lost in the mist. He returned to his camp, satisfied he had found a hitherto undiscovered valley stored with beaver and trout and grass for his horses, where he could trap fish, and dream awhile in safety. Every morning for three delightful weeks he drew the beaver from the deep pools, where they had plunged when the trap had seized them, and stringing them two and two together over his pack-horse, bore them to his camp, and with his long side-knife stripped off the skins for fur, pinned them to the ground to dry, and in his camp-kettle cooked the much-prized tails for mid-day repast. "Was it not a fine hunt that?" asked he, "beaver as thick as mosquitoes; trout as plenty as water; but the terribly Black-foot Indians."

The sun had thrown a few rays upon the rim of the eastern firmament, when the Blackfeet war-whoop rang around his tent, a direful "whoopah," ending with a yell, piercing sharp and shrill through the clenched teeth. He had but one means of escape—the lake—into which he plunged beneath a shower of poisoned arrows—plunged deeply, and swam under while he could endure the absence of air. He rose, he was in the midst of his foes, swimming and shouting round him; down again, and up to breathe, and on he swam with long and powerful sweeps. The pursuit was long; but at last he entered the chasm which he had explored, plunged along the cascade as near as he dared, clung to a shrub that grew from the crevice in the rock, and lay under water for the approach of his pursuers. On they came; they passed, they shrieked,

and plunged into the abyss of mist and were lost. But the trapper, aware of the propensity to vengeance in the tribe, packed up his guns, and taking a last look at the happy valley, departed with his pack-horses on his western journey.

GOVERNOR GREY'S EXPLORATIONS.

IN the year 1836, Mr. Grey, then a lieutenant in the British army, made an offer to the Government to explore the western coasts of Australia, in order to ascertain whether the surmise of the famous navigators, Dampier and King, as to the existence of a great river or water inlet opening up that portion of the continent, had any foundation. The offer was accepted, and an exploring party, headed by Mr. Grey, landed in 1837 in Hanover Bay. After some weeks spent in preparations, the party set out with their ponies and stores. The ground was rough and broken, and their way lay over that precipitate range of hills which, in this portion of the continent, rise almost directly from the coast. Some of the cliffs which they had to ascend were almost perpendicular, and one hundred and eighty feet in height.

By an accident the leader of the expedition had nearly perished at the outset. The pony which Mr. Grey was leading had accomplished about three-fourths of the ascent when, turning one of the sharp corners round a rock, the load struck against it, and knocked

the animal over on its side. Luckily its fall was checked in time to prevent it slipping over the rocks, and it lay on a flat space of only four or five feet wide, a precipice of 150 feet on one side of it, and the projection against which it had struck on the other. Quick as thought, Mr. Grey flung himself upon its head, and by his weight kept it from rising, while the animal struggled violently, hanging in mid air over the ravine. Anxious for the fate of his favourite, Mr. Grey luckily conceived the idea of cutting the girths of the saddle, which then with its load rolled over the precipice, and fell with a heavy crash in the torrent far down below. Warned by this misfortune, they took another turn in the path, and the remainder of the horses and their loads reached the tableland in safety.

In their journey to the south, the ponies and sheep died one by one, and the sufferings of the party from their toil and the climate were severe. The natives hovered about them for some time, and at length ventured to attack them, but the attack was at first warned off by the mere terror and astonishment which the explorers inspired by firing off their guns. On another occasion a more serious encounter took place. Having gone out with a corporal named Coles, and a Cape man, to determine the next day's route, Mr. Grey was calling to one of his party, when suddenly he saw him close beside him, breathless and speechless with terror, for he was unarmed, and a native with a spear fixed in his throwing-stick, appeared in full pursuit of him. Immediately numbers of other natives burst upon his sight. A moment before, the most solemn silence had pervaded the woods around them; they had deemed

not a human being within miles of them ; and now the air rang with savage and ferocious yells, and fierce armed men crowded round them on every side, bent on their destruction. They were now fairly engaged for their lives ; escape was impossible, and surrender to their enemies out of the question.

As soon as Lieutenant Grey saw the natives around him, he fired one barrel of his gun over the head of him who was pursuing his dismayed attendant, hoping the report would have checked his further career. He proved to be a tall man who had been seen at the camp, painted with white. The shot did not stop him ; he still closed on them, and his spear whistled by their heads ; but whilst he was fixing another in his throwing-stick, a ball from the second barrel of Lieutenant Grey's gun struck him in the arm, and it fell powerless by his side. He now retired behind a rock, but the others still pressed on. Grey now made the two men retire behind some neighbouring rocks, which formed a kind of projecting parapet along their front and right flank, whilst he took part on the left. Both his barrels were exhausted ; and he desired the other two to fire separately, whilst he was reloading ; but to his horror, Coles, who was armed with his rifle, reported hurriedly that the cloth case with which he had covered it for protection against rain, had become entangled. His services were thus lost at a critical moment ; and the other man was so paralyzed with fear, that he could do nothing but cry out, " Oh, sir, look at them, look at them ! "

In the mean time their opponents pressed more closely round, the spears kept whistling by them, and

their fate seemed inevitable. The light-coloured man, previously seen, now appeared to direct their movements. He sprang forward to a rock not more than thirty yards from them, and posting himself behind it, threw a spear with such deadly force and aim, that had Grey not drawn himself forward by a sudden jerk, it must have gone through his body, and, as it was, it touched his back. Another well directed spear, from a different hand, would have pierced him in the breast, but, in the motion he made to avoid it, it struck upon the stock of his gun, of which it carried away a portion.

All this took place in a few seconds of time. The party recognized in the light-coloured man an old enemy who had led on the former attack against them. By cries and gestures, this man now appeared to be urging the others to surround and press on them, which they were rapidly doing. Grey saw now that but one thing could be done to save their lives, so he gave Coles his gun to complete the reloading, and took the rifle which he had not yet disengaged from the cover. He tore it off, and stepping out from behind the parapet, advanced to the rock which covered his light-coloured opponent. He had not made two steps in advance, when three spears struck him nearly at the same moment, one of which was thrown by him. He felt severely wounded in the hip, but knew not exactly where the others had struck him. The force of all knocked him down, and made him very giddy and faint, but, as he fell, he heard the savage yells of the natives' delight and triumph; these happily recalled him to himself, and, roused by momentary rage and indignation, he made a strong effort, rallied, and in a moment was on his legs; the spear was

wrenched from his wound, and his haversack drawn closely over it, that neither his own party nor the natives might see it; and he advanced again steadily to the rock. The man became alarmed, and threatened him with his club, yelling furiously; but as he neared the rock behind which, all but his head and arms were covered, he flew towards an adjoining one, "dodging" dexterously, according to the native manner of confusing an assailant and avoiding the cast of his spear; but he was scarcely uncovered in his flight, when a rifle-ball pierced him through the back, and he fell heavily on his face with a deep groan. The effect was electrical. The tumult of the combat had ceased; not another spear was thrown, nor another yell uttered. Native after native dropped away and noiselessly disappeared.

The natives had all now concealed themselves, but they were not far off. Presently the wounded man made an effort to raise himself slowly from the ground. Some of them instantly came from behind the rocks and trees, without their spears, crowding round him with the greatest tenderness and solicitude; two passed their arms round him, his head drooped senselessly upon his chest, and, with hurried steps, the whole party wound their way through the forest, their black forms being scarcely distinguishable from the charred trunks of the trees, as they receded in the distance.

Mr. Grey was still in great danger. He retreated from the place after a time, but fell from loss of blood, while still two miles from the camp. Coles went for aid, leaving his superior with the other man, whose helpless timidity had caused the whole disaster, from emboldening the natives to the attack. Mr. Grey lay with his

hand on the trigger of his rifle, expecting a new assault each instant. But timely aid came, and he reached his friends safely.

All the toils and sufferings of the adventurous party were at length rewarded by the discovery of a noble river running through a beautiful country, and at the point at which they saw it at least three or four miles across, and studded with numerous islands. They had seen many Australian rivers, but never any equal to this in beauty or magnitude. After exploring its course for a considerable distance, and making numerous interesting discoveries in the adjacent country, the party returned to Hanover Bay, where they fortunately rejoined the exploring vessel, which awaited them, on the 15th of April.

MODERN CRUSOES.

THE adventures of a modern Robinson Crusoe, in the person of a poor sailor of Paington, in Devonshire, named Charles Goodridge, are related in a narrative written by himself in 1844. Goodridge, with his fellow shipmates, was wrecked when on a sealing voyage in 1821, and cast ashore upon one of the Crozet islands in the South Seas, uninhabited by any human being, and without a tree or a shrub growing upon its barren soil. In this situation they furnished themselves with such aid as pieces saved from the wreck would afford, subsisting upon birds, the sea-elephants, and fish. In this way

they spent two years, and Goodridge, who was a man of respectable family and tolerably good education, has described in a simple but interesting way, the life of these unfortunate castaways in this desolate spot.

When the vessel struck, Goodridge and his companions took to the boats and pulled lustily through the breakers. The night was dark and rainy, but after four hours' labour, skirting along the almost perpendicular rocks which lined the shore, they found an opening and effected a landing. Their boat, however, was swamped, and it was with great difficulty they succeeded in dragging it ashore; which they at length accomplished, and by turning it bottom upwards and propping up one side, they crept under and obtained some little shelter from the rain, being all miserably cold, wet, and hungry. Thus they remained huddled together till daylight appeared, when they sallied forth in search of a sea-elephant, with which they were already familiar from their voyages among these islands. Although they were rather scarce at that period of the year, they soon found one and dispatched it. With its blubber they kindled a fire, and such parts as were eatable were, with the assistance of a frying-pan saved from the wreck, soon cooked. They also made a fire of some blubber under their boat, and by this they dried their clothes and warmed themselves as well as they could. No superior officer was among the party, and Goodridge being a man of some education, naturally assumed the direction of their enterprises. When the party had in some measure recruited their strength, they set out over the hills in the direction of the spot where the vessel was wrecked, in order to ascertain her fate.

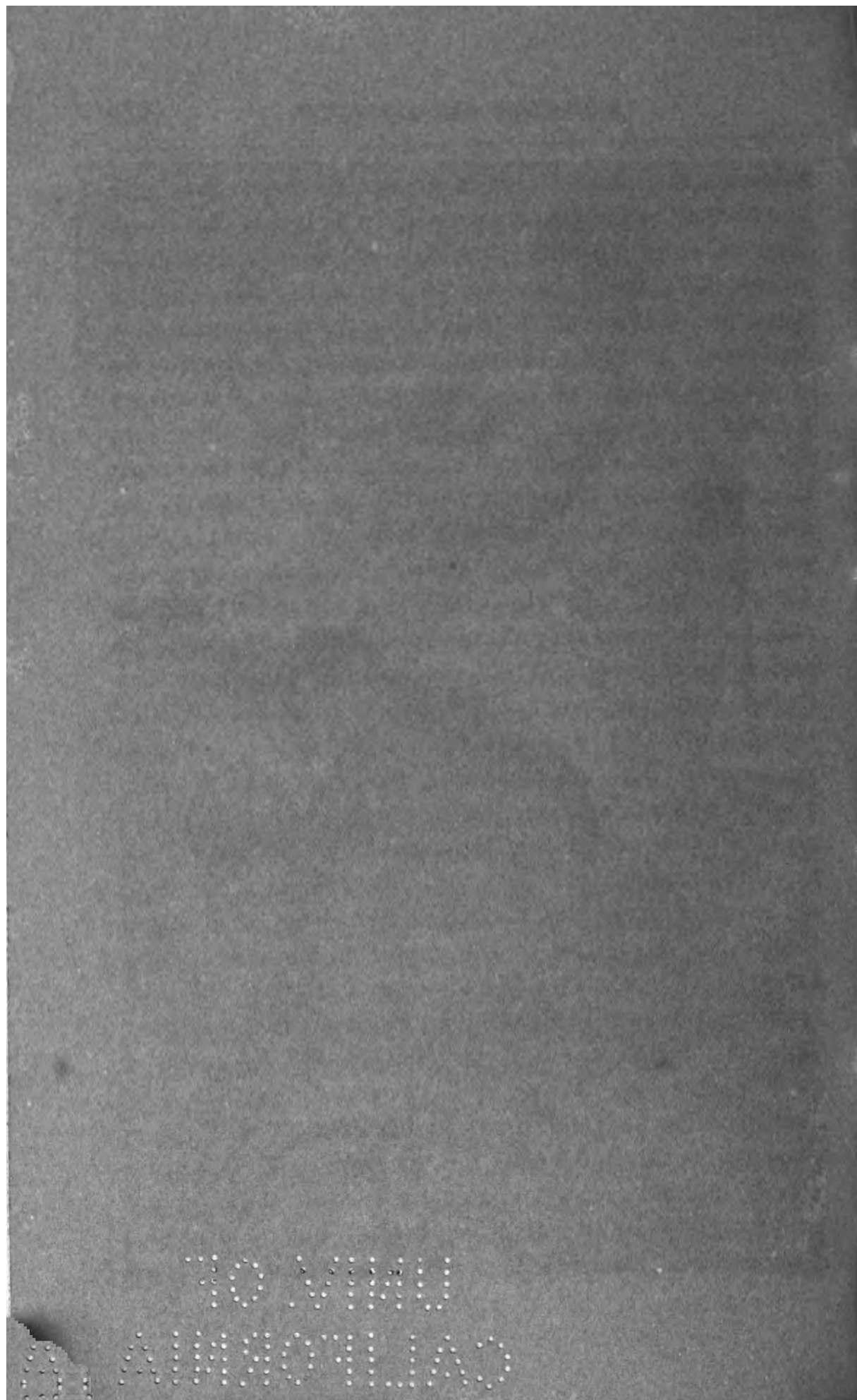
They found her lying on the rocks on her beam ends, with a large hole in her lower planks, and the sea breaking over her, so that it was impossible she could hold together much longer. It was evident, therefore, that all hopes of rescuing her were at an end, and their endeavours could only be exerted for the purpose of saving any portion of the wreck, such as planks or fragments of wood containing nails or bolts which might prove serviceable to them in their forlorn situation, to which they now considered themselves doomed for life. "Still," says poor Goodridge, "thankfulness for the preservation of our lives was due to the author of all good."

On the following day they succeeded in launching their boat and then proceeded towards the wreck. In their progress they discovered a cave much nearer the vessel than where they had landed, and which they had easily missed on the night of their escape, and this they resolved to make their immediate station. Coming to the wreck again they succeeded in saving the captain's chest, the mate's chest, and also some planks. On the following day they picked up the vessel's trisail and some casks of biscuit; but the casks unfortunately not being water-tight, all the biscuit was spoilt by the salt water. On the next day the wind blew very strong, and they saw to their sorrow that nothing remained of their vessel but the topmast, which had become entangled by the rigging among the rocks, and which was almost the last thing they were enabled to secure.

The weather continued so wet and boisterous for three weeks from this time, that it was as much as they could well do to procure necessary food for their sus-



DOMINIC SPESINICK MAKING SIGNS TO THE AMERICAN SCHOONER.



tenance, and they therefore contented themselves with the shelter of their boat propped up as before described. The weather proving now less inclement, and their minds being somewhat more reconciled to their forlorn situation, they set about collecting all the materials they had saved, and then commenced erecting for themselves a more commodious dwelling-place. The sides were formed of stones and the wood saved from the wreck, for there was not a shrub or tree growing in the whole island; the top they covered with sea-elephants' skins, and at the end of a few weeks they were comparatively well lodged. They made their beds of the long grass, called tussick, with which the island abounded; and the skins of the seals they chanced to kill served for blankets and counterpanes. While constructing their hut, they found traces of some other person who had visited the islands, and who had built a hut and other conveniences. The sea-elephants, however, had trodden almost everything into the ground; and as they had no tools with which to dig, they could not search for anything they might have left. Providence, however, at length threw the means in the way of effecting their wishes; for one of the company, while searching for eggs at a considerable distance from the building, found a pick-axe, and brought it home in high glee. To men situated as they were, and cherishing a sort of superstition, it was not to be wondered at that they should deem this almost a miracle; but they set to in good earnest to make use of it, by digging up the place where traces of the hut remained; and their labour proved not to be in vain, for they got out of the earth a quantity of pieces of iron, nails, and other things, all

which they carefully preserved ; they also found a part of a pitch-pot, which would hold about a gallon. This proved highly valuable to them, for by help of a piece of iron hoop, they afterwards manufactured it into a frying-pan, their other one being worn so thin by continued use that it was scarcely fit to cook in. Digging further, they found a broad axe, a sharpening stone, a piece of a shovel, and an auger, also a number of iron hoops. These things were of essential service to them. They did not save any of their lances from the vessel, and they had often considerable labour to kill the large male sea-elephants ; but they now took the handle of their old frying-pan, and with this weapon dispatched these animals with ease.

These animals, although of enormous size, offered scarcely any resistance, and were very sluggish in their movements, and consequently easily killed. They used first to give them a blow on the nose with the flat side of the lance, when they would rear themselves up above their height, resting on their fore flippers, and were soon dispatched with lances, as they then presented the parts most easily penetrated, and their movements were only backward, without changing their upright position, as they repeated their assaults.

One of the party had fortunately saved his watch uninjured, so that they were able to divide their time pretty regularly. When settled in their habitation, they usually rose about eight in the morning, and took breakfast at nine. After breakfast, some of the party would go catering for the day's provisions, whilst the others remained home to fulfil the domestic offices. They dined generally about one o'clock, and took tea

about five. For some months this latter meal, as far as the beverage went, consisted only of boiled water; but they afterwards manufactured what they named Mocoa, as a substitute for tea, and this consisted of raw eggs beaten up in hot water. They supped about seven or eight, and generally retired to rest about ten. They had saved an oil-can in the boat; this served them to make their Mocoa in, and it favoured their other cooking apparatus.

A large part of the food of the party, who numbered seven in all, could only be procured from a distance, and the weather in those latitudes being extremely wet and tempestuous, they were not always able to go in quest of it. Their supply of salt was very small, and only procured by filling a frying-pan with sea-water and then evaporating it over a slow fire. They had for a long time no grain or vegetables, and subsisted entirely on the flesh of animals. Their table utensils were very scanty; but they contrived after a while to manufacture some wooden spoons. Of a keg which was washed ashore, they formed a pair of soup-tureens, and after this they made some wooden trenchers. Seal skins, after a few months, were in great request for articles of clothing, as the clothes they had on when wrecked were soon worn out. Goodridge had been fortunate enough to save a great-coat from the wreck, and when his other clothes were entirely worn out, he set to work to manufacture this single garment into a suit. They had sharpened a nail so as to make an awl, and the sinews of the sea-elephant served him for sewing thread. The lining of this coat he made, with some contrivance, into a shirt; he then cut off the skirts,

and with these manufactured a pair of trousers, and the upper part served for a jacket. This suit, however, was at last worn out; and he was obliged to resort at last entirely to a seal-skin costume almost identical with that of Robinson Crusoe, as described by Defoe. As they had no razors among them, the addition of long beards to their seal-skin dresses and fur caps, with a knife and steel stuck in their belts, gave them a wild, grotesque appearance, which caused some mirth among the party.

The timber, old iron, and nails, which they had so fortunately discovered, were from the remains of a hut erected by some Americans about sixteen years before—a fact which they ascertained from some tallies of skins obtained by them, on which the date of 1805 was cut. As there were traces of similar ruined huts in the neighbourhood, a party were detached to explore the island. In about a month these returned, bringing with them skins which they had collected and prepared, much timber which they had found, and also a three-legged pot, used by the South Sea men in procuring oil from the blubber. They now manufactured saws out of the iron hoops, and the carpenter contrived various other tools out of old iron bolts, beaten out with the solitary hammer on a stone anvil after being heated.

They now felt themselves able to construct another habitation of a more comfortable kind; and soon afterwards set to work to construct a rude boat, in which it was determined that some of the party should set sail in the hope of finding some escape; for the chance of any vessel coming to their rescue became apparently every day less and less, and two years had now rolled

over their heads. Relief, however, was now near at hand. On the 21st of January, 1823, one of the men named Dominick Spesinick taking a walk towards a high point of land about three quarters of a mile from their hut, came suddenly upon the welcome sight of a vessel coming round the point. He immediately came running towards his comrades, apparently in great agitation, and for some time could do nothing but gesticulate. Having so far recovered as to be able to tell his story, it was determined that John Soper, another of their party, should go with him, taking a direction across the island, so that they might, if possible, intercept the vessel; and they were supplied with a tinder-box in order to make a fire to attract the notice of the crew. The hours passed slowly during their absence, and when night approached, and they did not return, numerous conjectures were started to account for their stay. Some suggested that having seen the vessel, they had selfishly gone aboard, and left those remaining to their fate. Others more charitably concluded that being worn out, in pursuing what was doubtless only a phantom of the old man's brain, had been unable to return from fatigue, but that morning would bring them back with bitter disappointment. Morning at length came, after a tedious night. Some had not closed their eyes, whilst the others who had caught a few minutes' sleep, had been disturbed by frightful dreams, and awakened only to dire forebodings, that they were doomed to drag out their existence without the least chance of deliverance.

Meanwhile their two companions who had gone in search of the vessel, had indeed been fortunate enough

to reach that part of the island in which she was still in sight. By finding the remains of a sea-elephant that had been recently killed, they ascertained that the crew had been on shore, and they hastened to kindle a fire, but finding they could not attract the attention of those in the vessel from the beach, they proceeded with all haste to ascend a hill in the direction in which she was still steering. Spesinick however became exhausted, partly by fatigue, and partly by his over-excited feelings, and was unable to go any further. Soper went on, but seeing the vessel proceeding, he sunk on the ground in despair. He however again rose, but had to descend into a valley before he could gain another elevated spot to make a signal from. Spesinick, returning to the beach where they had kindled the fire, and to his great joy he saw a boat from the vessel coming on shore. The crew had reached the beach before Spesinick got to it, but his voice had been drowned by the noise of a rookery he had disturbed on the hill. Seeing the fire, the smoke of which had first attracted their attention, they of course were convinced that there were human beings on the island, and had commenced a search. In the meanwhile Spesinick had made for the boat, which they had hauled up out of the surf, and having reached it he clung to it in a fit of desperate joy, which gave him the appearance of a savage maniac ; and the crew on returning after what had appeared to them a vain search, found him in such questionable guise, that they hailed him lustily before they approached. Dressed in shaggy fur skins, with cap of the same material, and beard of nearly two years' growth, it was not surprising that they hardly took him for a civilized being.

They soon, however, became better acquainted, and he gave them an outline of the shipwreck, and the number of men on the island, and told them that his companion, Soper, was not far off.

The vessel proved to be an American schooner, called the "Philo," Isaac Perceval, master, on a sealing and trading voyage. This vessel finally took the whole party aboard; but their adventures were not yet ended. After they had sailed with him for some weeks, the captain, quarrelling with the mate of their party, determined to put them ashore on another island. Here they experienced something like their old life; but they knew that they were more on the track of vessels than before. Finally they were rescued by a small sloop of only twenty-eight tons' burthen, commanded by Mr. Anderson, the first officer of the "King George Whaler," in which tiny craft they were safely conveyed to Van Dieman's Land.

A RACE FOR BEAVER SKINS.

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THE present Hudson's Bay Company, which long held the undivided monopoly of trade with the Indians for furs over the most northern portion of the North American Continent—a region nearly one third larger than the whole extent of Europe—had up to the year 1821, a powerful rival in a company entitled the North-West Company. The agents and factors of these com-

panies were men of remarkable enterprise and energy, and in their struggles to outrival each other they met with numerous adventures, which still form the subject of stories among their descendants. Their conflicts were often of a far from pacific character. The gentlemen of the opposing parties when they crossed each other in the haunts of the Indians, were little disposed to barter peaceably their guns, tobacco-boxes, copper kettles, brass buttons, and other articles, for the beaver, marten, and fox skins of the Indian trappers. Fierce contentions arose between them, ending sometimes in personal conflicts with fists, and not unfrequently with more deadly weapons. Stratagem, however, was more common than open violence, of which the following amusing instance is related by Mr. R. M. Ballantyne in his interesting narrative of a residence of many years in the territories of the Company :—

Upon one occasion, the Hudson's Bay Company's look-out man reported that he had discovered the tracks of Indians in the snow, and that he thought they had just returned from a hunting expedition. No sooner was this heard, than a grand ball was given to the North-West Company. Great preparations were made; the men, dressed in their newest capotes and gaudiest hats, visited each other, and nothing was thought of or talked of but the ball. The evening came, and with it the guests; and soon might be heard within the fort the sounds of merriment and revelry, as they danced in lively measures to a Scottish reel, played by some native fiddler upon a violin of his own construction. Without the gates, however, a very different scene met the eye. Down in a hollow, where the lofty trees and dense under-

wood threw a shadow on the ground, a knot of men might be seen, muffled in their leathern coats and fur caps, hurrying to and fro with bundles on their backs and snow-shoes under their arms, packing and tying them firmly on trains of dog-sledges, which stood, with the dogs ready harnessed, in the shadow of the bushes. The men whispered eagerly and hurriedly to each other as they packed their goods, while others held the dogs and patted them to keep them quiet—evidently showing that whatever was their object, expedition and secrecy were necessary. Soon all was in readiness: the bells which usually tinkled on the dogs' necks were unhooked and packed in the sledges; an active looking man sprang forwards and set off at a round trot over the snow, and a single crack of the whip sent four sledges, each with a train of four or five dogs, after him, while two other men brought up the rear. For a time the muffled sound of the sledges was heard as they slid over the snow, while now and then the whine of a dog broke upon the ear, as the impatient drivers urged them along. Gradually these sounds died away, and nothing was heard but the faint echoes of music and mirth, which floated on the frosty night-wind, giving token that the revellers still kept up the dance, and were ignorant of the departure of the trains. Late on the following day the North-West scouts reported the party of Indians, and soon a set of sleighs departed from the fort with loudly-ringing bells. After a long day's march of forty miles, they reached the encampment, where they found all the Indians intoxicated, and not a skin left to repay them for their trouble. Then it was that they discovered the ruse of the ball, and vowed to have their revenge.

Opportunity was not long wanting. Soon after this occurrence, one of their parties met a Hudson's Bay train on its way to trade with the Indians, of whom they also were in search : they exchanged compliments with each other ; and as the day was very cold, proposed lighting a fire and taking a dram together. Soon five or six goodly trees yielded to their vigorous blows, and fell crashing to the ground ; and in a few minutes one of the party lighting a sulphur match with his flint and steel, set fire to a huge pile of logs, which crackled and burned furiously, sending up clouds of sparks into the wintry sky, and casting a warm tinge upon the snow and the surrounding trees. The canteen was quickly produced, and they told their stories and adventures, while the liquor mounted to their brains. The North-Westerners, however, after a little time, spilled their grog on the snow, unperceived by the others, so that they kept tolerably sober, while their rivals became very much elevated ; and at last they began boasting of their superior powers of drinking, and, as a proof, each of them swallowed a large bumper. The Hudson's Bay party, who were nearly drunk by this time, of course followed their example, and almost instantly fell into a heavy sleep on the snow. In ten minutes more, they were tied firmly upon the sledges, and the dogs being turned homewards, away they went strait for the Hudson's Bay fort, where they soon after arrived, the men still sound asleep ; while the North-Westerners started for the Indian camp, and, this time at least, had the furs all to themselves.

GREY'S SECOND JOURNEY.



IN 1839 Lieutenant Grey started on his second Australian exploring expedition, accompanied by three men of the previous party—a surgeon named Walker, a young friend named Smith, and six other persons, one of whom was an intelligent native. After a few days' coasting in Shark's Bay, they discovered a large river, which they named the Gascoyne, and which they found to open by two mouths, one of which was three quarters of a mile in breadth. They continued to explore the country, accurately surveying and marking down in charts the extensive shores of the bay, amidst many alarms and attacks from the natives.

At length they were compelled, by storms and shortness of supplies, to make for their depot on Bernier's Island. On reaching the coasts, they were found to present so many marks of the past storm that a terrible fear flashed across the mind of Mr. Grey. Having picked out two of his men to accompany him to the depot, which had been formed at some distance inland, staves of flour casks were soon seen scattered about, which told an ominous tale. When they reached the spot at which the depot had been made, so changed was it that some of the party doubted whether it was indeed the place; but on going ashore, they found some very remarkable rocks, on the top of which lay a flour cask, more than half empty, with the head knocked out, but not otherwise injured. This cask had been washed up at least twenty feet above high-water mark—a con-

vincing evidence of the violence of the storms. The terrible truth was now laid open to them. Placed at a distance of nearly five hundred miles from Swan River, the nearest point of refuge, they possessed only about nine days' salt meat and sixty pounds of flour, and had nothing but whale boats, rowed by oars, in which to contend against the sea on a stormy and unknown coast, where they were unable to land without being exposed to the attacks of armed natives. Grey then requested Mr. Smith to see the little flour that was left in the barrel and on the rocks carefully collected. Leaving them thus engaged, "I then," he says in his touching narrative, "turned back along the sea-shore towards the party, glad of the opportunity of being alone, as I could now commune freely with my own thoughts; and as the safety of the whole party now depended upon my forming a prompt and efficient plan of operations, and seeing it carried out with energy and perseverance." He finally resolved to attempt reaching Swan River without delay by the coasts; and after composing his thoughts by reading a portion of his Bible, he rejoined his party, and disclosed to them the unfortunate state of things. Blank dismay was visible in every face. Two men, in desperation, ran to the small store of food, and endeavoured to appropriate it; but their vigilant commander had observed them, and they were checked. None objected to pushing on for Swan River at once, and on the 22nd of March they set out in their boats. Storms raged almost incessantly. A spirit of despair seized on some of them; and on one occasion a man set the dangerous example of refusing to work any longer, as it seemed useless, but the firmness of the commander prevailed.

As Grey one day stood at the steer-oar, he saw that there was a heavier surf than they had ever yet been in. They were swept along at a terrific rate, and yet it appeared as if each following wave must engulf them, so lofty were they, and so rapidly did they succeed each other. At length they reached the point where the waves broke; the breaker that they were on curled up in the air, lifting the boat with it; and when they had gained the summit, he looked down from a great height, not upon water, but upon a bare, sharp, black rock. For one second the boat hung upon the top of the wave; in the next, he felt the sensation of falling rapidly, then a tremendous shock and crash, which jerked him away amongst rocks and breakers, and for the few following seconds he heard nothing but the din of waves, whilst he was rolling about amongst men, and a torn boat, oars, and water-kegs, in such a manner that he could not collect his senses.

In attempting to land, the other boat was totally wrecked a few minutes afterwards. All that had passed was nothing compared with their present miseries, and the prospect of walking overland defencelessly, without water or food, to Perth. But there was no alternative, and the party set out. After travelling seventy miles, and while still one hundred and ninety from Perth, Mr. Grey saw the party reduced to such a state of exhaustion—a bird now and then, and similar trifles, being their chief resources—that, to save any of them, he conceived it right to push forward with the most active assistance. With four men and Kaiber, the native, he accordingly started. As they moved along, they moistened their mouths by sucking a few drops of dew from the

shrubs and reeds; but even this miserable resource failed them almost immediately after sunrise. The men were so worn out from fatigue and want of food and water, that he could now get them but a few hundred yards at a time. Then some one of them would sit down, and beg him so earnestly to stop for a few minutes, that he could not refuse. When, however, he thus halted, the native in every instance expressed his indignation, telling him that it was sacrificing his safety as well as that of the others who were able to move; for that if they did not find water before night, the whole party would die. When they halted, the sun was intensely powerful, the groans and exclamations of some of the men were painful in the extreme; but the brave commander's feelings were still more agonized when he saw the poor creatures driven, by want of water, to one of the last sad and revolting sources of thirst. Unable to bear these distressing scenes any longer he ordered Kaiber to accompany him, and notwithstanding the heat and his own weariness, he left the others lying down in such slight shade as the stunted shrubs afforded; and throwing aside all his ammunition, papers, etc., started with him in search of water, carrying nothing but his double-barrelled gun.

After a vain search Grey wished to return to his party, but the native who accompanied him appeared to be restless and unwilling. He then became convinced that the man had strayed wilfully, wishing to desert the party, but not daring to do so without his master. On one occasion this native sat opposite to him on the ground, his keen savage eye watching the expression of

the white man's countenance as each thought flitted across it. Grey saw that he was trying to read his feelings, and at length he thus broke silence:—"Mr. Grey, to-day we can walk, and may yet not die, but drink water; to-morrow you and I will be two dead men if we walk not now, for we shall then be weak and unable. The others sit down too much; they are weak, and cannot walk; if we remain with them we shall all die, but we two are still strong, let us walk. There lies the sea, to that the streams run. It is long since we have crossed a river, go quickly, and before the next sun gets up, we shall cross another running water." He paused for a minute, looking steadfastly at his master, and then added:—"You must leave the others; for I know not where they are, and we shall die in trying to find them."

Grey now knew that he was playing him false. "Do you see the sun, Kaiber, and where it now stands?" he replied to him. "Yes," was his answer. "Then, if you have not led me to the party before that sun falls behind the hills, I will shoot you; as it begins to sink, you die." He said these words, looking at him steadily in the face, and with the full intention of putting his threat into execution. The native saw this, and yet strove to appear unconcerned, and with a forced laugh said, "You are playing: from daylight until now, you and I have walked; we have wasted our strength now in looking for water for the others. But a short time, and we shall be dead; and you say, search for men whom I cannot find; you tell me look, and I know not where to look." Grey now lost all patience with him, and replied, "Kaiber, deceive as you will, you cannot

deceive me ; follow back our tracks instantly to the point from whence we started ; if you do not find them, as the sun falls you die."

Being convinced of his determination, the man now moved gradually away, evidently intending to desert him, in which case, he could never again have hoped to rejoin the party. He, therefore, instantly cocked the remaining barrel of his gun, and presented it at him, telling him that if he moved further than a certain tree, which he pointed out, he would instantly shoot him. The decided manner in which he pronounced this had the desired effect.

Happily, in spite of all their sufferings, the whole of Mr. Grey's detachment of the party survived the journey, and reached Perth on the 21st of April. The governor could scarcely credit his sight, when he beheld the miserable object that stood before him. Immediate steps were taken to forward assistance to those who were still in the bush. "Having thus far," says Grey, "performed my duty, I retired to press a bed once more, having for nearly three consecutive months slept in the open air, on the ground, just at the spot where my day's hardship had terminated. So changed was I, that those of my friends, who had heard of my arrival and were coming to congratulate me, passed me in the street, whilst others to whom I went up, and held out my hand, drew back in horror, and said, 'I beg your pardon, who are you?'" Grey's forethought, in pushing forward with the strongest of his band, doubtless saved the lives of his fellow-sufferers. A party were immediately dispatched in search of the portion of the expedition left in charge of Dr. Walker the surgeon, who were at last all

brought back, except Mr. Smith, who had died, when within ninety miles of Swan River, overcome by the fatigues and privations of their long wanderings.

TRAPPING THE CAYMAN.

PERHAPS the most exciting of all the narratives in Mr. Waterton's travels is that which describes his efforts to entrap a cayman, and his final encounter with one of those terrible animals of the alligator kind which infest the rivers of South America. The back of the cayman is said to be almost impenetrable to a musket-ball, though his sides are not near so strong, and are easily pierced with an arrow. It is believed that no animal in existence bears more decided marks in his countenance of cruelty and malice. He is the scourge and terror of all the large rivers in South America near the line. Mr. Waterton had long desired to catch one of these monsters, and at length favourable opportunities appeared to present themselves during his third journey along the wild and solitary banks of the Essequibo. The scenes which ensue we will describe as closely as possible in the words of the adventurous naturalist. One day, an hour before sunset, he reached the place which two men, who had joined his party at the Falls, had pointed out as a proper one to find a cayman. There was a large creek close by, and a sandbank gently

sloping to the water. Just within the forest on this bank they cleared a place of brushwood, suspended the hammocks from the trees, and then picked up enough of decayed wood for fuel.

They now baited a shark-hook with a large fish, and put it upon a board, which they had brought on purpose. This board was carried out in the canoe, about forty yards into the river. By means of a string, long enough to reach the bottom of the river, and at the end of which string was fastened a stone, the board was kept, as it were, at anchor. One end of a new rope was reeved through the chain of the shark-hook, and the other end fastened to a tree on the sandbank.

It was now an hour after sunset. The sky was cloudless, and the moon shone brightly. There was not a breath of wind in the heavens, and the river seemed like a large plain of quicksilver. Every now and then a huge fish would strike and plunge in the water; then the owls and goatsuckers would continue their lamentations, and the sound of these was lost in the prowling tiger's growl. Then all was still again, and silent as midnight.

The caymen were now upon the stir, and at intervals their noise could be distinguished amid that of the jaguar, the owls, the goatsuckers and frogs. It was a singular and awful sound, like a suppressed sigh, bursting forth all of a sudden, and so loud that you might hear it above a mile off. First one emitted this horrible noise, and then another answered him; and, on looking at the countenances of the people round him, Mr. Waterton could plainly see that they expected to have a cayman that night. The party were at supper, when the Indian

said he saw the cayman coming. Upon looking towards the place, there appeared something on the water like a black log of wood. It was so unlike anything alive, that the Englishman doubted if it were a cayman; but the Indian smiled, and said he was sure it was one, for he remembered seeing a cayman some years ago, when he was in the Essequibo.

At last it gradually approached the bait, and the board began to move. The moon shone so bright that they could distinctly see him open his huge jaws, and take in the bait. They pulled the rope. He immediately let drop the bait, and then they saw his black head retreating from the board to the distance of a few yards, where it remained quite motionless. The monster did not seem inclined to advance again, and so they finished their supper. In about an hour's time he again put himself in motion and took hold of the bait, but did not swallow it. They pulled the rope again, but with no better success than the first time. He retreated as usual, and came back again in about an hour. Thus the party watched till three o'clock in the morning, when, worn out with disappointment, they went to the hammocks, turned in, and fell asleep. When day broke, they found that he had contrived to get the bait from the hook, though they had tied it on with string. They had now no more hopes of taking a cayman, till the return of night. The Indian went into the woods, and brought back a noble supply of game. The rest of the party went into the canoe and proceeded up the river to shoot fish, where they got even more than they could use.

The second night's attempt upon the cayman was a

repetition of the first, and was quite unsuccessful. They went fishing the day after, and returned to experience a third night's disappointment. On the fourth day, about four o'clock, they began to erect a stage amongst the trees, close to the water's edge. From this, they intended to shoot an arrow into the cayman. At the end of this arrow was to be attached a string, which would be tied to the rope; and as soon as the cayman was struck they were to have the canoe ready, and pursue him in the river.

They spent best part of the fourth night in trying for the cayman, but all to no purpose. Waterton was now convinced that something was materially wrong. He showed one of the Indians the shark-hook, who shook his head and laughed at it, and said it would not do. When he was a boy he had seen his father catch the cayman, and on the morrow he would make something that would answer.

In the meantime they set the shark-hook, but it availed nothing; a cayman came and took it, but would not swallow it. Seeing it was useless to attend the shark-hook any longer, they left it for the night and returned to their hammocks. Ere the English naturalist fell asleep, a new idea broke upon him. He considered that as far as the judgment of civilized man went, everything had been procured and done to ensure success. They had hooks, and lines, and baits, and patience; they had spent nights in watching, had seen the cayman come and take the bait, yet all had ended in disappointment. Probably (he thought) this poor wild man of the woods would succeed by means of a very simple process; and thus prove to his more civilized brother that

notwithstanding books and schools, there is a vast deal of knowledge to be picked up at every step.

In the morning, as usual, they found the bait gone from the shark-hook. The Indians went into the forest to hunt, the white men took the canoe to shoot fish and get another supply of turtle's eggs, which they found in great abundance. They then went to the little shallow creek, and shot some young caymen about two feet long. When the arrow struck them, tiny as they were, they turned round and bit it, and snapped at the men when they went into the water to take them up.

The day was now declining apace, and the Indian had made his instrument to take the cayman. It was very simple—there were four pieces of tough, hard wood, a foot long, and about as thick as a little finger, and barbed at both ends ; they were tied round the end of the rope, in such a manner that if the rope be imagined to be an arrow, these four sticks would form the arrow's head ; so that one end of the four united sticks answered to the point of the arrow's head, while the other end expanded at equal distances round the rope.

It was evident, that if the cayman swallowed this (the other end of the rope, which was thirty yards long, being fastened to a tree) the more he pulled the faster the barbs would shut. Nearly a mile from where they had their hammocks, the sandbanks were steep and abrupt, and the river very still and deep ; there the Indian fixed the machine, which hung suspended a foot from the water, and the end of the rope was made fast to a stake driven well into the sand.

The Indian then took the empty shell of the land-tortoise, and gave it some heavy blows with a stick.

Waterton asked him why he did that, and he replied that it was to let the caymen hear that something was going on.

Having done this, the party went back to the hammocks, not intending to visit it again till morning. During the night, the jaguars roared and grumbled in the forest, and at intervals they could hear the distant cayman. "The roaring of the jaguars," says the narrative, "was awful; but it was music to the dismal noise of these hideous and malicious reptiles."

About half-past five in the morning, the Indian stole off silently to take a look at the bait. On arriving at the place, he set up a tremendous shout. All now jumped out of their hammocks, and ran to him.

They found a cayman, ten feet and a half long, fast to the end of the rope. Nothing now remained to do but to get him out of the water without injuring his scales. The whole party consisted of three Indians from the creek, Mr. Waterton's Indian servant Yan, a negro called Daddy Quashi, and a man named James, whom he was instructing in the art of preserving birds.

"I informed the Indians," continues Mr. Waterton, "that it was my intention to draw him quietly out of the water, and then secure him. They looked and stared at each other, and said, 'I might do it myself, but they would have no hand in it; the cayman would worry some of us.' On saying this, they squatted on the grass with the most perfect indifference.

"The Indians of these wilds have never been subject to the least restraint; and I knew enough of them to be aware that if I tried to force them against their will,

they would take themselves off, and leave me and my presents unheeded, and never return.

“Daddy Quashi was for applying to our guns, as usual, considering them our best and safest friends. I immediately offered to knock him down for his cowardice, and he shrunk back, begging that I would be cautious, and not get myself worried; and apologizing for his own want of resolution. My Indian was now in conversation with the others, and they asked if I would allow them to shoot a dozen arrows into him, and thus disable him. This would have ruined all. I had come above three hundred miles on purpose to get a cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen. I rejected their proposition with firmness, and darted a disdainful eye upon the Indians.

“Daddy Quashi was again beginning to remonstrate, and I chased him on the sandbank for a quarter of a mile. He told me afterwards, he thought he should have dropped down dead with fright, for he was firmly persuaded, if I had caught him, I should have bundled him in the cayman’s jaws. Here then we stood, in silence, like a calm before a thunderstorm. They wanted to kill him, and I wanted to take him alive.

“I now walked up and down the sand, revolving a dozen projects in my head. The canoe was at a considerable distance, and I ordered the people to bring it round to the place where we were. The mast was eight feet long, and not much thicker than my wrist. I took it out of the canoe, and wrapped the sail round the end of it. Now it appeared clear to me, that if I went down upon one knee, and held the mast in the same

position as the soldier holds his bayonet when rushing to the charge, I could force it down the cayman's throat, should he come open-mouthed at me. When this was told to the Indians they brightened up, and said they would help me to pull him out of the river.

"Daddy Quashi hung in the rear. I showed him a large Spanish knife, which I always carried in the waistband of my trousers; it spoke volumes to him, and he shrugged up his shoulders in absolute despair. The sun was just peeping over the high forests on the eastern hills, as if coming to look on, and bid us act with becoming fortitude. I placed all the people at the end of the rope, and ordered them to pull till the cayman appeared on the surface of the water; and then, should he plunge, to slacken the rope, and let him go again into the deep.

"I now took the mast of the canoe in my hand (the sail being tied round the end of the mast), and sunk down upon one knee, about four yards from the water's edge, determining to thrust it down his throat, in case he gave me an opportunity. I certainly felt somewhat uncomfortable in this situation. The people pulled the cayman to the surface; he plunged furiously as soon as he arrived in these upper regions, and immediately went below again on their slackening the rope. They pulled again, and out he came. This was an interesting moment. I kept my position firmly, with my eye fixed steadfastly on him.

"By the time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation. I instantly dropped the mast, sprung up, and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I

gained my seat, with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore legs, and, by main force, twisted them on his back ; thus they served me for a bridle."

The cayman now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and probably fancying himself in hostile company, began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. Mr. Waterton was out of reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made his rider's seat very uncomfortable

The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous that it was some time before they heard their master tell them to pull him and his singular beast of burden farther in land. He was apprehensive the rope might break, in which case there would have been every chance of going under water with the cayman.

The people now dragged them above forty yards on the sand. "It was the first and last time," says Waterton, "I was ever on a cayman's back. Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer, I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's foxhounds."

After repeated attempts to regain his liberty, the cayman gave in, and became tranquil through exhaustion. They now managed to tie up his jaws, and firmly secured his fore feet, but they had another severe struggle for superiority before the huge monster was finally conveyed to the canoe, and then to the place where they had suspended the hammocks, where, after he was slain, the enthusiastic naturalist commenced dissecting him, thus making a valuable addition to scientific knowledge.

MR. SQUIER'S RESEARCHES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

THE Hon. E. G. Squier, an American antiquary and ethnologist, has for some time past devoted himself to travels and explorations in the land of the Incas, chiefly in connection with the original monuments of ancient civilization in that country. His travels have extended over three thousand miles, into Bolivia, across the great basin of Lake Titicaca, to Cuzco, the capital of the ancient Inca Empire, and across the Andes to the frontiers of the savage tribes in the valley of the Amazon. Of these researches he promises a full account; but some narratives of similar explorations, undertaken by him in Nicaragua, in Central America, have already been given to the world, which possess a singular interest.

One day, after a long sojourn in this region, Mr. Squier prevailed upon six stout sailors, whom he had occasionally hired to assist him in his explorations, to take him and his party of men of science over to the small uninhabited island of Pensacola, situate in the midst of a great lake. A young man in the service of the Doctor, who accompanied the expedition, had declared that on this mysterious isle, still held sacred in the traditions of the country, were ancient carved stones of great size, but almost entirely buried in the earth, and hidden in the luxuriant growth of trees and shrubs and creeping plants. It seemed strange that in all their inquiries among the most learned in the country they

had never heard of the existence of these supposed monuments of antiquity. The Doctor was sceptical; but experience had taught the explorer that more was often to be gathered from the traditional lore of the barefooted people of the country than from the black-robed priests, and he was obstinate in his determination to visit the spot, and thoroughly explore its hidden treasures.

It was late in the afternoon when they started, but in less than an hour they leaped ashore upon the island. It was one of the "out-liers" of the labyrinth of small islands which internal fires had long ago thrust up from the depths of the lake around the base of a great volcano; and its shores were lined with immense rocks, black and blistered with the terrible heat which accompanied the ancient disruptions of which they were the evidence. In some places they were found piled up in rough and frowning heaps, scarce hidden by the luxuriant vines which nature trailed over them. In the island these rocks constituted a semicircular ridge, and nearly inclosed a level space of rich soil, a kind of amphitheatre, commanding a magnificent prospect. Upon a little elevation within this natural temple, they soon found an abandoned cane-hut, almost hidden by a forest of luxuriant plantains, which covered the entire area with a dense shadow, here and there pierced by a ray of sunlight, falling like molten gold through narrow openings in the leafy roof.

No sooner had the party landed than their men dispersed themselves in search of monuments, and they followed. They were not long in suspense; a shout of "Here, here," from the Doctor's man, announced that

they were found, and the explorers hurried to his side. He was right ; they could distinctly make out two great blocks of stone, nearly hidden in the soil. The parts exposed, though frayed by storms, and having clearly suffered from violence, nevertheless bore evidences of having been elaborately sculptured. A demand was made for the pickaxes of the men, and they were not long in removing enough of the earth to discover that the supposed blocks were large and well-proportioned statues, of superior workmanship, and of a larger size than any which they had yet encountered. The discovery was an exciting one, and the Indian sailors were scarcely less interested than themselves. They crouched around the figures, and speculated earnestly concerning their origin. They finally seemed to agree that the larger of the two was no other than the famous "Montezuma," for the name of the last of the Aztec emperors is cherished by all the remnants of the Indian tribes, who still indulge the belief that Montezuma will some day return, and re-establish his ancient empire.

By dint of alternate persuasions and threats, they finally succeeded in getting the smaller of the two statues completely uncovered. It represented a human male figure of massive proportions, seated upon a square pedestal. Above the head rose a heavy and monstrous representation of the head of an animal, below which could be traced the folds of a serpent. Above the head, too, was found the sacred sign of Tochtli of the Mexican calendar, and corresponding with the painted representations of the ancient Mexican manuscripts. This afforded conclusive proof of the assertion of the old chronicles that there was a Mexican colony in Nicaragua.

Mr. Squier now called the indolent sailors to search the island further, stimulating their zeal by offering money rewards to any one who should make the first discovery. "I also," says Mr. Squier, "joined in the search; but after wandering all over the little island I came to the conclusion that, if there were others, of which I had little doubt, they had been successfully buried, and were past finding out, or else had been broken up and removed. So I seated myself philosophically upon a rock, and watched an army of black ants, which were defiling past, as if making a tour of the island. They formed a solid column from five to six inches wide, and marched straight on, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, pertinaciously surmounting every obstacle which intervened. I watched them for more than half an hour, but their number seemed undiminished; thousands upon thousands hurried past, until finally, attracted by curiosity, I rose and followed the line, in order to discover the destination of the procession—if it were an invasion, a migration, or a simple pleasure excursion. This simple incident led to an important discovery. At a short distance and under the cover of some bushes, the column mounted what appeared to be simply a large round stone, passed over it, and continued its march. The stone attracted my attention, and on observing it more closely, I discovered traces of sculpture. I summoned my men, and after a two hours' trial of patience and temper, I succeeded in raising from its bed of centuries another idol of massive proportions, but differing entirely from the first and possessing an extraordinary and forbidding aspect. The lower half had been broken off, and could

not be found, and what remained was simply the bust and head. The latter was disproportionately great; the eyes were large, round, and staring; the ears broad and long; and from the widely-distended mouth, the lower jaw of which was forced down by the two hands of the figure, projected a tongue which reached to the breast, giving to the whole an unnatural and horrible expression. As it stood in the pit, with its monstrous head rising above the ground, and with its fixed stony gaze, it seemed like some grey monster just emerging from the depths of the earth, at the bidding of the wizard-priest of an unholy religion. One man stood back, and more than once crossed himself as he muttered to his neighbour, "It is the devil!"

After completing the drawings of these curious monuments and works of art, all relating to a period of civilization, of which scarcely any other record remains, the party prepared themselves for a voyage to the great uninhabited island of Tapatera, situated amidst a group of islets perhaps the most singular in the world. These islands were found to be still more rich in monuments and statues. On the first day the men succeeded in raising ten ancient figures, besides fragments. Wearied now with fatigue, they disposed themselves in groups around the statues, or stretched themselves at length among the bushes. "Wearied myself," says the eloquent and enthusiastic ethnologist, "but with the complacency of a father contemplating his children, and without yet venturing to speculate upon our singular discoveries, I seated myself upon a broad flat stone, artificially hollowed in the centre, and gave rein to fancy. The bushes were cleared away, and I could easily make

out the positions of the ruined *teocalli*, and take in the whole plan of the great aboriginal temple. Over all now towered immense trees, swathed in long robes of grey moss, which hung in masses from every limb, and swayed solemnly in the wind. I almost fancied them in mourning for the departed glories of the place. In fact, a kind of superstitious feeling, little in consonance with the severity of philosophical investigation, began to creep over me. Upon one side were steep cliffs, against which the waters of the lake chafed with a subdued roar, and upon the other was the deep extinct crater, with its black sides and sulphurous lake; it was in truth a weird place, not unfittingly chosen by the original priesthood as the site of their strange and gloomy rites. While engaged in these fanciful reveries, I stretched myself, almost unconsciously, upon the stone where I was sitting. My limbs fell into place as if the same had been made to receive them—my head was thrown back, and my breast raised; a second, and the thought aroused my mind with startling force—‘*the stone of sacrifice!*’ Was it the scene, the current of my thoughts?—but I leaped up with a feeling half of alarm. I observed the stone more closely; it was a rude block altered by art, and had beyond question been used as a stone of sacrifice.”

A large number of these interesting relics were safely conveyed to the sea-coast, and embarked aboard vessels bound for the United States, in which country they have engaged the attention of the learned, and have materially assisted in adding to the knowledge of the inhabitants of this interesting portion of the American continent in that obscure period when, as yet, no European foot had ever been set upon its shores.

Discoveries of this description are in the highest degree interesting, because they give evidence of the advanced state of civilization which must have existed in the countries bordered by the Gulf of Mexico before the settlement of the Spanish colonies. The histories of savage nations are little more than annals of wars and conquest; but though expeditions like those of Mr. Squier do not often supply information as to martial or political history, they give yet more valuable insight into the social position of a state. It may be questioned whether it is not more important to find that the art of sculpture was brought to a very considerable degree of excellence among the ancestors of a people whom we call savages, than to supply a vacancy in a dynasty, or to follow the changing fortunes of Central American armies. Among some of the Mexican tribes there is at the present day a wild, legendary tradition of the existence of a magnificent city, undiscovered by Europeans, in which Aztec rule still prevails, under a sovereign of the line of Acamapitzin, and therefore a prince of the same dynasty as Montezuma. The hope entertained so largely by the Central American tribes that the latter monarch will return to reconstruct the empire of Mexico, reminds us of the old Welsh legends of King Arthur. But though native independence was doomed to utter and final extinction when the Spanish invasion commenced, there are abundant remains to show that a very important state was overthrown when Spain established its ascendancy in Central America; and that the arts and refinements of peace were studied by the Aztecs of Mexico, as well as the extension of political power, and the conquest of neighbouring nation.

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